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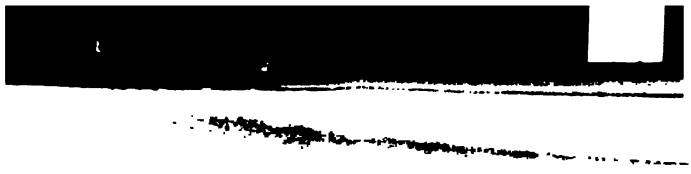

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THE WORKS
OF
J. W. von GOETHE

POETICAL WORKS
REYNARD THE FOX

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN STORER COBB

EDITED BY
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

THE WYMAN-FOGG COMPANY
BOSTON

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Poems of Goethe

DEDICATION.

I.

THE morning came. Its footsteps scared away
The gentle sleep that hovered lightly o'er me;
I left my quiet cot to greet the day,
And gaily climbed the mountainside before me.
The sweet young flowers! how fresh were they and tender,
Brimful with dew upon the sparkling lea;
The young day opened in exulting splendour,
And all around seemed glad to gladden me.

II.

And, as I mounted, o'er the meadow ground
A white and filmy essence 'gan to hover;
It sailed and shifted till it hemmed me round,
Then rose above my head, and floated over.
No more I saw the beauteous scene unfolded —
It lay beneath a melancholy shroud;
And soon was I, as if in vapour moulded,
Alone, within the twilight of the cloud.

III.

At once, as though the sun were struggling through,
Within the mist a sudden radiance started;

Here sunk the vapour, but to rise anew,
There on the peak, and upland forest parted.
Oh, how I panted for the first clear gleaming,
Made by the gloom it banished doubly bright!
It came not, but a glory round me beaming,
And I stood blinded by the gush of light.

IV.

A moment, and I felt enforced to look,
By some strange impulse of the heart's emotion;
But more than one quick glance I scarce could brook,
For all was burning like a molten ocean.
There, in the glorious clouds that seemed to bear her,
A form angelic hovered in the air;
Ne'er did my eyes behold a vision fairer,
And still she gazed upon me, floating there.

V.

"Dost thou not know me?" and her voice was soft
As truthful love, and holy calm it sounded.
"Know'st thou not me, who many a time and oft
Poured balsam in thy hurts when sorest wounded?
Ah, well thou knowest her, to whom for ever
Thy heart in union pants to be allied!
Have I not seen the tears — the wild endeavour
That even in boyhood brought me to thy side?"

VI.

"Yes! I have felt thy influence oft," I cried,
And sank on earth before her, half-adoring;
"Thou brought'st me rest when passion's lava tide
Thro' my young veins like liquid fire was pouring.
And thou hast fanned, as with celestial pinions,
In summer's heat, my parched and fevered brow;
Gav'st me the choicest gifts of earth's dominions,
And, save through thee, I seek no fortune now.

VII.

"I name thee not, but I have heard thee named,
And heard thee styled their own ere now by many;
All eyes believe at thee their glance is aimed,
Though thine effulgence is too great for any.
Ah! I had many comrades whilst I wandered —
I know thee now, and stand almost alone:
I veil thy light, too precious to be squandered,
And share the inward joy I feel with none."

VIII.

Smiling, she said — "Thou seest 'twas wise from thee
To keep the fuller, greater revelation:
Scarce art thou from grotesque delusions free,
Scarce master of thy childish first sensation;
Yet deem'st thyself so far above thy brothers,
That thou hast won the right to scorn them! Cease.
Who made the yawning gulf 'twixt thee and others?
Know — know thyself — live with the world in peace."

IX.

"Forgive me!" I exclaimed, "I meant no ill,
Else should in vain my eyes be disenchanted;
Within my blood there stirs a genial will —
I know the worth of all that thou hast granted.
That boon I hold in trust for others merely,
Nor shall I let it rust within the ground;
Why sought I out the pathway so sincerely,
If not to guide my brothers to the bound?"

X.

And as I spoke, upon her radiant face
Passed a sweet smile, like breath across a mirror,
And in her eyes' bright meaning I could trace
What I had answered well, and what in error.

She smiled, and then my heart regained its lightness,
And bounded in my breast with rapture high:
Then durst I pass within her zone of brightness,
And gaze upon her with unquailing eye.

XI.

Straightway she stretched her hand among the thin
And watery haze that round her presence hovered;
Slowly it coiled and shrunk her grasp within,
And lo! the landscape lay once more uncovered —
Again mine eye could scan the sparkling meadow,
I looked to heaven, and all was clear and bright;
I saw her hold a veil without a shadow,
That undulated round her in the light.

XII.

"I know thee! — all thy weakness, all that yet
Of good within thee lives and glows, I've measured;"
She said — her voice I never may forget —
"Accept the gift that long for thee was treasured.
Oh! happy he, thrice-blessed in earth and heaven,
Who takes this gift with soul serene and true,
The veil of song, by Truth's own fingers given,
Enwoven of sunshine and the morning dew.

XIII.

"Wave but this veil on high, whene'er beneath
The noonday fervour thou and thine are glowing,
And fragrance of all flowers around shall breathe,
And the cool winds of eve come freshly blowing.
Earth's cares shall cease for thee, and all its riot;
Where gloomed the grave, a starry couch be seen;
The waves of life shall sink in halcyon quiet;
The days be lovely fair, the nights serene."

XIV.

Come then, my friends, and whether 'neath the load
  Of heavy griefs ye struggle on, or whether
Your better destiny shall strew the road
  With flowers, and golden fruits that cannot wither,
United let us move, still forward striving;
  So while we live shall joy our days illume,
And in our children's hearts our love surviving
  Shall gladden them, when we are in the tomb.

A. M.

TO THE KIND READER.

No one talks more than a poet;
Fain he'd have the people know it,
  Praise or blame he ever loves;
None in prose confess an error,
Yet we do so, void of terror,
  In the Muses' silent groves.

What I erred in, what corrected,
What I suffered, what effected,
  To this wreath as flowers belong;
For the aged and the youthful,
And the vicious and the truthful,
  All are fair when viewed in song.

SOUND, SWEET SONG.

Sound, sweet song, from some far land,
Sighing softly close at hand,
  Now of joy, and now of woe!
  Stars are wont to glimmer so.
Sooner thus will good unfold;
Children young and children old
  Gladly hear thy numbers flow.

THE MODERN AMADIS.

THEY kept me guarded close, while yet
A little tiny elf,
And so I sat, and did beget
A world within myself,
All I cared to see.

Golden fancy then unfurled
Endless sights to me,
And a gallant knight I grew;
Like the Prince Pipi,
Roamed throughout the world.

Many a crystal palace saw,
Many overthrew;
My far-flashing falchion hurled
Through the dragon's maw.
Ha! then I was a man!

Next I freed in knightly wise
The Princess Periban;
Oh, the wonder of her eyes,
Smiling, as I wooed
Her with hearted sighs!

Her kiss, it was ambrosial food,
Glowed like noble wine;
With love, oh, I was almost dead!
A golden haze divine
She around her shed.

Who has torn her from my sight?
Can no spell delay
That dear vision, stay her flight?
Where her home, oh, say?
And thither, which the way?

WHEN THE FOX DIES HIS SKIN COUNTS.[1]

We young people in the shade
Sat one sultry day;
Cupid came, and "Dies the Fox"
With us sought to play.

Each one of my friends then sat
By his mistress dear;
Cupid, blowing out the torch,
Said: "The taper's here!"

Then we quickly sent around
The expiring brand;
Each one put it hastily
In his neighbour's hand.

Dorilis then gave it me,
With a scoffing jest;
Sudden into flame it broke,
By my fingers pressed.

And it singed my eyes and face,
Set my breast on fire;
Then above my head the blaze
Mounted ever higher.

Vain I sought to put it out;
Ever burned the flame;
'Stead of dying, soon the Fox
Livelier still became.

[1] The name of a game known in English as "Jack's Alight."

THE COQUETTE.

O'ER the meadows tripped sweet Kitty,
On a dewy morn in spring,
Like a lark, her blithesome ditty
Gaily, lightly carolling,
So la la! Le ralla.

Lubin, as she passed beside him,
Offered two lambs for a kiss;
Roguishly awhile she eyed him,
Tripped away, then carolled this,
So la la! Le ralla.

Ribbons red young Colin proffers,
Robin with his heart would wile,
But she mocks at all their offers,
Singing, as she mounts the stile,
So la la! Le ralla.

THE WILD ROSE.

A BOY espied, in morning light,
A little rosebud blowing;
'Twas so delicate and bright,
That he came to feast his sight,
And wonder at its growing
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!

"I will gather thee," — he cried, —
"Rosebud brightly glowing!"
"Then I'll sting thee," it replied,

"And you'll quickly start aside
With the prickle glowing."
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!

But he plucked it from the plain,
The rosebud brightly blowing!
It turned and stung him, but in vain —
He regarded not the pain,
Homeward with it going,
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
Rosebud brightly blowing!

THE BREEZE.

THE mists they are scattered,
The blue sky looks brightly,
And Eolus looses
The wearisome chain!
The winds, how they whistle!
The steersman is busy —
Hillio-ho, hillio-ho!
We dash through the billows —
They flash far behind us —
Land, land, boys, again!

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

OH, my Theresa dear!
Thine eyes I greatly fear
Can through the bandage see!
Although thine eyes are bound,
By thee I'm quickly found,
And wherefore shouldst thou catch but me.

Ere long thou held'st me fast,
With arms around me cast,
  Upon thy breast I fell;
Scarce was thy bandage gone,
When all my joy was flown,
  Thou coldly didst the blind repel.

He groped on every side,
His limbs he sorely tried,
  While scoffs arose all round;
If thou no love wilt give,
In sadness I shall live,
  As if mine eyes remained still bound.

CHRISTEL.

My senses ofttimes are oppressed,
  Oft stagnant is my blood;
But when by Christel's sight I'm blest
  I feel my strength renewed.
I see her here, I see her there,
  And really cannot tell
The manner how, the when, the where,
  The why I love her well.

If with the merest glance I view
  Her black and roguish eyes,
And gaze on her black eyebrows too,
  My spirit upward flies.
Has any one a mouth so sweet,
  Such love-round cheeks as she?
Ah, when the eye her beauties meet,
  It ne'er content can be.

And when in airy German dance
  I clasp her form divine,

So quick we whirl, so quick advance,
  What rapture then like mine!
And when she's giddy, and feels warm,
  I cradle her, poor thing,
Upon my breast, and in mine arm, —
  I'm then a very king!

And when she looks with love of me,
  Forgetting all but this,
When pressed against my bosom, she
  Exchanges kiss for kiss,
All through my marrow runs a thrill,
  Runs e'en my foot along!
I feel so well, I feel so ill,
  I feel so weak, so strong!

Would that such moments ne'er would end!
  The day ne'er long I find;
Could I the night too with her spend,
  E'en then I should not mind.
If she were in mine arms but held,
  To quench love's thirst I'd try;
And could my torments not be quell'd,
  Upon her breast would die.

SMITTEN.

Through the wood as I was roaming,
  There a gentle youth I spied,
Piping sweetly in the gloaming,
  Till the rocks around replied,
    So la la!

And beside him down he drew me,
  Called me fair, and kissed me then.

"Pipe once more!" I said, and through me
Thrill'd his music sweet again.
So la la!

Now my peace is flown, and never
Comes a smile into mine eye,
And within my ears for ever
Rings that music, and I sigh,
So la la!

RESERVATION.

My maiden she proved false to me;
To hate all joys I soon began,
Then to a flowing stream I ran, —
The stream ran past me hastily.

There stood I fixed, in mute despair;
My head swam round as in a dream;
I well-nigh fell into the stream,
And earth seemed with me whirling there.

Sudden I heard a voice that cried —
I had just turned my face from thence —
It was a voice to charm each sense:
"Beware, for deep is yonder tide!"

A thrill my blood pervaded now,
I looked, and saw a beauteous maid; —
I asked her name — 'twas Kate, she said —
"Oh, lovely Kate! how kind art thou!

"From death I have been saved by thee,
'Tis through thee only that I live;
Little 'twere life alone to give,
My joy in life then deign to be!"

And then I told my sorrows o'er,
Her eyes to earth she sweetly threw;
I kissed her, and she kissed me too,
And — then I talked of death no more.

RESOLVE.

On, on across the plains and feel no dread!
Where not the boldest hath
Trod down a path, which thou may'st safely tread,
Make for thyself a path!

Still thou my heart, dear love! It will not break
Though bent awhile it be;
And if it needs must be, that it shall break,
It breaks not, love, with thee.

TREASURE TROVE.

Through the forest idly,
As my steps I bent,
With a free and happy heart,
Singing as I went.

Cowering in the shade I
Did a floweret spy,
Bright as any star in heaven,
Sweet as any eye.

Down to pluck it stooping,
Thus to me it said,
"Wherefore pluck me only
To wither and to fade?"

Up with its roots I dug it,
I bore it as it grew,
And in my garden-plot at home
I planted it anew;

All in a still and shady place,
Beside my home so dear,
And now it thanks me for my pains
And blossoms all the year.

THE MUSES' SON.

[Goethe quotes the beginning of this song in his Autobiography, as expressing the manner in which his poetical effusions used to pour out from him.]

THROUGH field and wood to stray
And pipe my tuneful lay,—
'Tis thus my days are passed;
And all keep tune with me,
And move on in harmony,
And so on, to the last.

To wait I scarce have power
The garden's earliest flower.
The tree's first bloom in spring;
They hail my joyous strain,—
When winter comes again,
Of that sweet dream I sing.

My song sounds far and near,
O'er ice it echoes clear,
Then winter blossoms bright;
And when his blossoms fly,
Fresh raptures meet mine eye,
Upon the well-tilled height.

When 'neath the linden-tree,
Young folks I chance to see,
I set them moving soon;
His nose the dull lad curls,
The formal maiden whirls,
Obedient to my tune.

Wings to the feet ye lend,
O'er hill and vale ye send
The lover far from home;
When shall I, on your breast,
Ye kindly Muses, rest,
And cease at length to roam?

RECIPROCAL INVITATION TO THE DANCE.

THE INDIFFERENT.

COME to the dance with me, come with me, fair one!
Dances a feast-day like this may well crown;
If thou my sweetheart art not, thou canst be so,
But if thou wilt not, we still will dance on.
Come to the dance with me, come with me, fair one!
Dances a feast-day like this may well crown.

THE TENDER.

Loved one, without thee, what then would all feasts be?
Sweet one, without thee, what then were the dance?
If thou my sweetheart wert not, I would dance not,
If thou art still so, all life is one feast,
Loved one, without thee, what then would the feast be?
Sweet one, without thee, what then were the dance?

THE INDIFFERENT.

Let them but love, then, and leave us the dancing!
Languishing love cannot bear the glad dance.

Let us whirl round in the waltz's gay measure,
And let *them* steal to the dim-lighted wood.
Let them but love, then, and leave us the dancing!
Languishing love cannot bear the glad dance.

THE TENDER.

Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to wander!
Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.
Cupid, the near one, o'erhears their deriding,
Vengeance takes suddenly, vengeance takes soon.
Let them whirl round, then, and leave us to wander!
Wand'ring to love is a heavenly dance.

LIKE AND LIKE.

A FAIR bell-flower
Sprang up from the ground,
And early its fragrance
It shed all around;
A bee came thither
And sipped from its bell;—
That they for each other
Were made, we see well.

SELF-DECEIT.

MY neighbour's curtain, well I see,
Is moving to and fro.
No doubt she's listening eagerly,
If I'm at home or no,

And if the jealous grudge I bore
And openly confessed;
Is nourished by me as before,
Within my inmost breast.

Alas! no fancies such as these
E'er crossed the dear child's thoughts.
I see 'tis but the evening breeze
That with the curtain sports.

DECLARATION OF WAR.

Oh, would I resembled
The country girls fair,
Who rosy-red ribbons
And yellow hats wear!

To believe I was pretty
I thought was allowed;
In the town I believed it
When by the youth vowed.

Now that spring hath returned,
All my joys disappear;
The girls of the country
Have lured him from here.

To change dress and figure,
Was needful, I found,
My bodice is longer,
My petticoat round.

My hat now is yellow,
My bodice like snow;
The clover to sickle
With others I go.

Something pretty, ere long
Midst the troop he explores;
The eager boy signs me
To go within doors.

I bashfully go,—
  Who I am, he can't trace;
He pinches my cheeks,
  And he looks in my face.

The town girl now threatens
  You maidens with war;
Her twofold charms pledges
  Of victory are.

LOVER IN ALL SHAPES.

To be like a fish,
Brisk and quick is my wish;
If thou cam'st with thy line,
Thou wouldst soon make me thine,
To be like a fish,
Brisk and quick is my wish.

Oh, were I a steed!
Thou wouldst love me indeed.
Oh, were I a car
Fit to bear thee afar!
Oh, were I a steed!
Thou wouldst love me indeed.

I would I were gold
That thy finger might hold!
If thou boughtest aught then,
I'd return soon again.
I would I were gold
That thy fingers might hold!

I would I were true,
And my sweetheart still new!
To be faithful I'd swear,
And would go away ne'er.

ANSWERS IN A GAME OF QUESTIONS.

THE LADY.

In the small and great world too,
What most charms a woman's heart?
It is doubtless what is new,
For its blossoms joy impart;
Nobler far is what is true,
For fresh blossoms it can shoot
Even in the time of fruit.

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

With the nymphs in wood and cave
Paris was acquainted well,
Till Zeus sent, to make him rave,
Three of those in Heaven who dwell;
And the choice more trouble gave
Than e'er fell to mortal lot,
Whether in old times or not.

THE EXPERIENCED.

Tenderly a woman view,
And thou'lt win her, take my word
He who's quick and saucy too,
Will of all men be preferred;
Who ne'er seems as if he knew
If he pleases, if he charms,—
He 'tis injures, he 'tis harms.

THE CONTENTED.

Manifold is human strife,
Human passion, human pain:
Many a blessing yet is rife,
Many pleasures still remain.

Yet the greatest bliss in life,
And the richest prize we find,
Is a good, contented mind.

THE MERRY COUNSEL.

He by whom man's foolish will
Is each day reviewed and blamed,
Who when *others* fools are still,
Is himself a fool proclaimed, —
Ne'er at mill was beast's back pressed
With a heavier load than he.
What I feel within my breast
That in truth's the thing for me!

DIFFERENT EMOTIONS ON THE SAME SPOT.

THE MAIDEN.

I'VE seen him before me!
What rapture steals o'er me
Oh, heavenly sight!
He's coming to meet me;
Perplexed, I retreat me,
With shame take to flight.
My mind seems to wander!
Ye rocks and trees yonder,
Conceal ye my rapture,
Conceal my delight!

THE YOUTH.

'Tis here I must find her,
'Twas here she enshrined her,
Here vanished from sight.
She came, as to meet me,
Then fearing to greet me,
With shame took to flight.

Is't hope? Do I wander?
Ye rocks and trees yonder,
  Disclose ye the loved one,
  Disclose my delight!

THE LANGUISHING.

O'er my sad fate I sorrow,
To each dewy morrow,
  Veiled here from man's sight.
By the many mistaken,
Unknown and forsaken,
  Here wing I my flight!
Compassionate spirit!
Let none ever hear it,—
  Conceal my affliction,
  Conceal thy delight!

THE HUNTER.

To-day I'm rewarded;
Rich booty's afforded
  By Fortune so bright.
My servant, the pheasants,
And hares fit for presents,
  Takes homeward at night.
Here see I enraptured
In nets the birds captured!—
  Long life to the hunter!
  Long live his delight!

THE MISANTHROPE.

At first awhile sits he,
  With calm, unruffled brow;
His features then I see,
Distorted hideously,—

An owl's they might be now.
What is it, asketh thou?
Is't love, or is't ennui?
'Tis both at once, I vow.

LATE resounds the early strain;
Weal and woe in song remain.

DIFFERENT THREATS.

I ONCE into a forest far
My maiden went to seek,
And fell upon her neck, when: "Ah!"
She threatened, "I will shriek!"

Then cried I haughtily: "I'll crush
The man that dares come near thee!"
"Hush!" whispered she: "my loved one, hush!
Or else they'll overhear thee!"

WHO'LL BUY CUPID?

OF all the wares so pretty
That come into the city,
There's none are so delicious,
There's none are half so precious,
As those which we are bringing.
Oh, listen to our singing!
Young loves to sell? young loves to sell!
My pretty loves who'll buy?

First look you at the oldest,
The wantonest, the boldest!

So loosely goes he hopping,
From tree and thicket dropping,
Then flies aloft so sprightly!
We dare but praise him lightly!
The fickle rogue! Young loves to sell!
My pretty loves who'll buy?

Now see this little creature —
How modest seems his feature!
He nestles so demurely,
You'd think him safer surely;
And yet for all his shyness,
There's danger in his slyness,
The cunning rogue! Young loves to sell!
My pretty loves who'll buy?

Oh, come and see this lovelet,
This little turtle-dovelet!
The maidens that are neatest,
The tenderest and sweetest,
Should buy it to amuse 'em,
And nurse it in their bosom.
The little pet! Young loves to sell!
My pretty loves who'll buy?

We need not bid you buy them,
They're here, if you will try them.
They like to change their cages;
But for their proving sages
No warrant will we utter —
They all have wings to flutter,
The pretty things! Young loves to sell!
Such beauties! Come and buy!

TRUE ENJOYMENT.

VAINLY wouldst thou, to gain a heart,
  Heap up a maiden's lap with gold;
The joys of love thou must impart,
  Wouldst thou e'er see those joys unfold.
The voices of the throng gold buys.
  No single heart 'twill win for thee;
Wouldst thou a maiden make thy prize,
  Thyself alone the bribe must be.

If by no sacred tie thou'rt bound,
  Oh, youth, thou must thyself restrain!
Well may true liberty be found,
  Though man may seem to wear a chain.
Let one alone inflame thee e'er,
  And if her heart with love o'erflows,
Let tenderness unite you there,
  If duty's self no fetter knows.

First *feel*, oh, youth! A girl then find
  Worthy thy choice, — let *her* choose thee,
In body fair, and fair in mind,
  And then thou wilt be blest, like me.
I who have made this art mine own,
  A girl have chosen such as this;
The blessing of the priest alone
  Is wanting to complete our bliss.

Nought but my rapture is her guide,
  Only for me she cares to please, —
Ne'er wanton save when by my side,
  And modest when the world she sees.
That time our glow may never chill,
  She yields no right through frailty;

Her favour is a favour still,
And I must ever grateful be.

Yet I'm content, and full of joy,
If she'll but grant her smile so sweet,
Or if at table she'll employ,
To pillow hers, her lover's feet;
Give me the apple that she bit,
The glass from which she drank, bestow,
And when my kiss so orders it,
Her bosom, veiled till then, will show.

And when she wills of love to speak,
In fond and silent hours of bliss,
Words from her mouth are all I seek,
Nought else I crave, — not e'en a kiss.
With what a soul her mind is fraught,
Wreathed round with charms unceasingly!
She's perfect, — and she fails in nought
Save in her deigning to love me.

My reverence throws me at her feet,
My longing throws me on her breast;
This, youth, is rapture true and sweet;
Be wise, *thus* seeking to be blest.
When death shall take thee from her side,
To join th' angelic choir above,
In heaven's bright mansions to abide, —
No diff'rence at the change thou'lt prove.

MAIDEN WISHES.

WHAT pleasure to me
A bridegroom would be!
When married we are,
They call us mamma.

No need then to sew,
To school we ne'er go;
Command uncontrolled,
Have maids whom to scold;
Choose clothes at our ease,
Of what tradesmen we please;
Walk freely about,
And go to each rout,
And unrestrained are
By papa or mamma.

THE FAREWELL.

[Probably addressed to his mistress Frederica.]

LET mine eye the farewell say,
That my lips can utter ne'er;
Fain I'd be a man to-day,
Yet 'tis hard, oh, hard to bear!

Mournful in an hour like this
Is love's sweetest pledge, I ween;
Cold upon thy mouth the kiss,
Faint thy fingers' pressure e'en.

Oh, what rapture to my heart
Used each stolen kiss to bring!
As the violets joy impart,
Gathered in the early spring.

Now no garlands I entwine,
Now no roses pluck for thee,
Though 'tis springtime, Fanny mine,
Dreary autumn 'tis to me!

MOTIVES.

If to a girl who loves us truly
Her mother gives instruction duly
In virtue, duty, and what not, —
And if she hearkens ne'er a jot,
But with fresh-strengthened longing flies
To meet our kiss that seems to burn, —
Caprice has just as much concern
As love in her bold enterprise.

But if her mother can succeed
In gaining for her maxims heed,
And softening the girl's heart too,
So that she coyly shuns our view, —
The heart of youth she knows but ill;
For when a maiden is thus stern,
Virtue in truth has less concern
In this, than an inconstant will.

THE LOVELY NIGHT.

From the cot, where softly sleeping
Lies my bosom's love, I go,
And with noiseless footstep creeping,
Thread the dusty wood, when lo!
Bursts the moon through glade and greenwood,
Soft the herald zephyrs play,
And the waving birches sprinkle
Sweetest incense on my way.

How I revel in the coolness
Of this beauteous summer night
Stilly dreaming here the fulness
Of the panting soul's delight!

Words can paint not what my bliss is,
Yet, kind heaven, I'd yield to thee
Nights a thousand, fair as this is,
Would my love give one to me!

LOVE'S DREAM.

Thou oft in dreams hast seen us stand
Before the altar hand in hand,
Thyself the bride, the bridegroom I.
Oft on thy lips, when none were watching,
I've hung, unnumbered kisses snatching,
In hours of waking ecstasy.

The purest rapture that we cherished,
The bliss of hours so golden, perished
Even with the hour that saw it rise.
What reck that mine have been such blisses?
Fleeting as dreams are fondest kisses,
And like a kiss all pleasure dies.

LIVING REMEMBRANCE.

Half vexed, half pleased, thy love will feel,
Shouldst thou her knot or ribbon steal;
To thee they're much — I won't conceal;
Such self-deceit may pardoned be;
A veil, a kerchief, garter, rings,
In truth are no more trifling things,
But still they're not enough for me.

She who is dearest to my heart,
Gave me, with well dissembled smart,
Of her own life a living part,
No charm in aught beside I trace;

How do I scorn thy paltry ware!
A lock she gave me of the hair
That wantons o'er her beauteous face.

If, loved one, we must severed be,
Wouldst thou not wholly fly from me,
I still possess this legacy,
To look at, and to kiss in play,—
My fate is to the hair's allied,
We used to woo her with like pride,
And now we both are far away.

Her charms with equal joy we pressed,
Her smiling cheeks anon caressed,
Lured onward by a yearning blest,
Upon her heaving bosom fell.
Oh, rival, free from envy's sway,
Thou precious gift, thou beauteous prey,
Remain my joy and bliss to tell!

THE BLISS OF ABSENCE.

'Tis sweet for him, the livelong day that lies,
Wrapt in the heaven of his dear lady's eyes,
Whose dreams her image blesseth evermore,
Love knoweth not a sharper joy than this,
Yet greater, purer, nobler is the bliss,
To be afar from her whom we adore!

Distance and Time, eternal powers, that be
Still, like the stars, o'erruling secretly,
Cradle this tempest of the blood to peace.
Calm grows my soul, and calmer every hour,
Yet daily feels my heart a springing power,
And daily finds my happiness increase.

All times she lives within my heart and brain,
Yet can I think of her without a pain,
  My spirit soars away serene and free,
And, by the strength of its divine emotion,
Transforms its love to all a saint's devotion,
  Refines desire into idolatry.

The lightest cloudlet that doth fleck the sky,
And floats along the sunshine airily,
  More lightly in its beauty floateth never,
Than doth my heart, with tranquil joy elate.
By fear untouched, for jealousy too great,
  I love, oh, yes, I love — I love her ever.

TO LUNA.

Sister of the earliest light,
Type of loveliness in sorrow,
Silver mists thy radiance borrow,
Even as they cross thy sight.
When thou comest to the sky,
In their dusky hollows waken,
Spirits that are sad, forsaken,
Birds that shun the day, and I.

Looking downward far and wide,
Hidden things thou dost discover.
Luna! help a hapless lover,
Lift him kindly to thy side!
Aided by thy friendly beams,
Let him, through the lattice peeping,
Look into the room where, sleeping,
Lies the maiden of his dreams.

Ah, I see her! Now I gaze,
Bending in a trance Elysian,

And I strain my inmost vision,
And I gather all thy rays.
Bright and brighter yet I see
Charms no envious robes encumber;
And she draws me to her slumber
As Endymion once drew thee.

THE WEDDING NIGHT.

WITHIN the chamber, far away
From the glad feast, sits love in dread
Lest guests disturb, in wanton play,
The silence of the bridal bed.
His torch's pale flame serves to gild
The scene with mystic sacred glow,
The room with incense-clouds is filled,
That he may perfect rapture know.

How beats thy heart, when thou dost hear
The chimes that warn thy guests to fly?
How glow'st thou for those lips so dear,
That soon are mute, and nought deny!
With her into the holy place
Thou hast'nest then to perfect all;
The fire the warder's hands embrace,
Grows, like a night-light, dim and small.

How heaves the bosom, and how burns
Her face at every fervent kiss!
Her coldness now to trembling turns,
Thy daring now a duty is.
Love helps thee to undress her fast,
But thou art twice as fast as he;
And then he shuts both eyes at last
With sly and roguish modesty.

MISCHIEVOUS JOY.

As a butterfly renewed,
  When in life I breathed my last,
    To the spots my flight I wing,
  Scenes of heavenly rapture past,
    Over meadows to the spring,
Round the hill, and through the wood.

Soon a tender pair I spy,
  And I look down from my seat
    On the beauteous maiden's head —
  When embodied there I meet
    All I lost as soon as dead,
Happy as before am I.

Him she clasps with silent smile,
  And his mouth the hour improves,
    Sent by kindly deities;
  First from breast to mouth it roves,
    Then from mouth to hands it flies,
And I round him sport the while.

And she sees me hov'ring near;
  Trembling at her lover's rapture,
    Up she springs — I fly away.
"Dearest! let's the insect capture!
    Come! I long to make my prey
Yonder pretty little dear!"

NOVEMBER SONG.

To the great archer — not to him
  To meet whom flies the sun,
And who is wont his features dim
  With clouds to overrun —

But to the boy be vowed these rhymes,
Who 'mongst the roses plays,
Who hears us, and at proper times
To pierce fair hearts essays.

Through him the gloomy winter night,
Of yore so cold and drear,
Brings many a loved friend to our sight,
And many a woman dear.

Henceforward shall his image fair
Stand in yon starry skies,
And, ever mild and gracious there,
Alternate set and rise.

TO THE CHOSEN ONE.

[This sweet song is doubtless one of those addressed to Frederica.]

HAND in hand, and lip to lip!
Oh, be faithful, maiden dear!
Fare thee well! thy lover's ship
Past full many a rock must steer;
But should he the haven see,
When the storm has ceased to break,
And be happy, reft of thee, —
May the gods fierce vengeance take!

Boldly dared is well-nigh won!
Half my task is solved aright;
Every star's to me a sun,
Only cowards deem it night.
Stood I idly by thy side,
Sorrow still would sadden me;
But when seas our path divide,
Gladly toil I, — toil for thee!

Now the valley I perceive,
  Where together we will go,
And the streamlet watch each eve,
  Gliding peacefully below.
Oh, the poplars on yon spot!
  Oh, the beech-trees in yon grove!
And behind we'll build a cot,
  Where to taste the joys of love!

FIRST LOSS.

Ah! who'll ever those days restore,
  Those bright days of early love!
Who'll one hour again concede,
  Of that time so fondly cherished!
Silently my wounds I feed,
And with wailing evermore
  Sorrow o'er each joy now perished.
Ah! who'll e'er the days restore
  Of that time so fondly cherished!

APPARENT DEATH.

Weep, maiden, weep here o'er the tomb of Love;
  He died of nothing — by mere chance was slain.
But is he really dead? — oh, *that* I cannot prove:
  A nothing, a mere chance, oft gives him life again.

AFTER-SENSATIONS.

When the vine again is blowing,
  Then the wine moves in the cask;
When the rose again is glowing,
    Wherefore should I feel oppressed?

Down my cheeks run tears all-burning,
If I do, or leave my task;
I but feel a speechless yearning,
That pervades my inmost breast.

But at length I see the reason,
When the question I would ask:
'Twas in such a beauteous season,
Doris glowed to make me blest!

PRESENCE.

ALL things give token of thee!
As soon as the bright sun is shining,
Thou too wilt follow, I trust.

When in the garden thou walkest,
Thou then art the rose of all roses,
Lily of lilies as well.

When thou dost move in the dance,
Then each constellation moves also;
With thee and round thee they move.

Night! oh, what bliss were the night!
For then thou o'ershadow'st the lustre,
Dazzling and fair, of the moon.

Dazzling and beauteous art thou,
And flowers, and moon, and the planets
Homage pay, Sun, but to thee.

Sun! to *me* also be thou
Creator of days bright and glorious;
Life and Eternity this!

SEPARATION.

I THINK of thee whene'er the sun is glowing
Upon the lake;
Of thee, when in the crystal fountain flowing
The moonbeams shake.

I see thee when the wanton wind is busy,
And dust-clouds rise;
In the deep night, when o'er the bridge so dizzy
The wanderer hies.

I hear thee when the waves, with hollow roaring,
Gush forth their fill;
Often along the heath I go exploring,
When all is still.

I am with thee! Though far thou art and darkling,
Yet art thou near.
The sun goes down, the stars will soon be sparkling —
Oh, wert thou here.

TO THE DISTANT ONE.

AND have I lost thee evermore,
Hast thou, oh, fair one, from me flown?
Still in mine ear sounds, as of yore,
Thine every word, thine every tone.

As when at morn the wanderer's eye
Attempts to pierce the air in vain,
When, hidden in the azure sky,
The lark high o'er him chants his strain:

So do I cast my troubled gaze
  Through bush, through forest, o'er the lea;
Thou art invoked by all my lays;
  Oh, come then, loved one, back to me!

BY THE RIVER.

Flow on, ye lays so loved, so fair,
  On to Oblivion's ocean flow!
May no rapt boy recall you e'er,
  No maiden in her beauty's glow!

My love alone was then your theme,
  But now she scorns my passion true.
Ye were but written in the stream;
  As it flows on, then flow ye too!

THE EXCHANGE.

The stones in the streamlet I make my bright pillow,
And open my arms to the swift-rolling billow,
  That lovingly hastens to fall on my breast.
Then fickleness soon bids it onwards be flowing;
A second draws nigh, its caresses bestowing, —
  And so by a twofold enjoyment I'm blest.

And yet thou art trailing in sorrow and sadness
The moments that life, as it flies, gave for gladness,
  Because by thy love thou'rt remembered no more!
Oh, call back to mind former days and their blisses!
The lips of the second will give as sweet kisses
  As any the lips of the first gave before!

FAREWELL.

To break one's word is pleasure-fraught,
  To do one's duty gives a smart;
While man, alas! will promise nought,
  That is repugnant to his heart.

Using some magic strain of yore,
  Thou lurest him, when scarcely calm,
On to sweet folly's fragile bark once more,
  Renewing, doubling chance of harm.

Why seek to hide thyself from me?
  Fly not my sight — be open then?
Known late or early it must be,
  And here thou hast thy word again.

My duty is fulfilled to-day,
  No longer will I guard thee from surprise;
But, oh, forgive the friend who from thee turns away,
  And to himself for refuge flies!

WELCOME AND DEPARTURE.

[Another of the love-songs addressed to Frederica.]

To horse! — away, o'er hill and steep!
  Into the saddle blithe I sprung;
The eve was cradling earth to sleep,
  And night upon the mountain hung.
With robes of mist around him set,
  The oak like some huge giant stood,
While with its hundred eyes of jet,
  Peered darkness from the tangled wood.

Amidst a bank of clouds, the moon
A sad and troubled glimmer shed;
The wind its chilly wings unclosed,
And whistled wildly round my head.
Night framed a thousand phantoms dire,
Yet did I never droop nor start;
Within my veins what living fire!
What quenchless glow within my heart!

We met; and from thy glance a tide
Of stifling joy flowed into me:
My heart was wholly by thy side,
My every breath was breathed for thee.
A blush was there, as if thy cheek
The gentlest hues of spring had caught,
And smiles so kind for me! — Great powers!
I hoped, yet I deserved them not!

But morning came to end my bliss;
A long, a sad farewell we took;
What joy — what rapture in thy kiss,
What depth of anguish in thy look!
I left thee, sweet! but after me,
Thine eyes through tears looked from above;
Yet to be loved — what ecstasy!
What ecstasy, ye gods, to love!

NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE.

[Written at the time of Goethe's connection with Lili.]

HEART! my heart! what means this feeling?
What oppresseth thee so sore?
What strange life is o'er me stealing!
I acknowledge thee no more,

Fled is all that gave thee gladness,
Fled the cause of all thy sadness,
Fled thy peace, thine industry —
Ah, why suffer it to be?

Say, do beauty's graces youthful,
Does this form so fair and bright,
Does this gaze, so kind, so truthful,
Chain thee with unceasing might?
Would I tear me from her boldly,
Courage take, and fly her coldly,
Back to her I'm forthwith led
By the path I seek to tread.

By a thread I ne'er can sever,
For 'tis 'twined with magic skill,
Doth the cruel maid for ever
Hold me fast against my will.
While those magic charms confine me,
To her will I must resign me.
Ah, the change in truth is great!
Love! kind love! release me straight!

TO BELINDA.

[This song was also written for Lili. Goethe mentions, at the end of his Autobiography, that he overheard her singing it one evening after he had taken his last farewell of her.]

With resistless power why dost thou press me
Into scenes so bright?
Had I not — good youth — so much to bless me
In the lonely night?

In my little chamber close I found me,
In the moon's cold beams;
And there quivering light fell softly round me,
While I lay in dreams.

And by hours of pure unmingled pleasure,
All my dreams were blest,
While I felt her image, as a treasure,
Deep within my breast.

Is it I, she at the table places,
'Mid so many lights?
Yes, to meet intolerable faces,
She her slave invites.

Ah! the Spring's fresh fields no longer cheer me,
Flowers no sweetness bring
Angel, where thou art, all sweets are near me,—
Love, Nature, and Spring.

WITH AN EMBROIDERED RIBBON.

Little flowerets, little leaflets,
Have they woven with fairy hand,
Playful sunny elves of springtide,
Lightly called at my command.

Zephyr, bear it on thy pinions,
Drop it on my darling's dress,
So she'll pass before the mirror
In her double loveliness.

She, of roses still the fairest,
Roses shall around her see;
Give me but one look, my dearest,
And I ask no more of thee.

Feel but what this heart is feeling —
Frankly place thy hand in mine —
Trust me, love, the tie which binds us,
Is no fragile rosy twine.

SECOND LIFE.

After life's departing sigh,
To the spots I loved most dearly,
In the sunshine and the shadow,
By the fountain welling clearly,
Through the wood and o'er the meadow,
Flit I like a butterfly.

There a gentle pair I spy.
Round the maiden's tresses flying,
From her chaplet I discover
All that I had lost in dying,
Still with her and with her lover,
Who so happy then as I?

For she smiles with laughing eyes;
And his lips to her he presses,
Vows of passion interchanging,
Stifling her with sweet caresses,
O'er her budding beauties ranging;
And around the twain I fly.

And she sees me fluttering nigh;
And beneath his ardour trembling,
Starts she up — then off I hover.
"Look there, dearest!" Thus dissembling,
Speaks the maiden to her lover —
"Come and catch that butterfly!"

TO MY MISTRESS.

All that's lovely speaks of thee!
When the glorious sun appeareth,
'Tis thy harbinger to me:
Only thus he cheereth.

In the garden where thou go'st,
  There art thou the rose of roses,
First of lilies, fragrant most
  Of the fragrant posies.

When thou movest in the dance,
  All the stars with thee are moving
And around thee gleam and glance,
  Never tired of loving.

Night! — and would the night were here!
  Yet the moon would lose her duty;
Though her sheen be soft and clear,
  Softer is thy beauty!

Fair, and kind, and gentle one!
  Do not moon, and stars, and flowers
Pay that homage to their sun,
  That we pay to ours?

Sun of mine, that art so dear —
  Sun, that art above all sorrow!
Shine, I pray thee, on me here
  Till the eternal morrow!

FLOWER-SALUTE.

THIS nosegay, — 'twas *I* dressed it, —
  Greets thee a thousand times!
Oft stooped I, and caressed it,
  Ah! full a thousand times,
And 'gainst my bosom pressed it,
  A hundred thousand times!

WITH A GOLDEN NECKLACE.

ACCEPT, dear maid, this little token,
A supple chain that fain would lie,
And keep its tiny links unbroken
Upon a neck of ivory.

Pray, then, exalt it to this duty,
And change its humbleness to pride;
By day it will adorn your beauty,
By night 'tis quickly laid aside.

But if another hand should proffer
A chain of weightier, closer kind,
Think twice ere you accept the offer;
For there are chains will not unbind.

MAY SONG.

How gloriously gleameth
All nature to me!
How bright the sun beameth,
How fresh is the lea!

White blossoms are bursting
The thickets among,
And all the gay greenwood
Is ringing with song!

There's radiance and rapture
That nought can destroy,
O earth, in thy sunshine,
O heart, in thy joy!

O love! thou enchanter,
So golden and bright —
Like the red clouds of morning
That rest on yon height; —

It is thou that art clothing
The fields and the bowers,
And everywhere breathing
The incense of flowers!

O maiden! dear maiden!
How well I love thee —
Thine eye, how it kindles
In answer to me!

Oh! well the lark loveth
Its song 'midst the blue;
Oh, gladly the flowerets
Expand to the dew.

And so do I love thee;
For all that is best,
I draw from thy beauty
To gladden my breast!

And all my heart's music
Is thrilling for thee!
Be evermore blest, love,
And loving to me!

ON THE LAKE.

[This little poem was composed during a tour in Switzerland in 1775. Several others in this series belong to the same period, being that when Goethe's passion for Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, the Lili of his poems, was at its height.]

And here I drink new blood, fresh food
From world so free, so blest;
How sweet is nature and how good
Who holds me to her breast!

The waves are cradling up our boat,
The oars are beating time;
Mountains we meet that seem afloat
In heav'nly clouds sublime.

Why, my eye, art downward turning?
Golden dreams, are ye returning?
Dream, though gold, I thee repel;
Love and life here also dwell.

'Neath the waves are sinking
Stars from heaven sparkling;
Soft white mists are drinking,
Distance towering, darkling,

Morning wind is fanning
Trees by the bay that root,
And its image scanning
Is the ripening fruit.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

[Written just after the preceding one, on a mountain overlooking the Lake of Zurich.]

DEAREST Lili, if I did not love thee,
How transporting were a scene like this!
Yet, my Lili, if I did not love thee,
What were any bliss?

MAY SONG.

BETWEEN wheat-field and corn,
Between hedgerow and thorn,
Between pasture and tree,
Where is my sweetheart?
Tell it me!

Sweetheart caught I
Not at home;
She's then, thought I,
Gone to roam.
Fair and loving
Blooms sweet May,
Sweetheart's roving,
Free and gay.

By the rock near the wave,
Where her first kiss she gave,
On the greensward, to me, —
Something I see!
Is it she?

WITH a master all smoothly goes
Who what he bids, himself well knows.

EARLY SPRING.

Come ye so early,
Days of delight?
Making the hillside
Blithesome and bright?

Merrily, merrily,
Little brooks rush,
Down by the meadow,
Under the bush.

Welkin and hilltop,
Azure and cool;
Fishes are sporting
In streamlet and pool.

Birds of gay feather
Flit through the grove,
Singing together
Ditties of love.

Busily coming
From moss-covered bowers,
Brown bees are humming,
Questing for flowers.

Lightsome emotion,
Life everywhere;
Faint wafts of fragrance
Scenting the air.

Now comes there sounding
A sough of the breeze,
Shakes through the thicket,
Sinks in the trees.

Sinks, but returning,
It ruffles my hair;
Aid me this rapture,
Muses, to bear!

Know ye the passion
That stirs in me here?
Yester e'en at gloaming
Was I with my dear!

IN SUMMER.

How plain and height
With dewdrops are bright!
How pearls have crowned
The plants all around!
How sighs the breeze
Through thicket and trees!
How loudly in the sun's clear rays
The sweet birds carol forth their lays!

But, ah! above,
When saw I my love,
Within her room,
Small, mantled in gloom,
Enclosed around,
Where sunlight was drowned,
How little then was earth to me,
With all its beauteous majesty!

AUTUMN FEELINGS.

FLOURISH greener, as ye clamber,
O ye leaves, to seek my chamber,
Up the trellised vine on high!
May ye swell, twin-berries tender,

Juicier far, — and with more splendour
  Ripen, and more speedily!
O'er ye broods the sun at even
As he sinks to rest, and heaven
  Softly breathes into your ear
All its fertilising fulness,
While the moon's refreshing coolness,
  Magic-laden, hovers near;
And, alas! ye're watered ever
  By a stream of tears that rill
From mine eyes, — tears ceasing never,
  Tears of love that nought can still!

RESTLESS LOVE.

THROUGH rain, through snow,
Through tempest go!
'Mongst steaming caves,
O'er misty waves,
On, on! still on!
Peace, rest have flown!

Sooner through sadness
  I'd wish to be slain,
Than all the gladness
  Of life to sustain;
All the fond yearning
  That heart feels for heart,
Only seems burning
  To make them both smart.

How shall I fly?
Forestwards hie?
Vain were all strife!
Bright crown of life,
Turbulent bliss, —
Love, thou art this!

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.

Up yonder on the mountain,
I dwelt for days together;
Looked down into the valley,
This pleasant summer weather.

My sheep go feeding onward,
My dog sits watching by;
I've wandered to the valley,
And yet I know not why.

The meadow, it is pretty,
With flowers so fair to see;
I gather them, but no one
Will take the flowers from me.

The good tree gives me shadow,
And shelter from the rain:
But yonder door is silent,
It will not ope again!

I see the rainbow bending,
Above her old abode,
But she is there no longer;
They've taken my love abroad.

They took her o'er the mountains,
They took her o'er the sea;
Move on, move on, my bonny sheep,
There is no rest for me!

NIGHT SONG.

When on thy pillow lying,
  Half listen, I implore,
And at my lute's soft sighing,
  Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

For at my lute's soft sighing
  The stars their blessings pour
On feelings never-dying;
  Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

Those feelings never-dying
  My spirit aid to soar
From earthly conflicts trying;
  Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

From earthly conflicts trying
  Thou driv'st me to this shore;
Through thee I'm hither flying, —
  Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

Through thee I'm hither flying,
  Thou wilt not list before
In slumbers thou art lying:
  Sleep on! what wouldst thou more?

COMFORT IN TEARS.

How is it that thou art so sad
  When others are so gay?
Thou hast been weeping — nay, thou hast!
  Thine eyes the truth betray.

"And if I may not choose but weep,
Is not my grief mine own?
No heart was heavier yet for tears —
Oh, leave me, friend, alone!"

Come join this once the merry band,
They call aloud for thee,
And mourn no more for what is lost,
But let the past go free.

"Oh, little know ye in your mirth,
What wrings my heart so deep!
I have not lost the idol yet,
For which I sigh and weep."

Then rouse thee and take heart! thy blood
Is young and full of fire;
Youth should have hope and might to win,
And wear its best desire.

"Oh, never may I hope to gain
What dwells from me so far;
It stands as high, it looks as bright,
As yonder burning star."

Why, who would seek to woo the stars
Down from their glorious sphere?
Enough it is to worship them,
When nights are calm and clear.

"Oh, I look up and worship too —
My star it shines by day —
Then let me weep the livelong night
The whilst it is away."

LONGING.

WHAT stirs in my heart so?
What lures me from home?
What forces me outwards,
And onwards to roam?
Far up on the mountains
Lie cloudlets like snow;
Oh, were I but yonder,
'Tis there I must go!

Now by come the ravens
So solemn and black;
I mingle among them,
And follow their track:
By rock and by turret
We silently glide;
Ah, there is the bower, where
My lady doth bide!

She walks in the greenwood,
That beautiful May;
Like a bird singing clearly,
I drop on the spray.
She lists, and she lingers,
And softly says she—
"How sweetly it singeth,
It singeth for me!"

The sunset is gilding
The peaks of the hill,
The day is declining,
Yet tarries she still:
She follows the brooklet
Through meadow and glade,
Till dark is the pathway,
And lost in the shade.

Then, then I come down, as
A swift-shooting star;
"What light glitters yonder,
So near yet so far?"
Ere yet the amazement
Hath passed from thee, sweet,
My quest it is ended,
I lie at thy feet!

THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THERE stands an ancient castle
On yonder mountain height,
Where, fenced with door and portal,
Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,
And all is hushed and still;
O'er ruined wall and rafter
I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage
Once lay in yonder nook;
Where now are the cellarer's flagons
And where is his jovial look?

No more he sets the beakers
For the guests at the wassail feast;
Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask
For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase
The stoup to the thirsty squires,
And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift
Receives, nor more requires.

For burned are roof and rafter,
And they hang begrimed and black;
And stair, and hall, and chapel,
Are turned to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,
One day when the sun was bright,
I saw my love ascending
The slopes of yon rocky height;

From the hush and desolation
Sweet fancies did unfold,
And it seemed as they had come back again,
The jovial days of old.

As if the stateliest chambers
For noble guests were spread,
And out from the prime of that glorious time
A youth a maiden led.

And, standing in the chapel,
The good old priest did say,
"Will ye wed with one another?"
And we smiled and answered "Yea!"

We sung, and our hearts they bounded
To the thrilling lays we sung,
And every note was doubled
By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,
The hush grew deep and still,
And the setting sun looked upward
On that great castled hill;

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,
In the radiant light we shone —

It sank; and again the ruins
Stood desolate and lone!

TO MIGNON.

Over vale and torrent far
Rolls along the sun's bright car.
Ah! he wakens in his course
Mine, as thy deep-seated smart
In the heart,
Ev'ry morning with new force.

Scarce avails night aught to me;
E'en the visions that I see
Come but in a mournful guise;
And I feel this silent smart
In my heart
With creative power arise.

During many a beauteous year
I have seen ships 'neath me steer,
As they seek the shelt'ring bay;
But, alas, each lasting smart
In my heart
Floats not with the stream away.

I must wear a gala dress,
Long stored up within my press,
For to-day to feasts is given;
None know with what bitter smart
Is my heart
Fearfully and madly riven.

Secretly I weep each tear,
Yet can cheerful e'en appear,

With a face of healthy red;
For if deadly were this smart
In my heart,
Ah, I then had long been dead!

SPIRIT GREETING.

UPON a tower antique and high
Stood ghost of hero brave,
Who, as the ship went sailing by,
This "God-speed" to her gave.

"See! these my sinews stark were once,
This heart beat fast and wild,
Of knightly marrow full these bones,
Brimful this goblet filled.

"Half of my life in storm was passed,
Half wasted was in ease,
Speed, human cargo, far and fast,
On, on, before the breeze!"

TO A GOLDEN HEART HE WAS WEARING ON HIS NECK.

[Addressed, during the Swiss tour already mentioned, to a present Lili had given him during the time of their happy connection, which was then about to be terminated for ever.]

THOU, of joy that died away, the token
Which as yet I on my neck am wearing,
Longer hold'st us twain, thou mental tie that's broken?
Art thou the length of love's short days repairing?

Flee I, Lili, from thee! Must still, tied to thy fetter,
Like unto a debtor,
Roam in strange lands, through vales and forests darting!
Ah! not so soon could this my heart from
My Lili's heart be parting.

Like a bird that erst did break his string,
And to the wood returns,
He drags of his prison the disgrace,
Still some bit of the string on his trace;
No longer the old bird, once born with freedom's wing;
Has been a slave where'er he turns.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

THOU that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending,
Come, ah, come into my breast!

O'er all the hilltops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou, too, shalt rest.

ILM, THE RIVER, TO THE MOON.

FILLEST hill and vale again,
  Still with softening light!
Loosest from the world's cold chain
  All my soul to-night!

Spreadest round me far and nigh,
  Soothingly, thy smile;
From thee, as from friendship's eye,
  Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart, —
  Glad and gloomy mood,
Joy and sorrow both have part
  In my solitude.

River, river, glide along!
  I am sad, alas!
Fleeting things are love and song, —
  Even so they pass.

I have had and I have lost
  What I long for yet;
Ah! why will we, to our cost,
  Simple joys forget?

River, river, glide along,
  Without stop or stay!
Murmur, whisper to my song
  In melodious play.

Whether on a winter's night
  Rise thy swelling floods,
Or in spring thou hast delight
  Watering the young buds.

Happy he who, hating none,
  Leaves the world's dull noise,
And, with trusty friends alone,
  Quietly enjoys

What, for ever unexpressed,
  Hid from common sight,
Through the mazes of the breast
  Softly steals by night!

HUNTSMAN'S EVENING SONG.

In silence sad, from heath to hill
  With rifle slung I glide.
But thy dear shape, it haunts me still,
  It hovers by my side.

Across the brook, and past the mill,
  I watch thee gaily fleet;
Ah, does one shape, that ne'er is still,
  E'er cross thy fancy, sweet?

'Tis his, who, tortured by unrest,
  Roams ever to and fro,
Now ranging east, now ranging west,
  Since forced from thee to go.

And yet at times the thought of thee,
  Like moonlight in a dream,
Doth bring, I know not how, to me
  Content and peace supreme.

EVENING.

[Written at night on the *Kickelhahn*, a hill in the forest of Ilmenau, on the walls of a little hermitage where Goethe composed the last act of his "Iphigenia."]

PEACE breathes along the shade
Of every hill,
The tree-tops of the glade
Are hushed and still;
All woodland murmurs cease,
The birds to rest within the brake are gone.
Be patient, weary heart — anon,
Thou, too, shalt be at peace!

TO LINA.

LINA, rival of the linnet,
When these lays shall reach thy hand,
Please transfer them to the spinnet,
Where thy friend was wont to stand.

Set the diapason ringing,
Ponder not the words you see,
Give them utterance by thy singing,
Then each leaf belongs to thee.

With the life of music fill them;
Cold the written verses seem,
That, would Lina deign to trill them,
Might be trancing as a dream.

EVER AND EVERYWHERE.

FAR explore the mountain hollow,
High in air the clouds then follow!
To each brook and vale the Muse
Thousand times her call renews.

Soon as flow'ret blooms in spring,
It wakens many a strain;
And when Time spreads his fleeting wing
The seasons come again.

DELIGHT OF SORROW.

DRY not up, dry not up,
Tears shed by love everlasting!
Ah! to the eye that half only dried is,
How dreary, how dead the world does appear!
Dry not up, dry not up,
Tears my love unhappy is shedding!

PROXIMITY.

I KNOW not wherefore, dearest love,
Thou often art so strange and coy!
When 'mongst man's busy haunts we move,
Thy coldness puts to flight my joy.
But soon as night and silence round us reign,
I know thee by thy kisses sweet again!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

I DO not envy you, ye joyless stars,
Though fair ye be, and glorious to the sight —
The seaman's hope amidst the 'whelming storm,
When help from God or man there cometh none.
No! for ye love not, nor have ever loved!
Through the broad fields of heaven, the eternal hours
Lead on your circling spheres unceasingly.
How vast a journey have ye travelled o'er,
Since I, upon the bosom of my love,
Forgot all memory of night or you!

PETITION.

OH, thou sweet maiden fair,
Thou with the raven hair,
  Why to the window go?
  While gazing down below,
Art standing vainly there?
Oh, if thou stood'st for me,
  And lett'st the latch but fly,
How happy should I be!
  How soon would I leap high!

TO HIS COY ONE.

SEEST thou yon smiling orange?
Upon the tree still hangs it;
Already March hath vanished,
And new-born flowers are shooting.
I draw nigh to the tree then,
And there I say: O orange,

Thou ripe and juicy orange,
Thou sweet and luscious orange,
I shake the tree, I shake it,
Oh, fall into my lap.

ROLLICKING HANS.

HALLO there! A glass!
Ha! the draught's truly sweet!
If for drink go on my shoes,
I shall still have my feet.

A maiden and wine,
With sweet music and song,—
I would they were mine,
All life's journey along!

If I depart from this sad sphere,
And leave a will behind me here,
A suit at law will be preferred,
But as for thanks, — the deuce a word!
So ere I die, I squander all,
And that's a proper will I call.

HIS COMRADE.

Hallo there! A glass!
Ha! the draught's truly sweet!
If thou keepest thy shoes,
Thou wilt then spare thy feet.

A maiden and wine,
With sweet music and song,
On payment, are thine,
All life's journey along!

TO LIDA.

THE only one whom, Lida, thou canst love,
Thou claim'st, and rightly claim'st, for only thee;
He, too, is wholly thine; since doomed to rove
Far from thee, in life's turmoils nought I see
Save a thin veil, through which thy form I view,
As though in clouds; with kindly smile and true,
It cheers me, like the stars eterne that gleam
Across the northern lights' far-flick'ring beam.

RECIPROCAL.

MY mistress, where sits she?
What is it that charms?
The absent she's rocking,
Held fast in her arms.

In pretty cage prisoned
She holds a bird still;
Yet lets him fly from her,
Whenever he will.

He pecks at her finger,
And pecks at her lips,
And hovers and flutters,
And round her he skips.

Then hasten thou homeward,
In fashion to be;
If thou hast the maiden,
She also hath thee.

THE FREEBOOTER.

No door has my house,
  No house has my door;
And in and out ever
  I carry my store.

No grate has my kitchen,
  No kitchen my grate;
Yet roasts it and boils it
  Both early and late.

My bed has no trestles,
  My trestles no bed;
Yet merrier moments
  No mortal e'er led.

My cellar is lofty,
  My barn is full deep,
From top to the bottom,—
  There lie I and sleep.

And soon as I waken,
  All moves on its race;
My place has no fixture,
  My fixture no place.

JOY AND SORROW.

As fisher-boy I fared
  To the black rock in the sea,
And, while false gifts I prepared,
  Listened and sang merrily,

Down descended the decoy,
  Soon a fish attacked the bait;
One exulting shout of joy, —
  And the fish was captured straight.

Ah! on shore, and to the wood,
  Past the cliffs, o'er stock and stone,
One foot's traces I pursued,
  And the maiden was alone.
Lips were silent, eyes downcast
  As a clasp-knife snaps the bait,
With her snare she seized me fast,
  And the boy was captured straight.

Heaven knows who's the happy swain
  That she rambles with anew!
I must dare the sea again,
  Spite of wind and weather, too.
When the great and little fish
  Wail and flounder in my net,
Straight returns my eager wish
  In her arms to revel yet!

MARCH.

THE snowflakes fall in showers,
  The time is absent still,
When all Spring's beauteous flowers,
When all Spring's beauteous flowers
  Our hearts with joy shall fill.

With lustre false and fleeting
  The sun's bright rays are thrown;
The swallow's self is cheating,
The swallow's self is cheating;
  And why? He comes alone!

Can I e'er feel delighted
  Alone, though Spring is near?
Yet when we are united,
Yet when we are united,
  The summer will be here.

APRIL.

Tell me, eyes, what 'tis ye're seeking;
  For ye're saying something sweet,
  Fit the ravished ear to greet,
Eloquently, softly speaking.

Yet I see now why ye're roving;
  For behind those eyes so bright,
  To itself abandoned quite,
Lies a bosom, truthful, loving, —

One that it must fill with pleasure
  'Mongst so many, dull and blind,
  One true look at length to find,
That its worth can rightly treasure.

Whilst I'm lost in studying ever
  To explain these ciphers duly, —
  To unravel *my* books truly
In return be your endeavour!

MAY.

Light and silv'ry cloudlets hover
  In the air, as yet scarce warm;
Mild, with glimmer soft tinged over,
  Peeps the sun through fragrant balm.

Gently rolls and heaves the ocean
As its waves the bank o'erflow,
And with ever restless motion
Moves the verdure to and fro,
Mirrored brightly far below.

What is now the foliage moving?
Air is still, and hush'd the breeze,
Sultriness, this fulness loving,
Through the thicket, from the trees.
Now the eye at once gleams brightly,
See! the infant band with mirth
Moves and dances nimbly, lightly,
As the morning gave it birth,
Flutt'ring two and two o'er earth.

JUNE.

SHE behind yon mountain lives,
Who my love's sweet guerdon gives.
Tell me, mount, how this can be,
Very glass thou seem'st to me!
And I seem to be close by,
For I see her drawing nigh;
Now, because I'm absent, sad,
Now, because she sees me, glad.

Soon between us rise to sight
Valleys cool, with bushes light,
Streams and meadows; next appear
Mills and wheels, the surest token
That a level spot is near,
Plains far-stretching and unbroken.
And so onwards, onwards roam,
To my garden and my home!

But how comes it then to pass?
All this gives no joy, alas!—
I was ravished by her sight,
By her eyes so fair and bright,
By her footstep soft and light.
How her peerless charms I praised,
When from head to foot I gazed!
I am here, she's far away,—
I am gone, with her to stay.

If on rugged hills she wander,
If she haste the vale along,
Pinions seem to flutter yonder,
And the air is filled with song;
With the glow of youth still playing
Joyous vigour in each limb,
One in silence is delaying,
She alone 'tis blesses him.

Love, thou art too fair, I ween!
Fairer I have never seen!
From the heart full easily
Blooming flowers are culled by thee.
If I think: "Oh, were it so,"
Bone and marrow seem to glow!
If rewarded by her love,
Can I greater rapture prove?

And still fairer is the bride,
When in me she will confide,
When she speaks and lets me know
All her tale of joy and woe.
All her lifetime's history
Now is fully known to me.
Who in child or woman e'er
Soul and body found so fair?

NEXT YEAR'S SPRING.

THE bed of flowers
Loosens amain,
The beauteous snowdrops
Drop o'er the plain.
The crocus opens
Its glowing bud,
Like emeralds others,
Others, like blood.
With saucy gesture
Primroses flare,
And roguish violets
Hidden with care;
And whatsoever
There stirs and strives,
The Spring's contented,
It works and thrives.

'Mongst all the blossoms
That fairest are,
My sweetheart's sweetness
Is sweetest far;
Upon me ever
Her glances light,
My song they waken
My words make bright.
An ever open
And blooming mind,
In sport, unsullied,
In earnest, kind.
Though roses and lilies
By summer are brought,
Against my sweetheart
Prevails he nought.

SWISS SONG.

UP in the mountain
I was a-sitting,
With the bird there
As my guest,
Blithely singing,
Blithely springing,
And building
His nest.

In the garden
I was a-standing,
And the bee there
Saw as well,
Buzzing, humming,
Going, coming,
And building
His cell.

O'er the meadow
I was a-going,
And there saw the
Butterflies,
Sipping, dancing,
Flying, glancing,
And charming
The eyes.

And then came my
Dear Hansel,
And I showed them
With glee,
Sipping, quaffing,
And he, laughing,
Sweet kisses
Gave me.

SICILIAN SONG.

Ye black and roguish eyes,
If ye command,
Each house in ruin lies,
No town can stand.
And shall my bosom's chain,—
This plaster wall,—
To think one moment, deign,—
Shall *it* not fall?

AT MIDNIGHT HOUR.

[Goethe relates that a remarkable situation he was in one bright moonlight night led to the composition of this sweet song, which was "the dearer to him because he could not say whence it came and whither it would."]

At midnight hour I went, not willingly,
A little, little boy, yon churchyard past,
To Father Vicar's house; the stars on high
On all around their beauteous radiance cast,
At midnight hour.

And when, in journeying o'er the path of life,
My love I followed, as she onward moved,
With stars and northern lights o'erhead in strife,
Going and coming, perfect bliss I proved
At midnight hour.

Until at length the full moon, lustre-fraught,
Burst thro' the gloom wherein she was enshrined;
And then the willing, active, rapid thought
Around the past, as round the future twined,
At midnight hour.

TO THE RISING FULL MOON.

Dornburg, 25th August, 1828.

WILT thou suddenly enshroud thee,
Who this moment wert so nigh?
Heavy rising masses cloud thee,
Thou art hidden from mine eye.

Yet my sadness thou well knowest,
Gleaming sweetly as a star!
That I'm loved, 'tis *thou* that showest,
Though my loved one may be far.

Upward mount then! clearer, milder,
Robed in splendour far more bright!
Though my heart with grief throbs wilder,
Fraught with rapture is the night!

THE BRIDEGROOM.[1]

I SLEPT, — 'twas midnight, — in my bosom woke,
As though 'twere day, my love-o'erflowing heart;
To me it seemed like night, when day first broke;
What is't to me, whate'er it may impart?

She was away; the world's unceasing strife
For her alone I suffered through the heat
Of sultry day; oh, what refreshing life
At cooling eve! — my guerdon was complete.

The sun now set, and wand'ring hand in hand,
His last and blissful look we greeted then;
While spake our eyes, as they each other scanned:
"From the far east, let's trust, he'll come again!"

[1] Not in the English sense of the word, but the German, where it has the meaning of *betrothed*.

At midnight! — the bright stars, in vision blest,
Guide to the threshold where she slumbers calm;
Oh, be it mine, there too at length to rest, —
Yet howsoe'er this prove, life's full of charm!

SUCH, SUCH IS HE WHO PLEASETH ME.

Fly, dearest, fly! He is not nigh!
He who found thee one fair morn in Spring
In the wood where thou thy flight didst wing.
Fly, dearest, fly! He is not nigh!
Never rests the foot of evil spy.

Hark! flutes' sweet strains and love's refrains
Reach the loved one, borne there by the wind,
In the soft heart open doors they find.
Hark! flutes' sweet strains and love's refrains,
Hark! — yet blissful love their echo pains.

Erect his head, and firm his tread,
Raven hair around his smooth brow strays,
On his cheeks a spring eternal plays.
Erect his head, and firm his tread,
And by grace his ev'ry step is led.

Happy his breast, with pureness blessed,
And the dark eyes 'neath his eyebrows placed,
With full many a beauteous line are graced.
Happy his breast, with pureness blessed,
Soon as seen, thy love must be confessed.

His mouth is red — its power I dread,
On his lips morn's fragrant incense lies,
Round his lips the cooling zephyr sighs.
His mouth is red — its power I dread,
With one glance from him, all sorrow's fled.

His blood is true, his heart bold too,
In his soft arms, strength, protection, dwells,
And his face with noble pity swells.
His blood is true, his heart bold too,
Blest the one whom those dear arms may woo!

GIPSY SONG.

In the drizzling mist, with the snow high-piled,
In the winter night, in the forest wild,
I heard the wolves with their ravenous howl,
I heard the screaming note of the owl:
Wille wau wau wau!
Wille wo wo wo!
Wito hu!

I shot, one day, a cat in the ditch —
The dear black cat of Anna the witch;
Upon me, at night, seven were-wolves came down,
Seven women they were, from out of the town.
Wille wau wau wau!
Wille wo wo wo!
Wito hu!

I knew them all; ay, I knew them straight;
First, Anna, then Ursula, Eve, and Kate,
And Barbara, Lizzy, and Bet as well:
And forming a ring, they began to yell:
Wille wau wau wau!
Wille wo wo wo!
Wito hu!

Then called I their names with angry threat:
"What wouldst thou, Anna? What wouldst thou, Bet?"

At hearing my voice, themselves they shook,
And howling and yelling, to flight they took.
Wille wau wau wau!
Wille wo wo wo!
Wito hu!

THE DESTRUCTION OF MAGDEBURG.

[For a fine account of the fearful sack of Magdeburg, by Tilly, in the year 1631, see Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years' War."]

Oh, Magdeburg, the town!
Fair maids thy beauty crown,
Thy charms fair maids and matrons crown;
Oh, Magdeburg, the town!

Where all so blooming stands,
Advance fierce Tilly's bands;
O'er gardens and o'er well-tilled lands
Advance fierce Tilly's bands.

Now Tilly's at the gate.
Our homes who'll liberate?
Go, loved one, hasten to the gate,
And dare the combat straight!

There is no need as yet,
However fierce his threat;
Thy rosy cheeks I'll kiss, sweet pet!
There is no need as yet.

My longing makes me pale.
Oh, what can wealth avail?
E'en now thy father may be pale.
Thou makest my courage fail.

Oh, mother, give me bread!
Is then my father dead?
Oh, mother, one small crust of bread!
Oh! what misfortune dread!

Thy father, dead lies he,
The trembling townsmen flee,
Adown the street the blood runs free;
Oh, whither shall we flee?

The churches ruined lie,
The houses burn on high,
The roofs they smoke, the flames out fly,
Into the street then hie!

No safety there they meet!
The soldiers fill the street,
With fire and sword the wreck complete:
No safety there they meet!

Down falls the houses' line,
Where now is thine or mine?
That bundle yonder is not thine,
Thou flying maiden mine!

The women sorrow sore,
The maidens far, far more.
The living are no virgins more.
Thus Tilly's troops make war!

FINNISH SONG.

If the loved one, the well-known one,
Should return as he departed,
On his lips would ring my kisses,
Though the wolf's blood might have dyed them;
And a hearty grasp I'd give him,
Though his finger-ends were serpents.

Wind! Oh, if thou hadst but reason,
Word for word in turns thou'dst carry,
E'en though some perchance might perish
'Tween two lovers so far distant.

All choice morsels I'd dispense with,
Table-flesh of priests neglect, too,
Sooner than renounce my lover,
Whom, in summer having vanquished,
I in winter tamed still longer.

DEPRESSION.

Roses, ah, how fair ye be!
Ye are fading, dying!
Ye should with my lady be,
On her bosom lying;
All your bloom is lost on me,
Here despairing, sighing.

Oh, the golden dreams I nursed,
Ere I knew thy scorning,
When I poured my passion first,
And at break of morning,
Plucked the rosebuds ere they burst
For thy breast's adorning!

Every fruit and floweret rare,
To thy feet I bore it,
Fondly knelt, to see thee there
Bending fondly o'er it,
Gazing on thy face so fair,
To revere, adore it.

Roses, ah! how fair ye be!
Ye are fading, dying!
Ye should with my lady be,
On her bosom lying;
All your bloom is lost on me,
Here despairing, sighing.

SORROW WITHOUT CONSOLATION.

Oh, wherefore shouldst thou try
The tears of love to dry?
Nay, let them flow!
For didst thou only know,
How barren and how dead
Seems everything below,
To those who have not tears enough to shed,
Thou'dst rather bid them weep, and seek their comfort so.

THE PARTING.

Let mine eyes the farewell make thee
Which my lips refuse to speak;
Scorn me not, if to forsake thee
Makes my very manhood weak.

Joyless in our joy's eclipse, love,
Are love's tokens, else divine,
Cold the kisses of thy lips, love,
Damp the hand that's locked in mine.

Once thy lip, to touch it only,
To my soul has sent a thrill,
Sweeter than the violet lonely,
Plucked in March-time by the rill.

Garlands never more I'll fashion,
Roses twine no more for thee;
Spring is here, but, ah, my passion,
Autumn dark has come for me!

ON THE NEW YEAR.

[Composed for a merry party that used to meet, in 1802, at Goethe's house.]

FATE now allows us,
'Twixt the departing
And the upstarting,
Happy to be;
And at the call of
Memory cherished,
Future and perished
Moments we see.

Seasons of anguish, —
Ah, they must ever
Truth from woe sever,
Love and joy part;
Days still more worthy
Soon will unite us,
Fairer songs light us,
Strength'ning the heart.

We, thus united,
Think of, with gladness,
Rapture and sadness,
Sorrow now flies.
Oh, how mysterious
Fortune's direction!
Old the connection,
New-born the prize!

Thank, for this, Fortune,
  Wavering blindly!
  Thank all that kindly
Fate may bestow!
Revel in change's
  Impulses clearer,
  Love far sincerer,
More heartfelt glow.

Over the old one,
  Wrinkles collected,
  Sad and dejected,
Others may view;
But, on *us* gently
  Shineth a true one,
  And to the new one
We, too, are new.

As a fond couple
  'Midst the dance veering,
  First disappearing,
Then reappear,
So let affliction
  Guide thro' life's mazy
  Pathways so hazy
Into the year.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

[This little song describes the different members of the party just spoken of.]

WHY pacest thou, my neighbour fair,
  The garden all alone?
If house and land thou seek'st to guard,
  I'd thee as mistress own.

My brother sought the cellar-maid,
And suffered her no rest;
She gave him a refreshing draught,
A kiss, too, she impressed.

My cousin is a prudent wight,
The cook's by him adored;
He turns the spit round ceaselessly,
To gain love's sweet reward.

We six together then began
A banquet to consume,
When lo! a fourth pair singing came,
And danced into the room.

Welcome were they, — and welcome, too,
Was a fifth jovial pair,
Brimful of news, and stored with tales
And jests both new and rare.

For riddles, spirit, raillery,
And wit, a place remained;
A sixth pair then our circle joined,
And so that prize was gained.

And yet, to make us truly blest,
One missed we, and full sore;
A true and tender couple came, —
We needed then no more.

The social banquet now goes on,
Unchequered by alloy;
The sacred double-numbers then
Let all at once enjoy!

THE SPRING ORACLE.

Oh, prophetic bird so bright,
Blossom-songster, cuckoo hight!
In the fairest time of year,
Dearest bird, oh! deign to hear
What a youthful pair would pray;
Do thou call, if hope they may;
Thy cuck-oo, thy cuck-oo,
Ever more cuck-oo, cuck-oo!

Hearest thou? A loving pair
Fain would to the altar fare;
Yes! a pair in happy youth,
Full of virtue, full of truth.
Is the hour not fixed by fate?
Say, how long must they still wait?
Hark! cuck-oo! hark! cuck-oo!
Silent yet! for shame, cuck-oo!

'Tis not our fault, certainly!
Only two years patient be!
But if we ourselves please here,
Will pa-pa-papas appear?
Know that thou'lt more kindness do us,
More thou'lt prophesy unto us.
One! cuck-oo! Two! cuck-oo!
Ever, ever, cuck-oo, cuck-oo, coo!

If we've calculated clearly,
We have half a dozen nearly.
If good promises we'll give,
Wilt thou say how long we'll live?
Truly, we'll confess to thee,
We'd prolong it willingly.

Coo, cuck-oo, coo, cuck-oo!
Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo!

Life is one continued feast —
(If we keep no score, at least).
If now we together dwell,
Will true love remain as well?
For if *that* should e'er decay,
Happiness would pass away.
Coo, cuck-oo, coo, cuck-oo,
Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo!

(Gracefully *in infinitum.*)

THE HAPPY COUPLE.

After these vernal rains
That we so warmly sought,
Dear wife, see how our plains
With blessings sweet are fraught!
We cast our distant gaze
Far in the misty blue;
Here gentle love still strays,
Here dwells still rapture true.

Thou see'st whither go
Yon pair of pigeons white,
Where swelling violets blow
Round sunny foliage bright.
'Twas there we gathered first
A nosegay as we roved;
There into flame first burst
The passion that we proved.

Yet when, with plighted troth,
The priest beheld us fare,

Home from the altar both,
With many a youthful pair,—
Then other moons had birth,
And many a beauteous sun,
Then we had gained the earth
Whereon life's race to run.

A hundred thousand fold
The mighty bond was sealed;
In woods, on mountains cold,
In bushes, in the field,
Within the wall, in caves,
And on the craggy height,
And love, e'en o'er the waves,
Bore in his tube the light.

Contented we remained,
We deemed ourselves a pair;
'Twas otherwise ordained,
For, lo! a third was there;
A fourth, fifth, sixth appeared,
And sat around our board;
And now the plants we've reared
High o'er our heads have soared.

How fair and pleasant looks,
On yonder beauteous spot,
Embraced by poplar-brooks,
The newly finished cot!
Who is it there that sits
In that glad home above?
Is't not our darling Fritz
With his own darling love?

Beside yon precipice,
Whence pent-up waters steal,

And, leaving the abyss,
Fall foaming through the wheel, —
Though people often tell
Of millers' wives so fair,
Yet none can e'er excel
Our dearest daughter there!

Yet where the thick-set green
Stands round yon church and sod,
Where the old fir-tree's seen
Alone tow'rd heaven to nod, —
'Tis there the ashes lie
Of our untimely dead;
From earth our gaze on high
By their blest memory's led.

See how yon hill is bright
With billowy-waving arms!
The force returns, whose might
Has vanquished war's alarms.
Who proudly hastens here
With wreath-encircled brow?
'Tis like our child so dear! —
Thus Charles comes homeward now.

That dearest honoured guest
Is welcomed by the bride;
She makes the true one blest,
At the glad festal tide.
And every one makes haste
To join the dance with glee;
While thou with wreaths hast graced
The youngest children three.

To sound of flute and horn
The time appears renewed,

When we, in love's young morn,
· In the glad dance upstood;
And perfect bliss I know
Ere the year's course is run,
For to the font we go
With grandson and with son!

SONG OF FELLOWSHIP.

[Written and sung in honour of the birthday of the Pastor Ewald, at the time of Goethe's happy connection with Lili.]

In every hour of joy
That love and wine prolong,
The moments we'll employ
To carol forth this song!
We're gathered in His name,
Whose power hath brought us here.
He kindled first our flame,
He bids it burn more clear.

Then gladly glow to-night,
And let our hearts combine!
Up! quaff with fresh delight
This glass of sparkling wine!
Up! hail the joyous hour,
And let your kiss be true;
With each new bond of power
The old becomes the new!

Who in our circle lives,
And is not happy there?
True liberty it gives,
And, brother's love so fair.

Thus heart and heart through life
With mutual love are filled;
And by no causeless strife
Our union is e'er chilled.

Our hopes a God has crowned
With life-discernment free,
And all we view around,
Renews our ecstasy.
Ne'er by caprice oppressed,
Our bliss is ne'er destroyed;
More freely throbs our breast,
By fancies ne'er alloyed.

Where'er our foot we set,
The more life's path extends,
And brighter, brighter yet
Our gaze on high ascends.
We know no grief or pain,
Though all things fall and rise;
Long may we thus remain!
Eternal be our ties!

CONSTANCY IN CHANGE.

Could this early bliss but rest
Constant for one single hour!
But e'en now the humid west
Scatters many a vernal shower.
Should the verdure give me joy?
'Tis to it I owe the shade;
Soon will storms its bloom destroy,
Soon will Autumn bid it fade.

Eagerly thy portion seize,
If thou wouldst possess the fruit!
Fast begin to ripen these,
And the rest already to shoot.
With each heavy storm of rain
Change comes o'er thy valley fair;
Once, alas! but not again
Can the same stream hold thee e'er.

And thyself, what erst at least
Firm as rocks appeared to rise,
Walls and palaces thou seest
But with ever-changing eyes.
Fled for ever now the lip
That with kisses used to glow,
And the foot, that used to skip
O'er the mountain, like the roe.

And the hand, so true and warm,
Ever raised in charity,
And the cunning-fashioned form,—
All are now changed utterly.
And what used to bear thy name
When upon yon spot it stood,
Like a rolling billow came,
Hastening on to join the flood.

Be then the beginning found
With the end in unison,
Swifter than the forms around
Are themselves now fleeting on!
Thank the merit in thy breast,
Thank the mould within thy heart,
That the Muses' favour blest
Ne'er will perish, ne'er depart.

TABLE SONG.

[Composed for the merry party already mentioned, on the occasion of the departure for France of the hereditary prince, who was one of the number, and who is especially alluded to in the third verse.]

O'ER me, — how I cannot say, —
Heavenly rapture's growing.
Will it help to guide my way
To yon stars all-glowing?
Yet that here I'd sooner be,
To assert I'm able,
Where, with wine and harmony,
I may thump the table.

Wonder not, my dearest friends,
What 'tis gives me pleasure;
For of all that earth e'er lends,
'Tis the sweetest treasure.
Therefore solemnly I swear,
With no reservation,
That maliciously I'll ne'er
Leave my present station.

Now that here we're gathered round,
Chasing cares and slumbers,
Let, methought, the goblet sound
To the bard's glad numbers!
Many a hundred mile away,
Go those we love dearly;
Therefore let us here to-day
Make the glass ring clearly!

Here's *His* health through whom we live!
I that faith inherit.

To our king the next toast give,
Honour is *his* merit,
'Gainst each in and outward foe
He's our rock and tower.
Of his maintenance thinks he though,
More that grows his power.

Next to *her* good health I drink,
Who has stirred my passion;
Of his mistress let each think,
Think in knightly fashion.
If the beauteous maid but see
Whom 'tis I now call so,
Let her smiling nod to me:
"Here's my love's health also."

To those friends, — the two or three, —
Be our next toast given,
In whose presence revel we,
In the silent even, —
Who the gloomy mist so cold
Scatter gently, lightly;
To those friends, then, new or old,
Let the toast ring brightly.

Broader now the stream rolls on,
With its waves more swelling,
While in higher, nobler tone,
Comrades, we are dwelling, —
We who with collected might
Bravely cling together,
Both in fortune's sunshine bright,
And in stormy weather.

Just as we are gathered thus,
Others are collected;

On them, therefore, as on us,
Be Fate's smile directed!
From the spring-head to the sea,
Many a mill's revolving,
And the world's prosperity
Is the task I'm solving.

WONT AND DONE.

I HAVE loved; for the first time with passion I rave!
I then was the servant, but now am the slave;
I then was the servant of all:
By this creature so charming I now am fast bound,
To love and love's guerdon she turns all around,
And her my sole mistress I call.

I've had faith; for the first time my faith is now strong!
And though matters go strangely, though matters go wrong,
To the ranks of the faithful I'm true:
Though ofttimes 'twas dark, and though ofttimes 'twas drear,
In the pressure of need, and when danger was near,
Yet the dawning of light I now view.

I have eaten; but ne'er have thus relished my food!
For when glad are the senses and joyous the blood,
At table all else is effaced:
As for youth, it but swallows, then whistles an air;
As for me, to a jovial resort I'd repair,
Where to eat and enjoy what I'd taste.

I have drunk; but have never thus relished the bowl!
For wine makes us lords, and enlivens the soul,
And loosens the trembling slave's tongue.

Let's seek not to spare then the heart-stirring drink,
For though in the barrel the old wine may sink,
In its place will fast mellow the young.

I have danced, and to dancing am pledged by a vow!
Though no caper or waltz may be raved about now,
In a dance that's becoming, whirl round.
And he who a nosegay of flowers has dressed,
And cares not for one any more than the rest,
With a garland of love is aye crowned.

Then once more be merry, and banish all woes!
For he who but gathers the blossoming rose,
By its thorns will be tickled alone.
To-day still, as yesterday, glimmers the star;
Take care from all heads that hang down to keep far,
And make but the future thine own.

VANITAS, VANITATUM VANITAS.

On nothing have I set my heart,
Hurrah!
So in the world I bear my part,
Hurrah!
And whoso will be friend of mine
Must join with me, and not decline
To clink a glass of wine.

I set my heart on goods and wealth,
Hurrah!
I lost thereby my nerves and health,
Hurrah!
The coins they rolled off far and wide,
And what with one hand I did hide,
In t'other would not bide.

On woman next I set my heart,
Hurrah!
From them I suffered many a smart,
Ah, ah!
The false one sought another lord,
With the true one I was greatly bored,
The best could not afford.

To travel next I did apply,
Hurrah!
From house and kindred off did fly,
Ah, ah!
I'm pleased with nothing I have seen,—
The food was coarse, the bed not clean,
None knew what I did mean.

On honours next my heart I set,
Hurrah!
But lo! my neighbour more did get,
Ah, ah!
And when I had advanced my name
The folks did look askance, and blame
As though I hurt their fame.

I set my heart on fighting then,
Hurrah!
And many a battle we did gain,
Ah, ah!
We marched the foeman's country through,
Much profit there did not accrue,—
My leg's loss there I rue.

Now I have set my heart on nought,
Hurrah!
The whole world to my feet is brought,
Ah, ah!

My song and feast to end I'm fain,
So every one your glasses drain, —
Let not a drop remain!

FORTUNE OF WAR.

NOUGHT more accursed in war I know
Than getting off scot-free;
Inured to danger, on we go
In constant victory;
We first unpack, then pack again,
With only this reward,
That when we're marching, we complain,
And when in camp are bored.

The time for billeting comes next, —
The peasant curses it;
Each nobleman is sorely vexed,
'Tis hated by the cit.
Be civil, bad though be thy food,
The clowns politely treat;
If to our hosts we're ever rude,
Jail-bread we're forced to eat.

And when the cannon growl around,
And small arms rattle clear,
And trumpet, trot, and drums resound,
We merry all appear;
And as it in the fight may chance,
We yield, then charge amain,
And now retire, and now advance,
And yet a cross ne'er gain.

At length there comes a musket-ball,
And hits the leg, please heaven;

And then our troubles vanish all,
For to the town we're driven,
(Well covered by the victor's force),
Where we in wrath first came, —
The women, frightened then, of course,
Are loving now and tame.

Cellar and heart are opened wide,
The cook's allowed no rest:
While beds with softest down supplied
Are by our members pressed.
The nimble lads upon us wait,
No sleep the hostess takes;
Her shift is torn in pieces straight, —
What wondrous lint it makes!

If one has tended carefully
The hero's wounded limb,
Her neighbour cannot rest, for she
Has also tended him.
A third arrives in equal haste,
At length they all are there,
And in the middle he is placed
Of the whole band so fair!

On good authority the king
Hears how we love the fight,
And bids them cross and ribbon bring,
Our coat and breast to dight.
Say if a better fate can e'er
A son of Mars pursue!
'Midst tears at length we go from there,
Beloved and honoured, too.

COPTIC SONG.

HOWE'ER they may wrangle, your pundits and sages,
And love of contention infects all the breed,
All the philosophers, search through all ages,
Join with one voice in the following creed:
Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!
Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulishness;
Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,
What from an ass can you get but a bray?

When Merlin I questioned, the old necromancer,
As halo'd with light in his coffin he lay,
I got from the wizard a similar answer,
And thus ran the burden of what he did say:
Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!
Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulishness;
Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,
What from an ass can be got but a bray?

And up on the wind-swept peaks of Armenia,
And down in the depths, far hid from the day,
Of the temples of Egypt and far Abyssinia
This, and but this, was the gospel alway:
Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!
Mules will be mules, by the law of their mulishness;
Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolishness,
What from an ass can be got but a bray?

ANOTHER.

Go! obedient to my call,
Turn to profit thy young days,
Wiser make betimes thy breast!

In Fate's balance as it sways,
  Seldom is the cock at rest;
Thou must either mount, or fall,
  Thou must either rule and win,
  Or submissively give in,
Triumph, or else yield to clamour,
Be the anvil or the hammer.

OPEN TABLE.

MANY a guest I'd see to-day,
  Met to taste my dishes!
Food in plenty is prepared,
  Birds, and game, and fishes.
Invitations all have had,
  All proposed attending.
Johnny, go and look around!
  Are they hither wending?

Pretty girls I hope to see,
  Dear and guileless misses,
Ignorant how sweet it is
  Giving tender kisses.
Invitations all have had,
  All proposed attending.
Johnny, go and look around!
  Are they hither wending?

Women also I expect,
  Loving toward their spouses,
Whose rude grumbling in their breasts
  Greater love but rouses.
Invitations they've had, too,
  All proposed attending.
Johnny, go and look around!
  Are they hither wending?

I've too asked young gentlemen,
Who are far from haughty,
And whose purses are all well-stocked,
Well behaved, not naughty.
These especially I asked,
All proposed attending.
Johnny, go and look around!
Are they hither wending?

Men I summoned with respect,
Who their own wives treasure;
Who in ogling *other* Fair
Never take a pleasure.
To my greetings they replied,
All proposed attending.
Johnny, go and look around!
Are they hither wending?

Then to make our joy complete,
Poets I invited,
Who love *others'* songs far more
Than what *they've* indited.
All acceded to my wish,
All proposed attending.
Johnny, go and look around!
Are they hither wending?

Not a single one appears,
None seem this way posting.
All the soup boils fast away,
Joints are over-roasting.
Ah, I fear that we have been
Rather too unbending!
Johnny, tell me what you think!
None are hither wending.

Johnny, run, and quickly bring
Other guests to me now!
Each arriving as he is —
That's the plan, I see now.
In the town at once 'tis known
Every one's commending.
Johnny, open all the doors:
All are hither wending.

THE RECKONING.

LEADER.

LET no cares now hover o'er us!
Let the wine unsparing run!
Wilt thou swell our merry chorus?
Hast thou all thy duty done?

SOLO.

Two young folks — the thing is curious —
Loved each other; yesterday
Both quite mild, to-day quite furious,
Next day, quite the deuce to pay!
If her neck she there was stooping,
He must *here* needs pull his hair.
I revived their spirits drooping,
And they're now a happy pair.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
Let the bumper then go round!
For all sighs and groans of anguish
Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

SOLO.

Why, young orphan, all this wailing?
"Would to heaven that I were dead!
For my guardian's craft prevailing
Soon will make me beg my bread."
Knowing well the rascal genus,
Into court I dragged the knave;
Fair the judges were between us,
And the maiden's wealth did save.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
Let the bumper then go round!
For all sighs and groans of anguish
Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

SOLO.

To a little fellow, quiet,
Unpretending and subdued,
Has a big clown, running riot,
Been to-day extremely rude.
I bethought me of my duty,
And my courage swelled apace,
So I spoiled the rascal's beauty,
Slashing him across the face.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
Let the bumper then go round!
For all sighs and groans of anguish
Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

SOLO.

Brief must be my explanation,
For I really have done nought.

Free from trouble and vexation,
I a landlord's business bought.
There I've done with all due ardour
All that duty ordered me;
Each one asked me for the larder,
And there was no scarcity.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
Let the bumper then go round!
For all sighs and groans of anguish
Thou to-day in joy hast drowned.

LEADER.

Each should thus make proclamation
Of what he did well to-day!
That's the match whose conflagration
Should inflame our tuneful lay.
Let it be our precept ever
To admit no waverer here!
For to act the good endeavour,
None but rascals meek appear.

CHORUS.

Surely we for wine may languish!
Let the bumper then go round!
For all sighs and groans of anguish
We have now in rapture drowned.

TRIO.

Let each merry minstrel enter,
He's right welcome to our hall!
'Tis but with the self-tormentor
That we are not liberal;

For we fear that his caprices,
That his eyebrows dark and sad,
That his grief that never ceases
Hide an empty heart, or bad.

CHORUS.

No one now for wine shall languish!
Here no minstrel shall be found,
Who all sighs and groans of anguish
Has not first in rapture drowned!

MIGNON.

[This universally known poem is also to be found in "Wilhelm Meister."]

"KNOWEST thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Knowest thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
O my true loved one, thou with me must go!

"Knowest thou the house, its porch with pillars tall,
The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
And marble statues stand, and look each one:
What's this, poor child, to thee they've done?
Knowest thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
O my protector, thou with me must go!

"Knowest thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on clouds,
The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,

In caves lay coiled the dragon's ancient hood,
The crag leaps down, and over it the flood:
Knowest thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
Our way runs; O my father, wilt thou go?"

GENERAL CONFESSION.

In this noble ring to-day
Let my warning shame ye!
Listen to my solemn voice,—
Seldom does it name ye.
Many a thing have ye intended,
Many a thing have badly ended,
And now I must blame ye.

At some moment in our lives
We must all repent us!
So confess, with pious trust,
All your sins momentous!
Error's crooked pathways shunning,
Let us, on the straight road running,
Honestly content us!

Yes! we've oft, when waking, dreamed
Let's confess it rightly;
Left undrained the brimming cup,
When it sparkled brightly;
Many a shepherd's-hour's soft blisses,
Many a dear mouth's flying kisses
We've neglected lightly.

Mute and silent have we sat,
Whilst the blockheads prated,

And above e'en song divine
Have their babblings rated;
To account we've even called us
For the moments that enthralled us
With enjoyment freighted.

If thou'lt absolution grant
To thy true ones ever,
We, to execute thy will,
Ceaseless will endeavour,
From half-measures strive to wean us,
Wholly, fairly, well demean us,
Resting, flagging never.

At all blockheads we'll at once
Let our laugh ring clearly,
And the pearly-foaming wine
Never sip at merely.
Ne'er with eye alone give kisses,
But with boldness suck in blisses
From those lips loved dearly.

ERGO BIBAMUS!

For a praiseworthy object we're now gathered here,
So, brethren, sing: Ergo bibamus!
Tho' talk may be hushed, yet the glasses ring clear,
Remember then, Ergo bibamus!
In truth 'tis an old, 'tis an excellent word,
With its sound so befitting each bosom is stirred,
And an echo the festal hall filling is heard,
A glorious Ergo bibamus!

I saw mine own love in her beauty so rare,
And bethought me of: Ergo bibamus;

So I gently approached, and she let me stand there,
While I helped myself, thinking: BIBAMUS!
And when she's appeared, and will clasp you and kiss,
Or when those embraces and kisses ye miss,
Take refuge, till found is some worthier bliss,
In the comforting ERGO BIBAMUS!

I am called by my fate far away from each friend;
Ye loved ones, then: ERGO BIBAMUS!
With wallet light-laden from hence I must wend,
So double our ERGO BIBAMUS!
Whate'er to his treasure the niggard may add,
Yet regard for the joyous will ever be had,
For gladness lends ever its charms to the glad,
So, brethren, sing: ERGO BIBAMUS!

And what shall we say of to-day as it flies?
I thought but of: ERGO BIBAMUS!
'Tis one of those truly that seldom arise,
So again and again sing: BIBAMUS!
For joy through a wide-open portal it guides,
Bright glitter the clouds as the curtain divides,
And a form, a divine one, to greet us in glides,
While we thunder our: ERGO BIBAMUS.

THE MINSTREL.

[This fine poem is introduced in the second book of "Wilhelm Meister."]

"WHAT tuneful strains salute mine ear
Without the castle walls?
Oh, let the song reëcho here,
Within our festal halls!"

Thus spake the king, the page out-hied;
The boy returned; the monarch cried:
"Admit the old man yonder!"

"All hail, ye noble lords to-night!
All hail, ye beauteous dames!
Star placed by star! What heavenly sight!
Who e'er can tell their names?
Within this glittering hall sublime,
Be closed mine eyes! 'tis not the time
For me to feast my wonder."

The minstrel straightway closed his eyes,
And woke a thrilling tone;
The knights looked on in knightly guise,
Fair looks toward earth were thrown.
The monarch, ravished by the strain,
Bade them bring forth a golden chain,
To be his numbers' guerdon.

"The golden chain give not to me,
But give the chain to those
In whose bold face we shivered see
The lances of our foes.
Or give it to thy chancellor there;
With other burdens he may bear
This one more golden burden.

"I sing, like birds of blithesome note,
That in the branches dwell;
The song that rises from the throat
Repays the minstrel well.
One boon I'd crave, if not too bold —
One bumper in a cup of gold
Be as my guerdon given."

The bowl he raised, the bowl he quaffed:
"Oh, drink, with solace fraught!
O house thrice-blest, where such a draught
A trifling gift is thought!
When Fortune smiles, remember me,
And as I thank you heartily,
As warmly thank ye, Heaven!"

EPIPHANIAS.

THE three holy kings with their star's bright ray, —
They eat and they drink, but had rather not pay;
They like to eat and drink away,
They eat and drink, but had rather not pay.

The three holy kings have all come here,
In numbers not four, but three they appear;
And if a fourth joined the other three,
Increased by one their number would be.

The first am I, — the fair and the white,
I ought to be seen when the sun shines bright.
But, alas! with all my spices and myrrh,
No girl now likes me, — I please not her.

The next am I, — the brown and the long,
Known well to women, known well to song,
Instead of spices, 'tis gold I bear,
And so I'm welcome everywhere.

The last am I, — the black and small,
And fain would be right merry withal.
I like to eat and to drink full measure,
I eat and drink, and give thanks with pleasure.

The three holy kings are friendly and mild,
They seek the Mother, and seek the Child;
The pious Joseph is sitting by,
The ox and the ass on their litter lie.

We're bringing gold, we're bringing myrrh,
The women incense always prefer;
And if we have wine of a worthy growth,
We three to drink like six are not loth.

As here we see fair lads and lasses,
But not a sign of oxen or asses,
We know that we have gone astray,
And so go further on our way.

BALLAD

OF THE EXILED AND RETURNING COUNT.

[Goethe began to write an opera called "Löwenstuhl," founded upon the old tradition which forms the subject of this ballad, but he never carried out his design.]

COME in, dear old man, come inside, do come on!
Down here in the hall we shall be quite alone,
And the gate we will lock altogether.
For, mother is praying, and father is gone
To shoot the wild wolves on the heather.
Oh! sing us a tale, then again and again,
That my brother and I learn the measure;
To hear a fine minstrel we shall be so fain,
The children will listen with pleasure.

"In terror of night, during hostile attack,
On house full of splendour he's turning his back,
His most precious things he did bury.

The wicket to open the count is not slack;
What, then, in his arms does he carry?
What, under his mantle may hidden he keep?
What bears he to distance, what treasure?
His daughter it is, there the child is asleep"—
The children are list'ning with pleasure.

"The morning is breaking, the world is so wide,
In valleys and mountains does shelter abide,
The villagers kindness are showing;
A minstrel, thus long he must wander and stride,
His beard long and longer is growing;
But lovely grows also the child on his arm,
As though he of wealth had rich measure;
His mantle protects her from every harm"—
The children are list'ning with pleasure.

"And time many years in its course onward drags,
The mantle is faded, it has fallen to rags,
It could her not hold any longer.
The father beholds her, his joy never flags,
Each day it grows stronger and stronger.
So noble, so beautiful she does appear,
He deems her beyond ev'ry treasure;
How rich she is making her father so dear!"—
The children are list'ning with pleasure.

"Up rides a princely and chivalrous knight,
She reaches her hand out, an alms to invite;
It is not such gift he would grant her.
The tender hand grasping with full, manly might:
'For life,' he exclaimed, 'I do want her!'
'Wilt make her a princess?' the old man replied,
'Dost recognise her as thy treasure?
Then be she betrothed on this verdant hillside!'"—
The children are list'ning with pleasure.

"The priest, in the holy place, blesses the pair,
With joy and with grief she now hence doth repair.
She likes not to part with her father.
The old man is wand'ring now here and now there,
From pain he doth happiness gather.
Thus have I for years kept my daughter in sight,
My grandchild, like her, a sweet treasure;
I bless them by day and I bless them by night"—
The children are list'ning with pleasure.

He blesses the children, he blesses them twice;
There's noise at the gate, it is burst in a trice,
The children the old man environ—
"Why, beggar, why, fool, doth my children entice?
On, seize him, ye men clad in iron!
Away to the dungeon with him!" he repeats;
From far as she hears the harsh measure,
Down hastens the mother, and flatt'ring entreats—
The children, they hear her with pleasure.

The men stand apart from the worthy old man,
Both mother and children beseech all they can;
The princely and proud man represses
The furious rage which their prayers but fan,
Till bursts what his spirit distresses:
"You beggarly brood, high nobility's blight!'
My patience you've tried beyond measure;
You bring me destruction! It serves me quite right"—
The children hear this with displeasure.

The noble old man stands with look darting fire,
The men who have seized him still farther retire,
With fury the other is flaring!
"Oft cursed have I wedlock so mean and so dire,
Such blossoms such fruits e'er are bearing!
'Tis justly denied, that *acquired* be, the grace
E'er can, of nobility's treasure.

The beggar has borne me a beggarly race" —
The children still list with displeasure.

"And if thus the husband, the father rejects
You, rashly the most sacred ties disconnects,
You'll find in your grandsire a father!
The beggar your father so little respects
Will honour and wealth for you gather.
This castle is mine! Thou didst rob me of it;
I know where I've hid ev'ry treasure;
I bear with me warrant by royal hand writ!" —
The children are list'ning with pleasure.

"Legitimate king has returned to his land,
Gives back what was taken from true followers' band,
Laws gentle and mild is proclaiming."
The old man thus spoke with a look kind and bland,
"My son, thee no longer I'm blaming;
Return to thyself from thy fury's wild flood,
I'll loosen the seals of each treasure,
Thy princess has borne thee a true princely blood" —
The children are list'ning with pleasure.

THE FAITHLESS BOY.

THERE was a wooer blithe and gay, —
A son of France was he, —
Who in his arms for many a day,
As though his bride were she,
A poor young maiden had caressed,
And fondly kissed, and fondly pressed,
And then at length deserted.

When this was told the nut-brown maid,
Her senses straightway fled;

She laughed and wept, and vowed and prayed,
And presently was dead.
The hour her soul its farewell took,
The boy was sad, with terror shook,
Then sprang upon his charger.

He drove his spurs into his side,
And scoured the country round;
But wheresoever he might ride,
No rest for him was found.
For seven long days and nights he rode,
It stormed, the waters overflowed,
It blustered, lightened, thundered.

On rode he through the tempest's din,
Till he a building spied;
In search of shelter crept he in,
When he his steed had tied.
And as he groped his doubtful way,
The ground began to rock and sway,—
He fell a hundred fathoms.

When he recovered from his blow,
He saw three lights pass by;
He sought in their pursuit to go,
The lights appeared to fly.
They led his footsteps all astray,
Up, down, through many a narrow way
Through ruined desert cellars.

When lo! he stood within a hall,
A hundred guests sat there,
With hollow eyes, and grinning all;
They bade him taste the fare.

He saw his sweetheart 'midst the throng,
Wrapped up in grave-clothes white and long;
She turned, and ——[1]

THE ERL-KING.

WHO rides there so late through the night dark and drear?
The father it is, with his infant so dear;
He holdeth the boy tightly clasped in his arm,
He holdeth him safely, he keepeth him warm.

"My son, wherefore seek'st thou thy face thus to hide?"
"Look, father, the Erl-King is close by our side!
Dost see not the Erl-King, with crown and with train?"
"My son, 'tis the mist rising over the plain."

"Oh, come, thou dear infant! oh, come thou with me!
Full many a game I will play there with thee;
On my strand, lovely flowers their blossoms unfold,
My mother shall grace thee with garments of gold."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
The words that the Erl-King now breathes in mine ear?"
"Be calm, dearest child, 'tis thy fancy deceives;
'Tis the sad wind that sighs through the withering leaves."

"Wilt go, then, dear infant, wilt go with me there?
My daughters shall tend thee with sisterly care;

[1] This ballad is introduced in Act II. of "Claudine of Villa Bella," where it is suddenly broken off, as it is here.

My daughters by night their glad festival keep,
They'll dance thee, and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not see,
How the Erl-King his daughters has brought here for me?"
"My darling, my darling, I see it aright,
'Tis the aged gray willows deceiving thy sight."

"I love thee, I'm charmed by thy beauty, dear boy!
And if thou'rt unwilling, then force I'll employ."
"My father, my father, he seizes me fast,
Full sorely the Erl-King has hurt me at last."

The father now gallops, with terror half wild,
He grasps in his arms the poor shuddering child:
He reaches his courtyard with toil and with dread,—
The child in his arms finds he motionless, dead.

JOHANNA SEBUS.

[To the memory of an excellent and beautiful girl of seventeen, belonging to the village of Brienen, who perished on the 13th of January, 1809, whilst giving help on the occasion of the breaking up of the ice on the Rhine, and the bursting of the dam of Claverham.]

THE DAM BREAKS DOWN, THE ICE-PLAIN GROWLS,
THE FLOODS ARISE, THE WATER HOWLS.
"I'll bear thee, mother, across the swell,
'Tis not yet high, I can wade right well."
"Remember us, too! in what danger are we!
Thy fellow lodger and children three!
The trembling woman!—Thou'rt going away!"
She bears the mother across the spray.

"Quick! haste to the mound, and awhile there wait,
I'll soon return, and all will be straight.
The mound's close by, and safe from the wet;
But take my goat, too, my darling pet!"

THE DAM DISSOLVES, THE ICE-PLAIN GROWLS,
THE FLOODS DASH ON, THE WATER HOWLS.
She places the mother safe on the shore;
Fair Susan then turns toward the flood once more.
"Oh, whither? Oh, whither? The breadth fast grows,
Both here and there the water o'erflows.
Wilt venture, thou rash one, the billows to brave?"
"THEY SHALL, AND THEY MUST BE PRESERVED FROM THE WAVE!"

THE DAM DISAPPEARS, THE WATER GROWLS,
LIKE OCEAN BILLOWS IT HEAVES AND HOWLS.
Fair Susan returns by the way she had tried,
The waves roar around, but she turns not aside;
She reaches the mound and the neighbour straight,
But for her and the children, alas, too late!

THE DAM DISAPPEARED, — LIKE A SEA IT GROWLS,
ROUND A HILLOCK IN CIRCLING EDDIES IT HOWLS.
The foaming abyss gapes wide, and whirls round,
The women and children are borne to the ground;
The horn of the goat by one is seized fast,
But, ah, they all must perish at last!
Fair Susan still stands there, untouched by the wave!
The youngest, the noblest, oh, who now will save!
Fair Susan still stands there, as bright as a star,
But, alas! all hope, all assistance is far.
The foaming waters around her roar.
To save her no bark pushes off from the shore.
Her gaze once again she lifts up to heaven,
Then gently away by the flood she is driven.

NO DAM, NO PLAIN! TO MARK THE PLACE
SOME STRAGGLING TREES ARE THE ONLY TRACE.
The rushing water the wilderness covers,
Yet Susan's image still over it hovers. —
The water sinks, the plains reappear.
Fair Susan's lamented with many a tear, —
May he who refuses her story to tell,
Be neglected in life and in death as well!

THE VIOLET.

UPON the mead a violet stood,
Retiring, and of modest mood,
In truth, a violet fair.
Then came a youthful shepherdess,
And roamed with sprightly joyousness,
And blithely wooed
With carols sweet the air.

"Ah!" thought the violet, "had I been
For but the smallest moment e'en
Nature's most beauteous flower,
Till gathered by my love, and pressed,
When weary, 'gainst her gentle breast,
For e'en, for e'en
One quarter of an hour!"

Alas! alas! the maid drew nigh,
The violet failed to meet her eye,
She crushed the violet sweet.
It sank and died, yet murmured not:
"And if I die, oh, happy lot,
For her I die,
And at her very feet!"

THE BEAUTEOUS FLOWER.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT.

COUNT.

I KNOW a flower of beauty rare,
Ah, how I hold it dear!
To seek it I would fain repair,
Were I not prisoned here.
My sorrow sore oppresses me,
For when I was at liberty,
I had it close beside me.

Though from this castle's walls so steep
I cast mine eyes around,
And gaze oft from the lofty keep,
The flower cannot be found.
Whoe'er would bring it to my sight,
Whether a vassal he, or knight,
My dearest friend I'd deem him.

THE ROSE.

I blossom fair, — thy tale of woes
I hear from 'neath thy grate.
Thou doubtless meanest me, the rose,
Poor knight of high estate!
Thou hast in truth a lofty mind;
The queen of flowers then is enshrined,
I doubt not, in thy bosom.

COUNT.

Thy red, in dress of green arrayed,
As worth all praise I hold;

And so thou'rt treasured by each maid,
  Like precious stones or gold.
Thy wreath adorns the fairest face,
But still thou'rt not the flower whose grace
  I honour here in silence.

THE LILY.

The rose is wont with pride to swell,
  And ever seeks to rise;
But gentle sweethearts love full well
  The lily's charms to prize.
The heart that fills a bosom true,
That is, like me, unsullied, too,
  My merit values duly.

COUNT.

In truth, I hope myself unstained,
  And free from grievous crime;
Yet I am here a prisoner chained,
  And pass in grief my time.
To me thou art an image sure
Of many a maiden, mild and pure,
  And yet I know a dearer.

THE PINK.

That must be me, the pink, who scent
  The warder's garden here.
Or wherefore is he so intent
  My charms with care to rear?
My petals stand in beauteous ring,
Sweet incense all around I fling,
  And boast a thousand colours.

COUNT.

The pink, in truth, we should not slight,
It is the gardener's pride;
It now must stand exposed to light,
Now in the shade abide.
Yet what can make the Count's heart glow
Is no mere pomp of outward show;
It is a silent flower.

THE VIOLET.

Here stand I, modestly half hid,
And fain would silence keep;
Yet since to speak I now am bid,
I'll break my silence deep.
If, worthy Knight, I am that flower,
It grieves me that I have not power
To breathe forth all my sweetness.

COUNT.

The violet's charms I prize, indeed,
So modest 'tis, and fair,
And smells so sweet; yet more I need
To ease my heavy care.
The truth I'll whisper in thine ear:
Upon these rocky heights so drear,
I cannot find the loved one.

The truest maiden 'neath the sky
Roams near the stream below,
And breathes forth many a gentle sigh,
Till I from hence can go.
And when she plucks a floweret blue,
And says "Forget-me-not!" — I, too,
Though far away, can feel it.

Ay, distance only swells love's might,
When fondly love a pair;
Though prisoned in the dungeon's night,
In life I linger there;
And when my heart is breaking nigh,
"Forget-me-not!" is all I cry,
And straightway life returneth.

SIR CURT'S WEDDING JOURNEY.

With a bridegroom's joyous bearing,
Mounts Sir Curt his noble beast,
To his mistress' home repairing,
There to hold his wedding feast;
When a threatening foe advances
From a desert, rocky spot;
For the fray they couch their lances,
Not delaying, speaking not.

Long the doubtful fight continues,
Victory then for Curt declares;
Conqueror, though with wearied sinews,
Forward on his road he fares.
When he sees, though strange it may be,
Something 'midst the foliage move;
'Tis a mother with her baby,
Stealing softly through the grove!

And upon the spot she beckons —
"Wherefore, love, this speed so wild?
Of the wealth thy storehouse reckons,
Hast thou nought to give thy child?"
Flames of rapture now dart through him,
And he longs for nothing more,
While the mother seemeth to him
Lovely as the maid of yore.

But he hears his servants blowing,
And bethinks him of his bride;
And ere long, while onward going,
Chances past a fair to ride;
In the booths he forthwith buys him
For his mistress many a pledge;
But, alas! some Jews surprise him,
And long-standing debts allege.

And the courts of justice duly
Send the knight to prison straight.
Oh, accursèd story, truly!
For a hero, what a fate!
Can my patience such things weather?
Great is my perplexity.
Women, debts, and foes together,—
Ah, no knight escapes scot free!

WEDDING SONG.

The tale of the Count our glad song shall record
Who had in this castle his dwelling,
Where now are ye feasting the new-married lord,
His grandson of whom we are telling.
The Count as Crusader had blazoned his fame,
Through many a triumph exalted his name,
And when on his steed to his dwelling he came,
His castle still reared its proud head,
But servants and wealth had all fled.

'Tis true that thou, Count, hast returned to thy home,
But matters are faring there ill.
The winds through the chambers at liberty roam,
And blow through the windows at will.

What's best to be done in a cold autumn night?
Full many I've passed in more piteous plight;
The morn ever settles the matter aright.
Then quick, while the moon shines so clear,
To bed on straw, without fear.

And whilst in a soft pleasing slumber he lay,
A motion he feels 'neath his bed.
The rat, an he likes it, may rattle away!
Ay, had he but crumbs there outspread!
But lo! there appears a diminutive wight,
A dwarf 'tis, yet graceful, and bearing a light,
With orator-gestures that notice invite,
At the feet of the Count on the floor
Who sleeps not, though weary full sore.

"We've long been accustomed to hold here our feast
Since thou from thy castle first went;
And as we believed thou wert far in the East,
To revel e'en now we were bent.
And if thou'lt allow it, and seek not to chide,
We dwarfs will all banquet with pleasure and pride,
To honour the wealthy, the beautiful bride"—
Says the Count with a smile, half asleep:—
"Ye're welcome your quarters to keep!"

Three knights then advance, riding all in a group,
Who under the bed were concealed;
And then is a singing and noise-making troop
Of strange little figures revealed;
And wagon on wagon with all kinds of things—
The clatter they cause through the ear loudly rings—
The like ne'er was seen save in castles of kings;
At length, in a chariot of gold,
The bride and the guest, too, behold!

Then all at full gallop make haste to advance,
Each chooses his place in the hall;
With whirling and waltzing, and light joyous dance,
They begin with their sweethearts the ball.
The fife and the fiddle all merrily sound,
They twine, and they glide, and with nimbleness bound,
They whisper, and chatter, and clatter around;
The Count on the scene casts his eye,
And seems in a fever to lie.

They hustle, and bustle, and rattle away
On table, on bench, and on stool;
Then all who had joined in the festival gay
With their partners attempt to grow cool.
The hams and the sausages nimbly they bear,
And meat, fish, and poultry in plenty are there,
Surrounded with wine of the vintage most rare:
And when they have revelled full long,
They vanish at last with a song.

. . . . . .

And if we're to sing all that further occurred,
Pray cease ye to bluster and prate;
For what he so gladly in *small* saw and heard,
He enjoyed and he practised in *great.*
For trumpets, and singing, and shouts without end
On the bridal-train, chariots and horsemen attend,
They come and appear, and they bow and they bend,
In merry and countless array,
Thus was it, thus is it to-day.

THE FISHERMAN.

THE water rushed, the water swelled,
A fisherman sat by,
And gazed upon his dancing float
With tranquil-dreaming eye.
And as he sits, and as he looks,
The gurgling waves arise;
A maid, all bright with water drops,
Stands straight before his eyes.

She sang to him, she spake to him:
"My fish why dost thou snare,
With human wit and human guile,
Into the killing air?
Couldst see how happy fishes live
Under the stream so clear,
Thyself would plunge into the stream,
And live for ever there.

"Bathe not the lovely sun and moon
Within the cool, deep sea,
And with wave-breathing faces rise
In twofold witchery?
Lure not the misty heaven-deeps,
So beautiful and blue?
Lures not thine image, mirrored in
The fresh eternal dew?"

The water rushed, the water swelled,
It clasped his feet, I wis;
A thrill went through his yearning heart,
As when two lovers kiss!
She spake to him, she sang to him:
Resistless was her strain;
Half drew him in, half lured him in;
He ne'er was seen again.

THE RAT-CATCHER.

I AM the bard known far and wide,
The travelled rat-catcher beside;
A man most needful to this town,
So glorious through its old renown.
However many rats I see,
How many weasels there may be,
I cleanse the place from every one,
All needs but helter-skelter run.

Sometimes the bard so full of cheer
As a child-catcher will appear,
Who e'en the wildest captive brings,
Whene'er his golden tales he sings.
However proud each boy in heart,
However much the maidens start,
I bid the chords sweet music make,
And all must follow in my wake.

Sometimes the skilful bard ye view
In form of maiden-catcher, too;
For he no city enters e'er,
Without effecting wonders there.
However coy may be each maid,
Howe'er the women seem afraid,
Yet all will love-sick be ere long
To sound of magic lute and song.
[*Da Capo.*]

THE KING OF THULE.

[This ballad is also introduced in "Faust," where it is sung by Margaret.]

THERE was a king in Thule,
  Was faithful till the grave,
To whom his mistress, dying,
  A golden goblet gave.

Nought was to him more precious;
  He drained it at every bout;
His eyes with tears ran over,
  As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
  The towns in his land he told,
Nought else to his heir denying
  Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
  With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his father
  In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
  And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
  Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
  And sinking deep in the sea:
Then fell his eyelids for ever,
  And never more drank he!

THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

I.

MANY weary days I suffered,
Sick of heart and poor of purse;
Riches are the greatest blessing —
Poverty the deepest curse!
Till at last to dig a treasure
Forth I went into the wood —
"Fiend! my soul is thine for ever!"
And I signed the scroll with blood.

II.

Then I drew the magic circles,
Kindled the mysterious fire,
Placed the herbs and bones in order,
Spoke the incantation dire.
And I sought the buried metal
With a spell of mickle might —
Sought it as my master taught me;
Black and stormy was the night.

III.

And I saw a light appearing
In the distance, like a star;
When the midnight hour was tolling,
Came it waxing from afar:
Came it flashing, swift and sudden,
As if fiery wine it were,
Flowing from an open chalice,
Which a beauteous boy did bear.

IV.

And he wore a lustrous chaplet,
And his eyes were full of thought,

As he stepped into the circle
With the radiance that he brought.
And he bade me taste the goblet;
And I thought — "It cannot be,
That this boy should be the bearer
Of the Demon's gifts to me!"

V.

"Taste the draught of pure existence
Sparkling in this golden urn,
And no more with baleful magic
Shalt thou hitherward return.
Do not seek for treasures longer;
Let thy future spell-words be,
Days of labour, nights of resting:
So shall peace return to thee!"

THE SPINNER.

As I calmly sat and span,
Toiling with all zeal,
Lo! a young and handsome man
Passed my spinning-wheel.

And he praised, — what harm was there? —
Sweet the things he said —
Praised my flax-resembling hair,
And the even thread.

He with this was not content,
But must needs do more;
And in twain the thread was rent,
Though 'twas safe before.

And the flax's stonelike weight
Needed to be told;
But no longer was its state
Valued as of old.

When I took it to the weaver,
Something felt I start,
And more quickly, as with fever,
Throbbed my trembling heart.

Then I bear the thread at length
Through the heat, to bleach;
But, alas, I scarce have strength
To the pool to reach.

What I in my little room
Span so fine and slight, —
As was likely, I presume —
Came at last to light.

THE YOUTH AND THE MILL-STREAM.

[This sweet ballad, and the one entitled "The Maid of the Mill's Repentance," were written on the occasion of a visit paid by Goethe to Switzerland. "The Maid of the Mill's Treachery," to which the latter forms the sequel, was not written till the following year.]

YOUTH.

Pretty brooklet, gaily glancing
In the morning sun,
Why so joyous in thy dancing?
Whither dost thou run?
What is't lures thee to the vale?
Tell me, if thou hast a tale.

BROOK.

Youth! I was a brooklet lately,
  Wandering at my will;
Then I might have moved sedately,
  Now, to yonder mill,
Must I hurry, swift and strong,
Therefore do I race along.

YOUTH.

Brooklet, happy in thy duty,
  Nathless thou art free;
Knowest not the power of beauty
  That enchaineth me!
Looks the miller's comely daughter
Ever kindly on thy water?

BROOK.

Early comes she every morning,
  From some blissful dream;
And, so sweet in her adorning,
  Bends above my stream.
Then her bosom, white as snow,
Makes my chilly waters glow.

YOUTH.

If her beauty brings such gladness,
  Brooklet, unto thee,
Marvel not if I to madness
  Should enflamèd be.
Oh, that I could hope to move her!
Once to see her is to love her.

BROOK.

Then careering — ah, so proudly!
  Rush I o'er the wheel,
And the merry mill speaks loudly
  All the joy I feel.
Show me but the miller's daughter,
And more swiftly flows my water.

YOUTH.

Nay, but, brooklet, tell me truly,
  Feelest thou no pain,
When she smiles, and bids thee duly
  Go, nor turn again?
Hath that simple smile no cunning,
Brook, to stay thee in thy running?

BROOK.

Hard it is to lose her shadow,
  Hard to pass away;
Slowly, sadly, down the meadow,
  Uninspired I stray.
Oh, if I might have my will,
Back to her I'd hasten still!

YOUTH.

Brook! my love thou comprehendest;
  Fare thee well awhile;
One day, when thou hither wendest,
  May'st thou see me smile.
Go, and in thy gentlest fashion,
Tell that maiden all my passion!

THE MAID OF THE MILL'S TREACHERY.

[This ballad is introduced in the "Wanderjahre," in a tale called "The Foolish Pilgrim."]

WHENCE comes our friend so hastily,
When scarce the eastern sky is gray?
Hath he just ceased, though cold it be,
In yonder holy spot to pray?
The brook appears to hem his path,
Would he barefooted o'er it go?
Why curse his orisons in wrath,
Across those heights beclad with snow?

Alas! his warm bed he hath left,
Where he had looked for bliss, I ween;
And if his cloak, too, had been reft,
How fearful his disgrace had been!
By yonder villain sorely pressed,
His wallet from him had been torn;
Our hapless friend has been undressed,—
Left well-nigh naked as when born.

The reason why he came this road,
Is that he sought a pair of eyes,
Which, at the mill, as brightly glowed
As those that are in Paradise.
He will not soon again be there.
From out the house he quickly hied,
And when he gained the open air,
Thus bitterly and loudly cried:

"Within her gaze, so dazzling bright,
No word of teachery I could read;
She seemed to see me with delight,
Yet planned e'en then this cruel deed.

Could I, when basking in her smile,
Dream of the treason in her breast?
She bade kind Cupid stay awhile,
And he was there to make us blest.

"To taste of love's sweet ecstasy
Throughout the night that endless seemed,
And for her mother's help to cry
Only when morning sunlight beamed!
A dozen of her kith and kin,
A very human flood, in-pressed,
Her cousins came, her aunts peered in,
And uncles, brothers, and the rest.

"Then what a tumult, fierce and loud!
Each seemed a beast of prey to be;
The maiden's honour all the crowd,
With fearful shout, demand of me.
Why should they, madmen-like, begin
To fall upon a guiltless youth?
For he who such a prize would win,
Far nimbler needs must be, in truth.

"The way to follow up with skill
His freaks, by Love betimes is known
He ne'er will leave, within a mill,
Sweet flowers for sixteen years alone. —
They stole my clothes away, — yes, all!
And tried my cloak beside to steal.
How strange that any house so small
So many rascals could conceal!

"Then I sprang up, and raved, and swore,
To force a passage through them there.
I saw the treacherous maid once more,
And she was still, alas, *so* fair!

They all gave way before my wrath,
Wild outcries flew about pell-mell;
At length I managed to rush forth,
With voice of thunder, from that hell.

"As maidens of the town we fly,
We'll shun you maidens of the village!
Leave it to those of quality,
Their humble worshippers to pillage!
Yet if ye are of practised skill,
And of all tender ties afraid,
Exchange your lovers, if ye will,
But never let them be betrayed."

Thus sings he in the winter night,
While not a blade of grass was green.
I laughed to see his piteous plight,
For it was well deserved, I ween.
And may this be the fate of all,
Who treat by day their true loves ill,
And, with foolhardy daring, crawl
By night to Cupid's treacherous mill!

THE MAID OF THE MILL'S REPENTANCE.

YOUTH.

AWAY, thou swarthy witch! Go forth
From out my house, I tell thee!
Or else I needs must, in my wrath,
Expel thee!
What's this thou singest so falsely, forsooth,
Of love and a maiden's silent truth?
Who'll trust to such a story!

GYPSY.

I sing of a maid's repented fears,
And long and bitter yearning;
Her levity changed to truth and tears
All-burning.
She dreads no more the threats of her mother,
She dreads far less the blows of her brother,
Than the dearly-loved one's hatred.

YOUTH.

Of selfishness sing, and treacherous lies,
Of murder and thievish plunder!
Such actions false will cause no surprise,
Or wonder.
When they share their booty, both clothes and purse, —
As bad as you gypsies, and even worse,
Such tales find ready credence.

GYPSY.

"Alas, alas! oh, what have I done?
Can listening aught avail me?
I hear him toward my room hasten on,
To hail me.
My heart beat high, to myself I said:
'O would that thou hadst never betrayed
That night of love to thy mother!'"

YOUTH.

Alas! I foolishly ventured there,
For the cheating silence misled me,
Ah, sweetest! let me to thee repair, —
Nor dread me!
When suddenly rose a fearful din,
Her mad relations came pouring in.
My blood still boils in my body!

GYPSY.

"Oh when will return an hour like this?
I pine in silent sadness;
I've thrown away my only true bliss
With madness.
Alas, poor maid! Oh pity my youth!
My brother was then full cruel in truth
To treat the loved one so basely!"

THE POET.

The swarthy woman then went inside,
To the spring in the courtyard yonder;
Her eyes from their stain she purified,
And, — wonder! —
Her face and eyes were radiant and bright,
And the maid of the mill was disclosed to the sight
Of the startled and angry stripling.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Thou sweetest, fairest, dearly-loved life!
Before thine anger I cower;
But blows I dread not, nor sharp-edged knife, —
This hour
Of sorrow and love to thee I'll sing,
And myself before thy feet I'll fling,
And either live or die there!

YOUTH.

Affection, say, why buried so deep
In my heart hast thou lain hidden?
By whom hast thou now to awake from thy sleep
Been bidden?
Ah, love, that thou art immortal I see!
Nor knavish cunning nor treachery
Can destroy thy life so godlike.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

If still, with as fond and heartfelt love,
As thou once didst swear, I'm cherished,
Then nought of the rapture we used to prove
Is perished.
So take the woman so dear to thy breast!
In her young and innocent charms be blest,
For all are thine from henceforward!

BOTH.

Now, sun, sink to rest! Now, moon, arise!
Ye stars, be now shining, now darkling!
A star of love now gleams in the skies,
All sparkling!
As long as the fountain may spring and run,
So long will we two be blended in one,
Upon each other's bosoms!

THE WALKING BELL.

A CHILD refused to go betimes
To church like other people;
He roamed abroad, when rang the chimes
On Sundays from the steeple.

His mother said: "Loud rings the bell,
Its voice ne'er think of scorning;
Unless thou wilt behave thee well,
'Twill fetch thee without warning."

The child then thought: "High over head
The bell is safe suspended —"
So to the fields he straightway sped
As if 'twas school-time ended.

The bell now ceased as bell to ring,
  Roused by the mother's twaddle;
But soon ensued a dreadful thing!—
  The bell begins to waddle.

It waddles fast, though strange it seem;
  The child, with trembling wonder,
Runs off, and flies, as in a dream;
  The bell would draw him under.

He finds the proper time at last,
  And straightway nimbly rushes
To church, to chapel, hastening fast
  Through pastures, plains, and bushes.

Each Sunday and each feast as well,
  His late disaster heeds he;
The moment that he hears the bell,
  No other summons needs he.

POETS' art is ever able
To endow with truth mere fable.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE FARM MAIDEN.

HE.

CANST thou give, O fair and matchless maiden,
  'Neath the shadow of the lindens yonder,—
  Where I'd fain one moment cease to wander,—
Food and drink to one so heavy laden?

SHE.

Wouldst thou find refreshment, traveller weary,
Bread, ripe fruit, and cream, to meet thy wishes, —
None but Nature's plain and homely dishes, —
Near the spring may soothe thy wanderings dreary.

HE.

Dreams of old acquaintance now pass through me,
Ne'er-forgotten queen of hours of blisses:
Likenesses I've often found, but *this* is
One that quite a marvel seemeth to me!

SHE.

Travellers often wonder beyond measure,
But their wonder soon see cause to smother;
Fair and dark are often like each other,
Both inspire the mind with equal pleasure.

HE.

Not now for the first time I surrender
To this form, in humble adoration;
It was brightest midst the constellation
In the hall adorned with festal splendour.

SHE.

Be thou joyful that 'tis in my power
To complete thy strange and merry story!
Silks behind her, full of purple glory,
Floated, when thou sawest her in that hour.

HE.

No, in truth, thou hast not sung it rightly!
Spirits may have told thee all about it;
Pearls and gems they spoke of, do not doubt it, —
By her gaze eclipsed, — it gleamed so brightly!

SHE.

This one thing I certainly collected:
That the fair one — (say nought, I entreat thee!)
Fondly hoping once again to meet thee,
Many a castle in the air erected.

HE.

By each wind I ceaselessly was driven,
Seeking gold and honour, too, to capture.
When my wand'rings end, then oh, what rapture,
If to find that form again 'tis given!

SHE.

'Tis the daughter of the race now banished
That thou seest, not her likeness only,
Helen and her brother, glad though lonely,
Till this farm of their estate now vanished.

HE.

But the owner surely is not wanting
Of these plains, with ev'ry beauty teeming?
Verdant fields, broad meads, and pastures gleaming,
Gushing springs, all heavenly and enchanting.

SHE.

Thou must hunt the world through, wouldst thou find him! —
We have wealth enough in our possession,
And intend to purchase the succession,
When the good man leaves the world behind him.

HE.

I have learnt the owner's own condition,
And, fair maiden, thou indeed canst buy it;
But the cost is great, I won't deny it, —
Helen is the price, — with thy permission!

SHE.

Did then fate and rank keep us asunder,
And must Love take this road, and no other?
Yonder comes my dear and trusty brother!
What will *he* say to it all, I wonder?

TURN to good account thy day;
Wilt aught lay hold on? Go not far away.

THE PAGE AND THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

PAGE.

WHERE goest thou? Where?
Miller's daughter so fair!
Thy name, pray?—

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

'Tis Lizzy.

PAGE.

Where goest thou? Where?
With the rake in thy hand?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Father's meadows and land
To visit, I'm busy.

PAGE.

Dost go there alone?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

By this rake, sir, 'tis shown
That we're making the hay;
And the pears ripen fast
In the garden at last,
So I'll pick them to-day.

PAGE.

Is't a silent thicket I yonder view?

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Oh, yes! there are two;
There's one on each side.

PAGE.

I'll follow thee soon;
When the sun burns at noon,
We'll go there, ourselves from his rays to hide,
And then in some glade all-verdant and deep —

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Why, people would say —

PAGE.

Within mine arms thou gently wilt sleep.

MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Your pardon, I pray!
Whoever is kissed by the miller-maid,
Upon the spot must needs be betrayed.
'Twould give me distress
To cover with white
Your pretty dark dress.

Equal with equal! then all is right!
That's the motto in which I delight.
I am in love with the miller-boy;
He wears nothing that I could destroy.

FAITHFUL ECKART.

"Oh, would we were further! Oh, would we were
home,
The phantoms of night tow'rd us hastily come,
The band of the Sorceress sisters.
They hitherward speed, and on finding us here,
They'll drink, though with toil we have fetched it, the
beer,
And leave us the pitchers all empty."

Thus speaking, the children with fear take to flight,
When sudden an old man appears in their sight;
"Be quiet, child! children, be quiet!
From hunting they come, and their thirst they would
still,
So leave them to swallow as much as they will,
And the Evil Ones then will be gracious."

As said, so 'twas done! and the phantoms draw near,
And shadowlike seem they, and gray they appear,
Yet blithely they sip and they revel:
The beer has all vanished, the pitchers are void;
With cries and with shouts the wild hunters, o'erjoyed,
Speed onward o'er vale and o'er mountain.

The children in terror fly nimbly toward home,
And with them the kind one is careful to come:
"My darlings, oh, be not so mournful!" —

"They'll blame us and beat us until we are dead." —
"No, no! ye will find that all goes well," he said;
"Be silent as mice, then, and listen!

"And he by whose counsels thus wisely ye're taught,
Is he who with children loves ever to sport,
The trusty and faithful old Eckart.
Ye have heard of the wonder for many a day,
But ne'er had a proof of the marvellous lay, —
Your hands hold a proof most convincing."

They arrive at their home, and their pitchers they place
By the side of their parents, with fear on their face,
Awaiting a beating and scolding.
But see what they're tasting: the choicest of beer!
Though three times and four times they quaff the good cheer,
The pitchers remain still unemptied.

The marvel it lasts till the dawning of day;
All people who hear of it doubtless will say:
"What happened at length to the pitchers?"
In secret the children they smile, as they wait;
At last, though, they stammer, and stutter, and prate,
And straightway the pitchers were empty.

And if, children, with kindness addressed ye may be,
Whether father, or master, or alderman he,
Obey him, and follow his bidding!
And if 'tis unpleasant to bridle the tongue,
Yet talking is bad, silence good for the young —
And then will the beer fill your pitchers!

THE DANCE OF THE DEAD.

THE warder he gazes at dead o' the night
On the graveyards under him lying,
The moon into clearness throws all by her light,
The night with the daylight is vying.
There's a stir in the graves, and forth from their tombs
The form of a man, then a woman next looms
In garments long trailing and snowy.

They stretch themselves out, and with eager delight
Join the bones for the revel and dancing, —
Young and old, rich and poor, the lady and knight,
Their trains are a hinderance to dancing.
And since here by shame they no longer are bound,
They shuffle them off, and lo, strewn lie around
Their garments on each little hillock.

Here rises a shank, and a leg wobbles there
With lewd diabolical gesture;
And clatter and rattle of bones you might hear,
As of one beating sticks to a measure.
This seems to the warder a laughable game:
Then the tempter, low whispering, up to him came:
"In one of their shrouds go and wrap thee."

'Twas done soon as said; then he gained in wild flight
Concealment behind the church portal,
The moon all the while throws her bright beams of light
On the dance where they revel and sport all.
First one, then another, dispersed all are they,
And donning their shrouds steal the spectres away,
And under the graves all is quiet.

But one of them stumbles and fumbles along,
'Midst the tombstones groping intently;
But none of his comrades have done him this wrong,
His shroud in the breeze 'gins to scent he.
He rattles the door of the tower, but can find
No entrance, — good luck to the warder behind! —
'Tis barred with blest crosses of metal.

His shroud he must have, or rest can he ne'er;
And so, without further preambles,
The old Gothic carving he grips then and there,
From turret to pinnacle scrambles.
Alas for the warder! all's over, I fear;
From buttress to buttress in dev'lish career
He climbs like a long-legged spider.

The warder he trembles, and pale doth he look,
That shroud he would gladly be giving,
When piercing transfixed it a sharp-pointed hook!
He thought his last hour he was living.
Clouds cover already the vanishing moon,
With thunderous clang beats the clock a loud *One* —
Below lies the skeleton, shattered.

EFFECT AT A DISTANCE.

THE Queen she stands in her castle's proud hall,
Where all brightly the tapers flame;
"Now hie thee, sir page" (he came at her call),
"And fetch me my purse for the game;
It lies close at hand
On a marble stand."
To the palace end quickly away
Sped the page without further delay.

By chance, near the Queen her sherbet did sip
A lady, the fairest of all;
In shivers the cup fell dashed from her lip,—
Ah me, what a terrible fall!
Such carelessness! drest
In her gala vest!
Sped the lady without more delay
To the palace end quickly away.

The page as back on his errand he flew,
In trouble the fair lady met;
Both page and lady, though none of them knew,
Their hearts on each other had set.
O joy and delight!
O fortunate plight!
How they fell upon each other's breast!
How they kissed and embraced and caressed;

Now severed at last and parted are they!
To her room the fair lady ran,
Back to the Queen sped the page on his way,
Past many a dagger and fan.
His vest by the Queen
All spotted was seen;
From her eyes there was nothing to hide,
With the famed Queen of Sheba she vied.

The palace duenna she called aside:
"You said in our late wordy war,—
And arguments stout and stiff you applied,—
That spirit acts not from afar;
In presence alone
Its traces are shown,
But nothing can work from afar,—
No, not even a heavenly star.

"Now look! But just now where standing we are,
Was scattered a sweet beverage,
And at the same instant, though distant and far,
It spotted the vest of the page. —
Go, get newly clad,
My heart is made glad;
My argument thus for upholding
I'll pay, and so save you a scolding."

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

[First published in Schiller's *Horen*, in connection with a friendly contest in the art of ballad-writing between the two great poets, to which many of their finest works are owing.]

I.

A YOUTH to Corinth, whilst the city slumbered,
Came from Athens: though a stranger there,
Soon among its townsmen to be numbered,
For a bride awaits him, young and fair.
From their childhood's years
They were plighted feres,
So contracted by their parents' care.

II.

But may not his welcome there he hindered?
Dearly must he buy it, would he speed.
He is still a heathen with his kindred,
She and hers washed in the Christian creed.
When new faiths are born
Love and troth are torn
Rudely from the heart, howe'er it bleed.

III.

All the house is hushed; — to rest retreated
Father, daughters — not the mother quite;

She the guest with cordial welcome greeted,
Led him to a room with tapers bright;
Wine and food she brought,
Ere of them he thought,
Then departed with a fair good-night.

IV.

But he felt no hunger, and unheeded
Left the wine, and eager for the rest
Which his limbs, forspent with travel, needed,
On the couch he laid him, still undressed.
There he sleeps — when lo!
Onwards gliding slow,
At the door appears a wondrous guest.

V.

By the waning lamp's uncertain gleaming
There he sees a youthful maiden stand,
Robed in white, of still and gentle seeming,
On her brow a black and golden band.
When she meets his eyes,
With a quick surprise
Starting, she uplifts a pallid hand.

VI.

"Is a stranger here, and nothing told me?
Am I then forgotten even in name?
Ah! 'tis thus within my cell they hold me,
And I now am covered o'er with shame!
Pillow still thy head
There upon thy bed,
I will leave thee quickly as I came."

VII.

"Maiden — darling! Stay, O stay!" and, leaping
From the couch before her stands the boy:

"Ceres — Bacchus, here their gifts are heaping,
And thou bringest Amor's gentle joy!
Why with terror pale?
Sweet one, let us hail
These bright gods their festive gifts employ."

VIII.

"Oh, no — no! Young stranger, come not nigh me
Joy is not for me, nor festive cheer.
Ah! such bliss may ne'er be tasted by me,
Since my mother, in fantastic fear,
By long sickness bowed,
To heaven's service vowed
Me, and all the hopes that warmed me here.

IX.

"They have left our hearth, and left it lonely, —
The old gods, that bright and jocund train.
One, unseen, in heaven, is worshipped only,
And upon the cross a Saviour slain;
Sacrifice is here,
Not of lamb nor steer,
But of human woe and human pain."

X.

And he asks, and all her words doth ponder, —
"Can it be that in this silent spot,
I behold thee, thou surpassing wonder!
My sweet bride, so strangely to me brought?
Be mine only now —
See, our parents' vow
Heaven's good blessing hath for us besought."

XI.

"No! thou gentle heart," she cried in anguish;
"'Tis not mine, but 'tis my sister's place;

When in lonely cell I weep and languish,
Think, oh, think of me in her embrace!
I think but of thee —
Pining drearily,
Soon beneath the earth to hide my face!"

XII.

"Nay! I swear by yonder flame which burneth,
Fanned by Hymen, lost thou shalt not be;
Droop not thus, for my sweet bride returneth
To my father's mansion back with me!
Dearest, tarry here!
Taste the bridal cheer,
For our spousal spread so wondrously!"

XIII.

Then with word and sigh their troth they plighted,
Golden was the chain she bade him wear,
But the cup he offered her she slighted,
Silver, wrought with cunning past compare.
"That is not for me;
All I ask of thee
Is one little ringlet of thy hair!"

XIV.

Dully boomed the midnight hour unhallowed,
And then first her eyes began to shine;
Eagerly with pallid lips she swallowed
Hasty draughts of purple-tinctured wine;
But the wheaten bread,
As in shuddering dread,
Put she always by with loathing sign.

XV.

And she gave the youth the cup: he drained it,
With impetuous haste he drained it dry;

Love was in his fevered heart, and pained it,
Till it ached for joy she must deny.
But the maiden's fears
Stayed him, till in tears
On the bed he sank, with sobbing cry.

XVI.

And she leans above him — "Dear one, still thee!
Ah, how sad am I to see thee so!
But, alas! these limbs of mine would chill thee:
Love! they mantle not with passion's glow;
Thou wouldst be afraid,
Didst thou find the maid
Thou hast chosen, cold as ice or snow."

XVII.

Round her waist his eager arms he bended,
With the strength that youth and love inspire;
"Wert thou even from the grave ascended,
I could warm thee well with my desire!"
Panting kiss on kiss!
Overflow of bliss!
"Burn'st thou not, and feelest me on fire?"

XVIII.

Closer yet they cling, and intermingling,
Tears and broken sobs proclaim the rest;
His hot breath through all her frame is tingling,
There they lie, caressing and caressed.
His impassioned mood
Warms her torpid blood,
Yet there beats no heart within her breast!

XIX.

Meanwhile goes the mother, softly creeping
Through the house, on needful cares intent,

Hears a murmur, and, while all are sleeping,
Wonders at the sounds, and what they meant.
Who was whispering so? —
Voices soft and low,
In mysterious converse strangely blent.

XX.

Straightway by the door herself she stations,
There to be assured what was amiss;
And she hears love's fiery protestations,
Words of ardour and endearing bliss:
"Hark, the cock! 'Tis light!
But to-morrow night
Thou wilt come again?" and kiss on kiss.

XXI.

Quick the latch she raises, and, with features
Anger-flushed, into the chamber hies.
"Are there in my house such shameless creatures,
Minions to the stranger's will?" she cries.
By the dying light,
Who is't meets her sight?
God! 'tis her own daughter she espies!

XXII.

And the youth in terror sought to cover,
With her own light veil, the maiden's head,
Clasped her close; but, gliding from her lover,
Back the vestment from her brow she spread,
And her form upright,
As with ghostly might,
Long and slowly rises from the bed.

XXIII.

"Mother! mother! wherefore thus deprive me
Of such joy as I this night have known?

Wherefore from these warm embraces drive me?
Was I wakened up to meet thy frown?
Did it not suffice
That in virgin guise,
To an early grave you forced me down?

XXIV.

"Fearful is the weird that forced me hither,
From the dark-heaped chamber where I lay;
Powerless are your drowsy anthems, neither
Can your priests prevail, howe'er they pray.
Salt nor lymph can cool,
Where the pulse is full;
Love must still burn on, though wrapped in clay.

XXV.

"To this youth my early troth was plighted,
Whilst yet Venus ruled within the land;
Mother! and that vow ye falsely slighted,
At your new and gloomy faith's command.
But no god will hear,
If a mother swear
Pure from love to keep her daughter's hand.

XXVI.

"Nightly from my narrow chamber driven,
Come I to fulfil my destined part,
Him to seek to whom my troth was given,
And to draw the life-blood from his heart.
He hath served my will;
More I yet must kill,
For another prey I now depart.

XXVII.

"Fair young man! thy thread of life is broken,
Human skill can bring no aid to thee.

There thou hast my chain — a ghastly token —
And this lock of thine I take with me.
Soon must thou decay,
Soon thou wilt be gray,
Dark although to-night thy tresses be!

XXVIII.

"Mother! hear, oh, hear my last entreaty!
Let the funeral-pile arise once more;
Open up my wretched tomb for pity,
And in flames our souls to peace restore.
When the ashes glow,
When the fire-sparks flow,
To the ancient gods aloft we soar."

THE PUPIL IN MAGIC.

I AM now, — what joy to hear it! —
Of the old magician rid;
And henceforth shall every spirit
Do whate'er by me is bid;
I have watched with rigour
All he used to do,
And will now with vigour
Work my wonders too.

Wander, wander
Onward lightly,
So that rightly
Flow the torrent,
And with teeming waters yonder
In the bath discharge its current!

And now come, thou well-worn broom,
And thy wretched form bestir;

Thou hast ever served as groom,
So fulfil my pleasure, sir!
On two legs now stand,
With a head on top;
Waterpail in hand,
Haste, and do not stop!

Wander, wander
Onward lightly,
So that rightly
Flow the torrent,
And with teeming waters yonder
In the bath discharge its current!

See! he's running to the shore,
And has now attained the pool,
And with lightning speed once more
Comes here with his bucket full!
Back he then repairs;
See how swells the tide!
How each pail he bears
Straightway is supplied!

Stop, for, lo!
All the measure
Of thy treasure
Now is right! —
Ah, I see it! woe, oh, woe!
I forget the word of might.

Ah, the word whose sound can straight
Make him what he was before!
Ah, he runs with nimble gait!
Would thou wert a broom once more!
Streams renewed for ever
Quickly bringeth he;
River after river
Rusheth on poor me.

Now no longer
Can I bear him;
I will snare him,
Knavish sprite!
Ah, my terror waxes stronger!
What a look! what fearful sight!

Oh, thou villain child of hell!
Shall the house through thee be drowned?
Floods I see that wildly swell,
O'er the threshold gaining ground.
Wilt thou not obey,
Oh, thou broom accursed?
Be thou still, I pray,
As thou wert at first!

Will enough
Never please thee?
I will seize thee,
Hold thee fast,
And thy nimble wood so tough,
With my sharp axe split at last.

See, once more he hastens back!
Now, oh, Cobold, thou shalt catch it!
I will rush upon his track;
Crashing on him falls my hatchet.
Bravely done, indeed!
See, he's cleft in twain!
Now from care I'm freed,
And can breathe again.

Woe, oh, woe!
Both the parts,
Quick as darts,
Stand on end,
Servants of my dreaded foe!
Oh, ye gods, protection send!

THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

[This very fine ballad was also first given in the *Horen*.]

MAHADEVA,[1] Lord of earth,
For the sixth time comes below,
As a man of mortal birth, —
Like him, feeling joy and woe.
Hither loves he to repair,
And his power behind to leave;
If to punish or to spare,
Men as man he'd fain perceive.
And when he the town as a traveller hath seen
Observing the mighty, regarding the mean,
He quits it, to go on his journey, at eve.

He was leaving now the place,
When an outcast met his eyes, —
Fair in form, with painted face, —
Where some straggling dwellings rise,
"Maiden, hail!" — "Thanks! welcome here!
Stay! — I'll join thee in the road." —
"Who art thou?" — "A Bayadere,
And this house is love's abode."
The cymbal she hastens to play for the dance,
Well skilled in its mazes the sight to entrance,
Then by her with grace is the nosegay bestowed.

Then she draws him, as in play,
O'er the threshold eagerly:
"Beauteous stranger, light as day,
Thou shalt soon this cottage see.

[1] One of the numerous names of Seeva the destroyer, — the great god of the Brahmins.

I'll refresh thee, if thou'rt tired,
And will bathe thy weary feet;
Take whate'er by thee's desired,
Toying, rest, or rapture sweet." —
She busily seeks his feigned suff'rings to ease;
Then smiles the Immortal; with pleasure he sees
That with kindness a heart so corrupted can beat.

And he makes her act the part
Of a slave; he's straight obeyed.
What at first had been but art,
Soon is nature in the maid.
By degrees the fruit we find,
Where the buds at first obtain;
When obedience fills the mind,
Love will never far remain.
But sharper and sharper the maiden to prove,
The Discerner of all things below and above,
Feigns pleasure, and horror, and maddening pain.

And her painted cheeks he kisses,
And his vows her heart enthral;
Feeling love's sharp pangs and blisses
Soon her tears begin to fall.
At his feet she now must sink,
Not with thoughts of lust or gain, —
And her slender members shrink
And devoid of power remain.
And so the bright hours with gladness prepare
Their dark, pleasing veil of a texture so fair,
And over the couch softly, tranquilly reign.

Late she falls asleep, thus blessed, —
Early wakes, her slumbers fled,
And she finds the much-loved guest
On her bosom lying dead.

Screaming falls she on him there,
But, alas, too late to save!
And his rigid limbs they bear
Straightway to their fiery grave,
Then hears she the priests and the funeral song,
Then madly she runs, and she severs the throng:
"Why press tow'rd the pile thus? Why scream thus and rave?"

Then she sinks beside his bier,
And her screams through air resound:
"I must seek my spouse so dear,
E'en if in the grave he's bound.
Shall those limbs of grace divine
Fall to ashes in my sight?
Mine he was! Yes, only mine!
Ah, one single blissful night!"
The priests chant in chorus: "We bear out the old,
When long they've been weary, and late they've grown cold;
We bear out the young, too, so thoughtless and light.

"To thy priests' command give ear!
This one was thy husband ne'er;
Live still as a Bayadere,
And no duty thou need'st share.
To death's silent realms from life,
None but shades attend man's frame,
With the husband, none but wife, —
That is duty, that is fame.
Ye trumpets, your sacred lament haste to raise!
Oh, welcome, ye gods, the bright lustre of days!
Oh, welcome to heaven the youth from the flame!"

Thus increased her torments are
By the cruel, heartless choir;

And with arms outstretching far
  Leaps she on the glowing pyre.
But the youth divine outsprings
  From the flame with heav'nly grace,
And on high his flight he wings,
  While his arms his love embrace.
In the sinner repentant the Godhead feels joy;
Immortals delight thus their might to employ
Lost children to raise to a heavenly place.

THE PARIAH.

I. THE PARIAH'S PRAYER.

DREADED Brama, lord of might!
  All proceed from thee alone;
Thou art he who judgeth right!
  Dost thou none but Brahmins own?
Do but Rajahs come from thee?
  None but those of high estate?
  Didst not thou the ape create,
Ay, and even such as we?

We are not of noble kind,
  For with woe our lot is rife;
And what others deadly find
  Is our only source of life.
Let this be enough for men,
  Let them, if they will, despise us;
  But thou, Brama, thou shouldst prize us,
All are equal in thy ken.

Now that, Lord, this prayer is said,
  As thy child acknowledge me;
Or let one be born instead,
  Who may link me on to thee!

Didst not thou a Bayadere
As a goddess heavenward raise?
And we, too, to swell thy praise,
Such a miracle would hear.

II. LEGEND.

[The successful manner in which Goethe employs the simple rhymeless, trochaic metre in this and in many other poems will perhaps be remarked by the reader.]

WATER-FETCHING goes the noble
Brahmin's wife, so pure and lovely;
He is honoured, void of blemish,
And of justice rigid, stern.
Daily from the sacred river
Brings she back refreshment precious, —
But where is the pail and pitcher?
She of neither stands in need.
For with pure heart, hands unsullied,
She the water lifts, and rolls it
To a wondrous ball of crystal;
This she bears with gladsome bosom,
Modestly, with graceful motion,
To her husband in the house.
She to-day at dawn of morning
Praying comes to Ganges' waters,
Bends her o'er the glassy surface —
Sudden, in the waves reflected,
Flying swiftly far above her,
From the highest heavens descending,
She discerns the beauteous form
Of a youth divine, created
By the God's primeval wisdom
In his own eternal breast.
When she sees him, straightway feels she
Wondrous, new, confused sensations

In her inmost, deepest being;
Fain she'd linger o'er the vision,
Then repels it, — it returneth, —
And, perplexed, she bends her flood-wards
With uncertain hands to draw it;
But, alas, she draws no more!
For the water's sacred billows
Seem to fly, to hasten from her;
She but sees the fearful chasm
Of a whirlpool black disclosed.

Arms drop down, and footsteps stumble,
Can this be the pathway homewards?
Shall she fly, or shall she tarry?
Can she think, when thought and counsel,
When assistance, all are lost?
So before her spouse appears she —
On her looks he — look is judgment —
Proudly on the sword he seizes,
To the hill of death he drags her,
Where delinquents' blood pays forfeit.
What resistance could she offer?
What excuses could she proffer,
Guilty, knowing not her guilt?

And with bloody sword returns he,
Musing, to his silent dwelling,
When his son before him stands:
"Whose this blood? Oh, father! father!"
"The delinquent woman's!" — "Never!
For upon the sword it dries not,
Like the blood of the delinquent;
Fresh it flows, as from the wound.
Mother! mother! hither hasten;
Unjust never was my father,
Tell me what he now hath done." —
"Silence; silence! *hers* the blood is!"

"Whose, my father?" — "Silence! Silence!"
"What! oh, what! my mother's blood!
What her crime? What did she? Answer!
Now, the sword! the sword now hold I!
Thou thy wife perchance might'st slaughter,
But my mother might'st not slay!
Through the flames the wife is able
Her beloved spouse to follow,
And his dear and only mother
Through the sword her faithful son.",
"Stay! oh, stay!" exclaimed the father:
"Yet 'tis time, so hasten, hasten!
Join the head upon the body,
With the sword then touch the figure,
And, alive, she'll follow thee."

Hastening, he, with breathless wonder,
Sees the bodies of two women
Lying crosswise; and their heads, too;
Oh, what horror! which to choose!
Then his mother's head he seizes, —
Does not kiss it, deadly pale 'tis, —
On the nearest headless body
Puts it quickly, and then blesses
With the sword the pious work.
Then a giant form uprises. —
From the dear lips of his mother,
Lips all godlike — changeless — blissful,
Sound these words with horror fraught:
"Son, oh, son! what overhastening!
Yonder is thy mother's body,
Near it lies the impious head
Of the woman who hath fallen
Victim to the judgment-sword!
To her body I am grafted
By thy hand for endless ages;
Wise in counsel, wild in action,

I shall be amongst the gods.
E'en the heavenly boy's own image,
Though in brow and eye so lovely,
Sinking downwards to the bosom
Mad and raging lust will stir.

"'Twill return again for ever,
Ever rising, ever sinking,
Now obscured, and now transfigured,
So great Brama hath ordained.
He 'twas sent the beauteous pinions,
Radiant face, and slender members
Of the only God-begotten,
That I might be proved and tempted;
For from high descends temptation,
When the gods ordain it so.
And so I, the Brahmin woman,
With my head in Heaven reclining,
Must experience, as a Pariah,
The debasing power of earth.

"Son, I send thee to thy father!
Comfort him! Let no sad penance,
Weak delay, or thought of merit,
Hold thee in the desert fast;
Wander on through ev'ry nation,
Roam abroad throughout all ages,
And proclaim to e'en the meanest,
That great Brama hears his cry!

"None is in his eyes the meanest —
He whose limbs are lame and palsied,
He whose soul is wildly riven,
Worn with sorrow, hopeless, helpless,
Be he Brahmin, be he Pariah,
If tow'rd heaven he turns his gaze,

Will perceive, will learn to know it:
Thousand eyes are glowing yonder,
Thousand ears are calmly list'ning,
From which nought below is hid.

"If I to his throne soar upward,
If he sees my fearful figure
By his might transformed to horror,
He for ever will lament it, —
May it to your good be found!
And I now will kindly warn him,
And I now will madly tell him
Whatsoe'er my mind conceiveth,
What within my bosom heaveth.
But my thoughts, my inmost feelings —
Those a secret shall remain."

III. THE PARIAH'S THANKS.

MIGHTY Brama, now I'll bless thee!
'Tis from thee that worlds proceed!
As my ruler I confess thee,
For of all thou takest heed.

All thy thousand ears thou keepest
Open to each child of earth;
We, 'mongst mortals sunk the deepest,
Have from thee received new birth.

Bear in mind the woman's story,
Who, through grief, divine became;
Now I'll wait to view His glory,
Who omnipotence can claim.

DEATH LAMENT OF THE NOBLE WIFE OF ASAN AGA.

[This beautiful poem, purporting to be a translation from the Morlachian, was first printed in Herder's admirable collection of ballads, translated into German from almost every European language, and published under the title of Volkslieder. The fine poetic instinct of Goethe was signally displayed in this composition; for although, as Mickiewicz has observed ("Les Slaves," tome i. p. 323, Paris, 1849), he had to divine the import of the poem across three bad translations, and was at the same time ignorant of the Slavic language, he produced a perfect version, having instinctively detected and avoided the faults of the previous translators.]

WHAT is yon so white beside the greenwood?
Is it snow, or flight of cygnets resting?
Were it snow, ere now it had been melted;
Were it swans, ere now the flock had left us.
Neither snow nor swans are resting yonder,
'Tis the glittering tents of Asan Aga.
Faint he lies from wounds in stormy battle;
There his mother and his sisters seek him,
But his wife hangs back for shame, and comes not.

When the anguish of his hurts was over,
To his faithful wife he sent this message —
"Longer 'neath my roof thou shalt not tarry,
Neither in my court nor in my household."

When the lady heard that cruel sentence,
'Reft of sense she stood, and racked with anguish;
In the court she heard the horses stamping,
And in fear that it was Asan coming,
Fled towards the tower, to leap and perish.

Then in terror ran her little daughters,
Calling after her, and weeping sorely,

"These are not the steeds of Father Asan;
'Tis our uncle Pintorovich coming!"

And the wife of Asan turned to meet him;
Sobbing, threw her arms around her brother.
"See the wrongs, O brother, of thy sister!
These five babes I bore and must I leave them?"

Silently the brother, from his girdle,
Draws the ready deed of separation,
Wrapped within a crimson silken cover.
She is free to seek her mother's dwelling —
Free to join in wedlock with another.

When the woeful lady saw the writing,
Kissed she both her boys upon the forehead,
Kissed on both the cheeks her sobbing daughters;
But she cannot tear herself for pity
From the infant smiling in the cradle!

Rudely did her brother tear her from it,
Deftly lifted her upon a courser,
And in haste towards his father's dwelling,
Spurred he onward with the woeful lady.

Short the space; seven days, but barely seven —
Little space I ween — by many nobles
Was the lady — still in weeds of mourning —
Was the lady courted in espousal.

Far the noblest was Imoski's cadi;
And the dame in tears besought her brother —
"I adjure thee, by the life thou bearest,
Give me not a second time in marriage,
That my heart may not be rent asunder
If again I see my darling children!"

Little recked the brother of her bidding,
Fixed to wed her to Imoski's cadi.
But the gentle lady still entreats him —
Send at least a letter, O my brother!
To Imoski's cadi, thus imploring —
"I, the youthful widow, greet thee fairly,
And entreat thee by this self-same token,
When thou comest hither with thy bridesmen,
Bring a heavy veil, that I may shroud me
As we pass along by Asan's dwelling,
So I may not see my darling orphans."

Scarcely had the cadi read the letter,
When he called together all his bridesmen;
Bound to bring the lady homewards,
And he brought the veil as she entreated.

Jocundly they reached the princely mansion,
Jocundly they bore her thence in triumph;
But, when they drew near to Asan's dwelling,
Then the children recognised their mother,
And they cried, "Come back unto the chamber —
Share the meal this evening with thy children!"
Then she turned her to the lordly bridegroom —
"Pray thee, let the bridesmen and their horses
Halt a little by the once-loved dwelling,
Till I give these presents to my children."

And they halted by the once-loved dwelling,
And she gave the weeping children presents,
Gave each boy a cap with gold embroidered,
Gave each girl a gay and costly garment,
And with tears she left a tiny mantle
For the helpless baby in the cradle.

These things marked the father, Asan Aga,
And in sorrow called he to his children —

"Turn again to me, ye poor deserted;
Hard as steel is now your mother's bosom;
Shut so fast it cannot throb with pity!"

Thus he spoke; and when the lady heard him,
Pale as death she dropped upon the pavement,
And the life fled from her wretched bosom,
As she saw her children turning from her.

IDYLL.

A village Chorus is supposed to be assembled, and about to commence its festive procession.

[Written for the birthday of the Duchess Louisa of Weimar.]

CHORUS.

THE festal day hail ye
With garlands of pleasure,
And dances' soft measure,
With rapture commingled
And sweet choral song.

DAMON.

Oh, how I yearn from out the crowd to flee!
What joy a secret glade would give to me!
Amid the throng, the turmoil here,
Confined the plain, the breezes e'en appear.

CHORUS.

Now order it truly,
That ev'ry one duly

May roam and may wander,
Now here and now yonder,
The meadows along.

[The Chorus retreats gradually, and the song becomes fainter and fainter, till it dies away in the distance.]

DAMON.

In vain ye call, in vain would lure me on;
True my heart speaks, but with itself alone.
And if I may view
A blessing-fraught land,
The heaven's clear blue,
And the plain's verdant hue,
Alone I'll rejoice,
Undisturbed by man's voice.
And there I'll pay homage
To womanly merit,
Observe it in spirit,
In spirit pay homage;
To echo alone
Shall my secret be known.

CHORUS.

[Faintly mingling with Damon's song in the distance.]

To echo — alone —
Shall my secret — be known.

MENALCAS.

My friend, why meet I here with thee?
Thou hastenest not to join the festal throng?
No longer stay, but come with me,
And mingle in the dance and song.

DAMON.

Thou'rt welcome, friend! but suffer me to roam
Where these old beeches hide me from man's view;
Love seeks in solitude a home,
And homage may retreat there, too.

MENALCAS.

Thou seekest here a spurious fame,
And hast a mind to-day to grieve me.
Love as thy portion thou may'st claim,
But homage thou must share with *all*, believe me!

When their voices thousands raise,
And the dawn of morning praise,
Rapture bringing,
Blithely singing
On before us,
Heart and ear in pleasure vie;

And when thousands join in chorus,
With feelings brightly glowing,
And the wishes overflowing,
Forcibly they'll bear thee high.

[The Chorus gradually approaches from the distance.]

DAMON.

Distant strains are hither wending,
And I'm gladdened by the throng;
Yes, they're coming, — yes, descending
To the valley from the height.

MENALCAS.

Let us haste, our footsteps blending
With the rhythm of the song!
Yes, they come; their course they're bending
Toward the wood's green sward so bright.

CHORUS.

[Gradually becoming louder.]

Yes, we hither come, attending
With the harmony of song,
As the hours their race are ending
On this day of blest delight.

ALL.

Let none reveal
The thoughts we feel,
The aims we own!
Let joy alone
Disclose the story!
She'll prove it right
And her delight
Includes the glory,
Includes the bliss
Of days like this!

RINALDO.[1]

[This cantata was written for Prince Frederick of Gotha, and set to music by Winter, the prince singing the part of Rinaldo. — See the *Annalen*.]

CHORUS.

To the strand! quick, mount the bark!
If no favouring breezes blow,
Ply the oar and nimbly row,
And with zeal your prowess mark!
O'er the sea we thus career.

RINALDO.

Oh, let me linger one short moment here!
'Tis heaven's decree, I may not hence away.
The rugged cliffs, the wood-encircled bay,
Hold me a prisoner, and my flight delay.
Ye were so fair, but now that dream is o'er;
The charms of earth, the charms of heaven are nought.
What keeps me in this spot so terror-fraught?
My only joy is fled from me for evermore.

Let me taste those days so sweet,
Heaven descended, once again!
Heart, dear heart! ay, warmly beat!
Spirit true, recall those days!
Freeborn breath, thy gentle lays
Mingled are with joy and pain.

Round the beds so richly gleaming,
Rises up a palace fair;
And with rosy fragrance teeming,
As in dream thou saw'st it ne'er.

[1] See Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," Canto XVI.

And this spacious garden round,
Far extend the galleries;
Roses blossom near the ground,
High in air, too, bloom the trees.

Wat'ry flakes and jets are falling,
Sweet and silv'ry strains arise;
While the turtle-dove is calling,
And the nightingale replies.

CHORUS.

Gently come! feel no alarm,
On a noble duty bent;
Vanished now is ev'ry charm
That by magic power was lent.
Friendly words and greetings calm
On his wounds will pour soft balm,
Fill his mind with sweet content.

RINALDO.

Hark! the turtle-dove is calling,
And the nightingale replies;
Wat'ry flakes and jets are falling,
Mingling with their melodies.

But all of them say:
Her only we mean;
But all fly away,
As soon as she's seen, —
The beauteous young maiden,
With graces so rife.

Then lily and rose
In wreaths are entwining:
In dances combining,

Each zephyr that blows
Its brother is greeting,
All flying and meeting
With balsam full laden,
When awakened to life.

CHORUS.

No! no longer may we wait;
Rouse him from his vision straight!
Show the adamantine shield!

RINALDO.

Woe! what form is here revealed!

CHORUS.

'Twill disclose the cheat to thee.

RINALDO.

Am I doomed myself to see
Thus degraded evermore?

CHORUS.

Courage take, and all is o'er.

RINALDO.

Be it so! I'll take fresh heart,
From the spot beloved depart,
Leave Armida once again. —
Come then! here no more remain!

CHORUS.

Yes, 'tis well no more remain.

SEMI - CHORUS.

Away then! let's fly
O'er the zephyr-kissed ocean.
The soul-lighted eye
Sees armies in motion,
Sees proud banners wave
O'er the dust-sprinkled course.

CHORUS.

From his forefathers brave
Draws the hero new force.

RINALDO.

With sorrow laden,
Within this valley's
All-silent alleys
The fairest maiden
Again I see.
Twice can this be?
What! shall I hear it,
And not have spirit
To ease her pains?

CHORUS.

Unworthy chains?

RINALDO.

And now I've seen her
Alas! how changed!
With cold demeanour,
And looks estranged,
With ghostly tread,—
All hope is fled,

Yes, fled for ever.
The lightnings quiver,
Each palace falls;
The godlike halls,
Each joyous hour
Of spirit-power,
With love's sweet day
All fade away!

CHORUS.

Yes, fade away!

SEMI-CHORUS.

Already are heard
  The prayers of the pious.
  Why longer deny us?
The favouring zephyr
  Forbids all delay.

CHORUS.

Away, then! away!

RINALDO.

With heart sadly stirred,
  Your command I receive;
  Ye force me to leave.
Unkind is the zephyr,—
  Oh, wherefore not stay?

CHORUS.

Away, then! away!

THE FIRST WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

A DRUID.

SWEET smiles the May!
The forest gay
From frost and ice is freed;
No snow is found,
Glad songs resound
Across the verdant mead.
Upon the height
The snow lies light,
Yet thither now we go,
There to extol our Father's name,
Whom we for ages know.
Amid the smoke shall gleam the flame;
Thus pure the heart will grow.

THE DRUIDS.

Amid the smoke shall gleam the flame;
Extol we now our Father's name,
Whom we for ages know!
Up, up, then, let us go!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Would ye, then, so rashly act?
Would ye instant death attract?
Know ye not the cruel threats
Of the victors we obey?
Round about are placed their nets
In the sinful heathen's way.
Ah! upon the lofty wall
Wife and children slaughter they;
And we all
Hasten to a certain fall.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Ay, upon the camp's high wall
All our children loved they slay.
Ah, what cruel victors they!
And we all
Hasten to a certain fall.

A DRUID.

Who fears to-day
His rites to pay,
Deserves his chains to wear.
The forest's free!
This wood take we,
And straight a pile prepare!
Yet in the wood
To stay 'tis good
By day till all is still,
With watchers all around us placed
Protecting you from ill.
With courage fresh, then, let us haste
Our duties to fulfil.

CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

Ye valiant watchers now divide
Your numbers through the forest wide,
And see that all is still,
While they their rites fulfil.

A WATCHER.

Let us in a cunning wise,
Yon dull Christian priests surprise!
With the devil of their talk
We'll those very priests confound.
Come with prong and come with fork,
Raise a wild and rattling sound

Through the livelong night, and prowl
  All the rocky passes round.
Screech-owl, owl,
Join in chorus with our howl!

CHORUS OF WATCHERS.

Come with prong, and come with fork,
Like the devil of their talk,
And with wildly rattling sound,
Prowl the desert rocks around!
Screech-owl, owl,
Join in chorus with our howl!

A DRUID.

  Thus far 'tis right,
  That we by night
Our Father's praises sing;
  Yet when 'tis day,
  To Thee we may
A heart unsullied bring.
  'Tis true that now,
  And often, Thou
Favourest the foe in fight.
As from the smoke is freed the blaze,
  So let our faith burn bright!
And if they crush our olden ways,
  Who e'er can crush Thy light?

A CHRISTIAN WATCHER.

Comrades, quick! your aid afford!
All the brood of hell's abroad:
See how their enchanted forms
  Through and through with flames are glowing!
Dragon-women, men-wolf swarms,
  On in quick succession going!

Let us, let us haste to fly!
Wilder yet the sounds are growing,
And the arch fiend roars on high;
From the ground
Hellish vapours rise around.

CHORUS OF CHRISTIAN WATCHERS.

Terrible enchanted forms,
Dragon-women, men-wolf swarms!
Wilder yet the sounds are growing!
See, the arch fiend comes, all-glowing!
From the ground
Hellish vapours rise around.

CHORUS OF DRUIDS.

As from the smoke is freed the blaze,
So let our faith burn bright!
And if they crush our olden ways,
Whoe'er can crush Thy light?

THE following odes are the most singular of all the poems of Goethe, and to many will appear so wild and fantastic as to leave anything but a pleasing impression. Those at the beginning, addressed to his friend Behrisch, were written at the age of eighteen, and most of the remainder were composed while he was still quite young. Despite, however, the extravagance of some of them, such as the "Winter Journey over the Hartz Mountain" and the "Wanderer's Storm-Song," nothing can be finer than the noble one entitled "Mahomet's Song," and others, such as the "Spirit Song over the Waters," "The Godlike," and, above all, the magnificent sketch of "Prometheus," which forms part of an unfinished piece bearing the same name, and called by Goethe a "Dramatic Fragment."

TO MY FRIEND.

[These three odes are addressed to a certain Behrisch, who was tutor to Count Linedenan, and of whom Goethe gives an odd account at the end of the seventh book of his "Autobiography."]

FIRST ODE.

TRANSPLANT the beauteous tree!
Gardener, it gives me pain;
A happier resting-place
Its trunk deserved.

Yet the strength of its nature
To Earth's exhausting avarice,
To Air's destructive inroads,
An antidote opposed.

See how it in spring-time
Coins its pale green leaves!
Their orange-fragrance
Poisons each fly-blow straight.

The caterpillar's tooth
Is blunted by them;
With silvery hues they gleam
In the bright sunshine.

Its twigs the maiden
Fain would twine in
Her bridal-garland;
Youth its fruit are seeking.

See, the autumn cometh!
The caterpillar
Sighs to the crafty spider, —
Sighs that the tree will not fade.

Hov'ring thither,
From out her yew-tree dwelling,
The gaudy foe advances
Against the kindly tree,

And cannot hurt it.
But the more artful one
Defiles with nauseous venom
Its silver leaves;

And sees with triumph
How the maiden shudders,
The youth, how mourns he,
On passing by.

Transplant the beauteous tree!
Gardener, it gives me pain.
Tree, thank the gardener
Who moves thee hence!

SECOND ODE.

THOU goest! I murmur—
Go! let me murmur.
Oh, worthy man,
Fly from this land!

Deadly marshes,
Steaming mists of October
Here interweave their currents,
Blending for ever.

Noisome insects
Here are engendered;
Fatal darkness
Veils their malice.

The fiery-tongued serpent,
Hard by the sedgy bank,
Stretches his pampered body,
Caressed by the sun's bright beams.

Tempt no gentle night-rambles
Under the moon's cold twilight!
Loathsome toads hold their meetings
Yonder at every crossway.

Injuring not,
Fear will they cause thee.
Oh, worthy man,
Fly from this land!

THIRD ODE.

Be void of feeling!
A heart that soon is stirred,
Is a possession sad
Upon this changing earth.

Behrisch, let spring's sweet smile
Never gladden thy brow!
Then winter's gloomy tempests
Never will shadow it o'er.

Lean thyself ne'er on a maiden's
Sorrow-engendering breast.
Ne'er on the arm,
Misery-fraught, of a friend.

Already Envy
From out his rocky ambush
Upon thee turns
The force of his lynx-like eyes,

Stretches his talons,
On thee falls,
In thy shoulders
Cunningly plants them.

Strong are his skinny arms,
As panther-claws;
He shaketh thee,
And rends thy frame.

Death 'tis to part;
'Tis threefold death
To part, not hoping
Ever to meet again.

Thou wouldst rejoice to leave
This hated land behind,
Wert thou not chained to me
With friendship's flowery chains.

Burst them! I'll not repine.
No noble friend
Would stay his fellow captive
If means of flight appear.

The remembrance
Of his dear friend's freedom
Gives *him* freedom
In his dungeon.

Thou goest, — I'm left.
But e'en already
The last year's wingèd spokes
Whirl round the smoken axle.

I number the turns
Of the thundering wheel;
The last one I bless, —
Each bar then is broken, I'm free then
as thou!

SONG OF THE SPIRITS OVER THE WATERS.

The soul of man is like to water;
From Heaven it cometh,
To Heaven it riseth,
And then returneth to earth,
For ever alternating.
Then foameth brightly,
In cloud-waves rolling,
O'er polished rocks.
Then tranquil flowing,
It wandereth, hiding,
Soft murmuring to depths below it.
Over scrags from the steep projecting
Falls it all roaring, foaming, step-like,
Far downward.
Then, level flowing,
Creeps to the meadow away:
And in the glassy sea
Gaze all the planets at their fair faces.

Wind is to wavelet tenderest lover:
Wind from the deep tears foam-crested billows.
Soul of man mortal, how art thou like water!
Fate of man mortal, how art thou like wind!

MAHOMET'S SONG.

[This song was intended to be introduced in a dramatic poem entitled "Mahomet," the plan of which was not carried out by Goethe. He mentions that it was to have been sung by Ali toward the end of the piece, in honour of his master, Mahomet, shortly before his death, and when at the height of his glory, of which it is typical.]

SEE the rock-born stream!
Like the gleam
Of a star so bright!
Kindly spirits
High above the clouds
Nourished him while youthful
In the copse between the cliffs.

Young and fresh,
From the clouds he danceth
Down upon the marble rocks;
Then toward heaven
Leaps exulting.

Through the mountain-passes
Chaseth he the coloured pebbles,
And, advancing like a chief,
Tears his brother streamlets with him
In his course.

In the valley down below
'Neath his footsteps spring the flowers,
And the meadow
In his breath finds life.

Yet no shady vale can stay him,
Nor can flowers,

Round his knees all softly twining
With their loving eyes detain him;
To the plain his course he taketh,
Serpent-winding.

Social streamlets
Join his waters. And now moves he
O'er the plain in silv'ry glory,
And the plain in him exults,
And the rivers from the plain,
And the streamlets from the mountain,
Shout with joy, exclaiming: "Brother,
Brother, take thy brethren with thee,
With thee to thine aged father,
To the everlasting ocean,
Who, with arms outstretching far,
Waiteth for us;
Ah, in vain those arms lie open
To embrace his yearning children;
For the thirsty sand consumes us
In the desert waste; the sunbeams
Drink our life-blood; hills around us
Into lakes would dam us! Brother,
Take thy brethren of the plain,
Take thy brethren of the mountain
With thee, to thy father's arms!"

Let all come, then! —
And now swells he
Lordlier still; yea, e'en a people
Bears his regal flood on high!
And in triumph onward rolling,
Names to countries gives he, — cities
Spring to light beneath his foot.

Ever, ever, on he rushes,
Leaves the towers' flame-tipped summits,

Marble palaces, the offspring
Of his fulness, far behind.

Cedar-houses bears the Atlas
On his giant shoulders; fluttering
In the breeze far, far above him
Thousand flags are gaily floating,
Bearing witness to his might.

And so beareth he his brethren,
All his treasures, all his children,
Wildly shouting, to the bosom
Of his long-expectant sire.

MY GODDESS.

Say, which Immortal
Merits the highest reward?
With none contend I,
But I will give it
To the aye-changing,
Ever-moving
Wondrous daughter of Jove,
His best-beloved offspring,
Sweet Phantasy.

For unto her
Hath he granted
All the fancies which erst
To none allowed he
Saving himself;
Now he takes his pleasure
In the mad one.

She may, crowned with roses,
With staff twined round with lilies

Roam through flowery valleys,
Rule the butterfly people,
And soft-nourishing dew
With bee-like lips
Drink from the blossom:

Or else she may,
With fluttering hair
And gloomy looks,
Sigh in the wind
Round rocky cliffs,
And thousand-hued,
Like morn and even,
Ever changing,
Like moonbeam's light,
To mortals appear.

Let us all, then,
Adore the Father!
The old, the mighty,
Who such a beauteous
Ne'er-fading spouse
Deigns to accord
To perishing mortals!

To us alone
Doth he unite her,
With heavenly bonds,
While he commands her
In joy and sorrow,
As a true spouse
Never try to fly us.

All the remaining
Races so poor
Of life-teeming earth,
In children so rich,

Wander and feed
In vacant enjoyment,
And 'mid the dark sorrows
Of evanescent
Restricted life, —
Bowed by the heavy
Yoke of Necessity.

But unto us he
Hath his most versatile,
Most cherished daughter
Granted, — what joy!

Lovingly greet her
As a beloved one!
Give her the woman's
Place in our home!

And, oh, may the aged
Stepmother Wisdom
Her gentle spirit
Ne'er seek to harm!

Yet know I her sister,
The older, sedater,
Mine own silent friend;
Oh, may she never,
Till life's lamp is quenched,
Turn away from me, —
That noble inciter,
Comforter, — Hope!

HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

RIDE TO THE HARTZ IN WINTER.

[The following explanation is necessary in order to make this ode in any way intelligible. The poet is supposed to leave his companions, who are proceeding on a hunting expedition in winter, in order himself to pay a visit to a hypochondriacal friend, and also to see the mining in the Hartz mountains. The ode alternately describes, in a very fragmentary and peculiar way, the naturally happy disposition of the poet himself and the unhappiness of his friend; it pictures the wildness of the road and the dreariness of the prospect, which is relieved at one spot by the distant sight of a town, a very vague allusion to which is made in the third strophe; it recalls the hunting party on which his companions have gone: and, after an address to Love, concludes by a contrast between unexplored recesses of the highest peak of the Hartz and the metalliferous veins of its smaller brethren.]

FREE as the hawk,
Which, on yon dark morning cloud-pile,
With soft spread pinion resting,
Looks out for prey,
Float my loose song!

Sure a God hath
Unto each his path
Fore-appointed,
Which the fortunate
Swift to happiest
Goal pursues:
But whom misfortune
Hath frozen to the heart,
He frets him vainly
Against the restraint of
The wire-woven cord, which
Soon shall the bitter scissors
Snap once for all.

To gloomy thicket
Rushes the reindeer wild,
And with the sparrows have
Long ago the rich folks
Into their swamps for shelter sunk.
Easy to follow the chariot,
When 'tis Fortune drives.
Just as the lumbering cart
Over the hard, smooth road rolls,
After a monarch's march.

But aside who fareth?
In the woods he loses his path;
Swiftly behind him
The boughs fly together,
The grass stands up again,
The desert o'erwhelms him.

Ah, but who healeth the pangs of
Him, whose balm becomes poison?
Who but hate for man
From the fulness of love hath drunk?
First despised, and now a despiser,
Wastes he secretly
All his own best worth,
Brooding over himself.

Is there on thy psalter,
Father of love, one tone
Which his ear would welcome?
Oh, then, quicken his heart!
Open his beclouded look
Over the thousand fountains
All around him thirsting there
In the desert.

Thou, who on each bestowest
Joys, a superabundant share,
Bless the brothers of the chase,
Out in search of wild beasts,
With danger-loving zeal of youth,
Eager to take life,
Late avengers of mischief,
Which for years hath defied the
Farmer's threatening cudgel.

But the lone wanderer wrap
In thy golden cloud-fleeces;
And wreathe with evergreen,
Till the summer roses be blowing,
The dripping ringlets,
O Love, of this thy poet!

With thy flickering torch thou
Lightest him on
Through the fords, in the night,
Over treacherous footing
On desolate commons.
With the thousand tints of the moon, thou
Smilest to his heart so!
With the bitter cold blast
Bearest him gloriously up.
Winter torrents down from the rocks roll
Into his anthems.
An altar of cheerfulest thanks
Seems to him the terrible summit's
Snow-hung, hoary crown,
Wreathed with rows of pale spirits
By the marvellous people.

Thou standest, with unexplored bosom
Mysteriously prominent,

Over the astonished world,
And lookest from the clouds there
Down on its riches and majesty,
Which thou from the veins of these thy brothers
Round thee here waterest.

THE WANDERER'S STORM-SONG.

[Goethe says of this ode, that it is the only one remaining out of several strange hymns and dithyrambs composed by him at a period of great unhappiness, when the love-affair between him and Frederica had been broken off by him. He used to sing them while wandering wildly about the country. This particular one was caused by his being caught in a tremendous storm on one of these occasions. He calls it a half-crazy piece (*haybunsinn*), and the reader will probably agree with him.]

He whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Feels no dread within his heart
At the tempest or the rain.
He whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Will to the rain clouds,
Will to the hail-storm,
Sing in reply
As the lark sings,
O thou on high!

Him whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Thou wilt raise above the mud-track
With thy fiery pinions.
He will wander,
As, with flowery feet,
Over Deucalion's dark flood,
Python-slaying, light, glorious,
Pythius Apollo.

Him whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Thou wilt place upon thy fleecy pinion,

When he sleepeth on the rock, —
Thou wilt shelter with thy guardian wing
In the forest's midnight hour.

Him whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,
Thou wilt wrap up warmly
In the snow-drift;
Toward the warmth approach the Muses,
Toward the warmth approach the Graces.

Ye Muses, hover round me!
Ye Graces also!
That is water, that is earth,
And the son of water and of earth
Over which I wander,
Like the gods.

Ye are pure, like the heart of the water,
Ye are pure like the marrow of earth,
Hov'ring round me, while I hover
Over water, o'er the earth,
Like the gods.

Shall he, then, return,
The small, the dark, the fiery peasant?
Shall he, then, return, awaiting
Only thy gifts, O Father Bromius,
And brightly gleaming, warm the spreading
fire?
Return with joy?
And I, whom ye attended,
Ye Muses and ye Graces,
Whom all awaits that ye,
Ye Muses and ye Graces,
Of circling bliss in life
Have glorified — shall I
Return dejected?

Father Bromius!
Thou art the Genius,
Genius of ages,
Thou'rt what inward glow
To Pindar was,
What to the world
Phœbus Apollo.

Woe! Woe! Inward warmth,
Spirit-warmth,
Central-point!
Glow, and vie with
Phœbus Apollo:
Coldly soon
His regal look
Over thee will swiftly glide, —
Envy-struck
Linger o'er the cedar's strength,
Which, to flourish,
Waits him not.

Why doth my lay name thee the last?
Thee, from whom it began,
Thee, in whom it endeth,
Thee, from whom it flows,
Jupiter Pluvius!
Toward thee streams my song,
And a Castalian spring
Runs as a fellow brook,
Runs to the idle ones,
Mortal, happy ones,
Apart from thee,
Who coverest me around,
Jupiter Pluvius!

Not by the elm-tree
Him didst thou visit,

With the pair of doves
Held in his gentle arm, —
With the beauteous garland of roses, —
Caressing him, so blest in his flowers,
Anacreon,
Storm-breathing godhead!
Not in the poplar grove,
Near the Sybaris' strand,
Not in the mountain's
Sun-illumined brow
Didst thou seize him,
The flower-singing,
Honey-breathing,
Sweetly nodding
Theocritus.

When the wheels were rattling,
Wheel on wheel toward the goal,
High arose
The sound of the lash
Of youth with victory glowing,
In the dust rolling,
As from the mountain fall
Showers of stone in the vale —
Then thy soul was brightly glowing, Pindar —
Glowing? Poor heart?
There, on the hill, —
Heavenly might!
But enough glow
Thither to wend,
Where is my cot?

TO FATHER[1] KRONOS.

[Written in a post-chaise.]

HASTEN thee, Kronos!
On with clattering trot!
Down hill goeth thy path;
Loathsome dizziness ever,
When thou delayest, assails me.
Quick, rattle along,
Over stock and stone let thy trot
Into life straightway lead!

Now once more
Up the toilsome ascent
Hasten, panting for breath!
Up, then, nor idle be, —
Striving and hoping, up, up!

Wide, high, glorious the view
Gazing round upon life,
While from mount unto mount
Hovers the spirit eterne,
Life eternal foreboding.

Sideways a roof's pleasant shade
Attracts thee,
And a look that promises coolness
On the maidenly threshold.
There refresh thee! And, maiden,
Give me this foaming draught also,
Give me this health-laden look!

[1] In the original, *Schwager*, which has the twofold meaning of *brother-in-law* and *postilion*.

Down, now! quicker still, down!
See where the sun sets!
Ere he sets, ere old age
Seize me in the morass,
Ere my toothless jaws mumble,
And my useless limbs totter;
While drunk with his farewell beam
Hurl me, — a fiery sea
Foaming still in mine eye, —
Hurl me, while dazzled and reeling,
Down to the gloomy portal of hell.

Blow, then, gossip, thy horn,
Speed on with echoing trot,
So that Orcus may know we are coming,
So that our host may with joy
Wait at the door to receive us.

THE SEA-VOYAGE.

MANY a day and night my bark stood ready laden;
Waiting fav'ring winds, I sat with true friends round me,
Pledging me to patience and to courage,
In the haven.

And they spoke thus with impatience twofold:
"Gladly pray we for thy rapid passage,
Gladly for thy happy voyage; fortune
In the distant world is waiting for thee,
In our arms thou'lt find thy prize, and love, too,
When returning."

And when morning came arose an uproar,
And the sailors' joyous shouts awoke us;
All was stirring, all was living, moving,
Bent on sailing with the first kind zephyr.

And the sails soon in the breezes are swelling,
And the sun with fiery love invites us;
Filled the sails are, clouds on high are floating,
On the shore each friend exultant raises
Songs of hope, in giddy joy expecting
Joy the voyage through, as on the morn of sailing,
And the earliest starry nights so radiant.

But by God-sent changing winds ere long he's driven
Sideways from the course he had intended,
And he feigns as though he would surrender,
While he gently striveth to outwit them,
To his goal, e'en when thus pressed, still faithful.

But from out the damp gray distance rising,
Softly now the storm proclaims its advent,
Presseth down each bird upon the waters,
Presseth down the throbbing heart of mortals,
And it cometh. At its stubborn fury,
Wisely every sail the seaman striketh;
With the anguish-laden ball are sporting
Wind and water.

And on yonder shore are gathered standing,
Friends and lovers, trembling for the bold one:
"Why, alas, remained he here not with us!
Ah, the tempest! Cast away by fortune!
Must the good one perish in this fashion?
Might not he perchance . . . Ye great immortals!"

Yet he, like a man, stands by his rudder;
With the bark are sporting wind and water,
Wind and water sport not with his bosom:
On the fierce deep looks he, as a master,—
In his gods, or shipwrecked, or safe landed,
Trusting ever.

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE.

In search of prey once raised his pinions
An eaglet;
A huntsman's arrow came, and reft
His right wing of all motive power.
Headlong he fell into a myrtle grove,
For three long days on anguish fed,
In torment writhed
Throughout three long, three weary nights;
And then was cured,
Thanks to all-healing Nature's
Soft, omnipresent balm.
He crept away from out the copse,
And stretched his wing — alas!
Lost is all power of flight —
He scarce can lift himself
From off the ground
To catch some mean, unworthy prey,
And rests, deep-sorrowing,
On the low rock beside the stream.
Up to the oak he looks,
Looks up to heaven,
While in his noble eye there gleams a tear.
Then, rustling through the myrtle boughs, behold,
There comes a wanton pair of doves,
Who settle down, and, nodding, strut
O'er the gold sands beside the stream,
And gradually approach;
Their red-tinged eyes, so full of love,
Soon see the inward-sorrowing one.
The male, inquisitively social, leaps
On the next bush, and looks
Upon him kindly and complacently.
"Thou sorrowest," murmurs he:
"Be of good cheer, my friend!

All that is needed for calm happiness
Hast thou not here!
Hast thou not pleasure in the golden bough
That shields thee from the day's fierce glow?
Canst thou not raise thy breast to catch,
On the soft moss beside the brook,
The sun's last rays at even?
Here thou mayest wander through the flowers'
fresh dew,
Pluck from the overflow
The forest-trees provide,
The choicest food, — mayest quench
Thy light thirst at the silvery spring.
O friend, true happiness
Lies in contentedness,
And that contentedness
Finds everywhere enough."
"O wise one!" said the eagle, while he sank
In deep and ever deepening thought —
"O Wisdom! like a dove thou speakest!"

GANYMEDE.

How, in the light of morning,
Round me thou glowest,
Spring, thou beloved one!
With thousand-varying loving bliss
The sacred emotions
Born of thy warmth eternal
Press 'gainst my bosom,
Thou endlessly fair one!
Could I but hold thee clasped
Within mine arms!

Ah! upon thy bosom
Lay I, pining,

And then thy flowers, thy grass,
Were pressing against my heart.
Thou coolest the burning
Thirst of my bosom,
Beauteous morning breeze!
The nightingale then calls me
Sweetly from out of the misty vale.
I come, I come!
Whither? Ah, whither?

Up, up, lies my course.
While downward the clouds
Are hovering, the clouds
Are bending to meet yearning love.
For me,
Within thine arms
Upwards!
Embraced and embracing!
Upwards into thy bosom,
O Father, all-loving!

PROMETHEUS.

COVER thy spacious heavens, Zeus,
With clouds of mist,
And like the boy who lops
The thistles' heads,
Disport with oaks and mountain-peaks;
Yet thou must leave
My earth still standing;
My cottage, too, which was not raised by thee;
Leave me my hearth,
Whose kindly glow
By thee is envied.

I know nought poorer
Under the sun, than ye gods!

Ye nourish painfully,
With sacrifices
And votive prayers,
Your majesty;
Ye would e'en starve,
If children and beggars
Were not trusting fools.

While yet a child,
And ignorant of life,
I turned my wandering gaze
Up toward the sun, as if with him
There were an ear to hear my wailings,
A heart, like mine,
To feel compassion for distress.

Who helped me
Against the Titans' insolence?
Who rescued me from certain death,
From slavery?
Didst thou not do all this thyself,
My sacred glowing heart?
And glowedst, young and good,
Deceived with grateful thanks
To yonder slumbering one?

I honour thee, and why?
Hast thou e'er lightened the sorrows
Of the heavy laden?
Hast thou e'er dried up the tears
Of the anguish-stricken?
Was I not fashioned to be a man
By omnipotent Time,
And by eternal Fate,
Masters of me and thee?
Didst thou e'er fancy

That life I should learn to hate,
And fly to deserts,
Because not all
My blossoming dreams grew ripe?

Here sit I, forming mortals
After my image;
A race resembling me,
To suffer, to weep,
To enjoy, to be glad,
And thee to scorn,
As I!

LIMITS OF HUMANITY.

When the Creator,
The Great, the Eternal,
Sows with indifferent
Hand, from the rolling
Clouds, o'er the earth, His
Lightnings in blessing,
I kiss the nethermost
Hem of His garment,
Lowly inclining
In infantine awe.
For never against
The immortals, a mortal
May measure himself.
Upwards aspiring,
He toucheth the stars with his forehead,
Then do his insecure feet
Stumble and totter and reel;
Then do the cloud and the tempest
Make him their pastime and sport.

Let him with sturdy,
Sinewy limbs,

Tread the enduring
Firm-seated earth;
Aiming no further, than
The oak or the vine to compare!

What doth distinguish
Gods from mankind?
This! Multitudinous
Billows roll ever
Before the immortals,
An infinite stream.
We by a billow
Are lifted — a billow
Engulfs us — we sink,
And are heard of no more.

A little round
Encircles our life,
And races unnumbered
Extend through the ages,
Linked by existence's
Infinite chain.

THE GODLIKE.

NOBLE be man,
Helpful and good!
For that alone
Distinguisheth him
From all the beings
Unto us known.

Hail to the beings,
Unknown and glorious,
Whom we forebode!
From *his* example

Learn we to know them!
For unfeeling
Nature is ever.

On bad and on good
The sun alike shineth;
And on the wicked,
As on the best,
The moon and stars gleam.

Tempest and torrent,
Thunder and hail,
Roar on their path,
Seizing the while,
As they haste onward,
One after another.

Even so, fortune
Gropes 'mid the throng —
Innocent boyhood's
Curly head seizing, —
Seizing the hoary
Head of the sinner.

After laws mighty,
Brazen, eternal,
Must all we mortals
Finish the circuit
Of our existence.

Man, and man only
Can do the impossible;
He 'tis distinguisheth,
Chooseth and judgeth;
He to the moment
Endurance can lend.

He and he only
The good can reward,
The bad can he punish,
Can heal and can save;
All that wanders and strays
Can usefully blend.

And we pay homage
To the immortals
As though they were men,
And did in the great,
What the best, in the small,
Does or might do.

Be the man that is noble,
Both helpful and good,
Unwearily forming
The right and the useful,
A type of those beings
Our mind hath foreshadowed.

THE GERMAN PARNASSUS.

'NEATH the shadow
Of these bushes
On the meadow
Where the cooling water gushes,
Phœbus gave me, when a boy,
All life's fulness to enjoy.
So, in silence, as the God
Bade them with his sovereign nod,
Sacred Muses trained my days
To his praise, —
With the bright and silvery flood
Of Parnassus stirred my blood,

And the seal so pure and chaste
By them on my lips was placed.

With her modest pinions, see,
Philomel encircles me!
In these bushes, in yon grove,
  Calls she to her sister-throng,
  And their heavenly choral song
Teaches me to dream of love.

Fulness waxes in my breast
Of emotions social, blest;
Friendship's nurtured, — love awakes, —
And the silence Phœbus breaks
Of his mountains, of his vales,
Sweetly blow the balmy gales;
All for whom he shows affection,
Who are worthy his protection,
Gladly follow his direction.

This one comes with joyous bearing
  And with open, radiant gaze;
That a sterner look is wearing,
This one, scarcely cured, with daring
  Wakes the strength of former days;
For the sweet, destructive flame
Pierced his marrow and his frame.
That which Amor stole before
Phœbus only can restore.
Peace, and joy, and harmony,
Aspirations pure and free.

Brethren, rise ye!
Numbers prize ye!
Deeds of worth resemble they.
  Who can better than the bard

Guide a friend when gone astray?
If his duty he regard,
More he'll do, than others may.

Yes! afar I hear them sing!
Yes! I hear them touch the string,
And with mighty godlike stroke
Right and duty they inspire
And evoke,
As they sing and wake the lyre,
Tendencies of noblest worth,
To each type of strength give birth.

Phantasies of sweetest power
Flower
Round about on every bough,
Bending now
Like the magic wood of old,
'Neath the fruit that gleams like gold.

What we feel and what we view
In the land of highest bliss, —
This dear soil, a sun like this, —
Lures the best of women too.
And the Muses' breathings blest
Rouse the maiden's gentle breast,
Tune the throat to minstrelsy,
And with cheeks of beauteous dye,
Bid it sing a worthy song,
Sit the sister-band among;
And their strains grow softer still,
As they vie with earnest will.

One amongst the band betimes
Goes to wander
By the beeches, 'neath the limes,
Yonder seeking, finding yonder

That which in the morning-grove
She had lost through roguish Love,
All her breast's first aspirations,
And her heart's calm meditations.
To the shady wood so fair
  Gently stealing,
Takes she that which man can ne'er
  Duly merit, — each soft feeling, —
Disregards the noontide ray
And the dew at close of day, —
  In the plain her path she loses.
Ne'er disturb her on her way!
  Seek her silently, ye Muses!

Shouts I hear, wherein the sound
Of the waterfall is drowned.
From the grove loud clamours rise,
Strange the tumult, strange the cries.
See I rightly? Can it be?
To the very sanctuary,
Lo, an impious troop in-hies!

O'er the land
Streams the band;
Hot desire,
Drunken-fire
In their gaze
Wildly plays, —
Makes the hair
Bristle there.
And the troop,
With fell swoop,
Women, men,
Coming then,
Ply their blows
And expose,
Void of shame,
All the frame.
Iron shot,
Fierce and hot,
Strike with fear
On the ear;
All they slay
On their way,
O'er the land
Pours the band;
All take flight
At their sight

Ah, o'er every plant they rush!
Ah, their cruel footsteps crush
All the flowers that fill their path!
Who will dare to stem their wrath?

Brethren, let us venture all!
  Virtue in your pure cheek glows.
Phœbus will attend our call
  When he sees our heavy woes;
And that we may have aright
Weapons suited to the fight,
He the mountain shaketh now —
    From its brow
    Rattling down
    Stone on stone
Through the thicket spread appear.
Brethren, seize them! Wherefore fear?
Now the villain crew assail,
As though with a storm of hail,
And expel the strangers wild
From these regions soft and mild
Where the sun has ever smiled!

What strange wonder do I see?
      Can it be?
All my limbs of power are reft,
And all strength my hand has left.
      Can it be?
None are strangers that I see!
And our brethren 'tis who go
On before, the way to show!
Oh, the reckless, impious ones!
How they, with their jarring tones,
Beat the time, as on they hie!
Quick, my brethren! — let us fly!

To the rash ones, yet a word!
Ay, my voice shall now be heard,
As a peal of thunder, strong!
Words as poets' arms were made,—
When the god will be obeyed,
Follow fast his darts ere long.

Was it possible that ye
Thus your godlike dignity
Should forget? The Thyrsus rude
Must a heavy burden feel
To the hand but wont to steal
O'er the lyre in gentle mood.
From the sparkling waterfalls,
From the brook that purling calls,
Shall Silenus' loathsome beast
Be allowed at will to feast?
Aganippe's[1] wave he sips
With profane and spreading lips,—
With ungainly feet stamps madly,
Till the waters flow on sadly.

Fain I'd think myself deluded
In the saddening sounds I hear;
From the holy glades secluded
Hateful tones assail the ear.
Laughter wild (exchange how mournful!)
Takes the place of love's sweet dream;
Women-haters and the scornful
In exulting chorus scream.
Nightingale and turtle-dove
Fly their nests so warm and chaste,
And, inflamed with sensual love,
Holds the Faun the Nymph embraced.

[1] A spring in Bœotia, which arose out of Mount Helicon, and was sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

Here a garment's torn away,
  Scoffs succeed their sated bliss,
While the god, with angry ray,
  Looks upon each impious kiss.

Vapour, smoke, as from a fire,
  And advancing clouds I view;
Chords not only grace the lyre,
  For the bow its chords hath, too.
Even the adorer's heart
  Dreads the wild advancing band,
For the flames that round them dart
  Show the fierce destroyer's hand.
Oh, neglect not what I say,
  For I speak it lovingly!
From our boundaries haste away,
  From the god's dread anger fly!
Cleanse once more the holy place,
  Turn the savage train aside!
Earth contains upon its face
  Many a spot unsanctified;
Here we only prize the good.
  Stars unsullied round us burn.
If ye, in repentant mood,
  From your wanderings would return,
If ye fail to find the bliss
  That ye found with *us* of yore, —
Or when lawless mirth like this
  Gives your hearts delight no more, —
Then return in pilgrim guise,
  Gladly up the mountain go,
While your strains repentant rise,
  And our brethren's advent show.

Let a new-born wreath entwine
  Solemnly your temples round;

Rapture glows in hearts divine
When a long-lost sinner's found.
Swifter e'en the Lethe's flood
Round Death's silent house can play,
Every error of the good
Will love's chalice wash away.
All will haste your steps to meet,
As ye come in majesty, —
Men your blessing will entreat; —
Ours ye thus will doubly be!

LOVE'S DISTRESSES.

WHO will hear me? Whom shall I lament to?
Who would pity me that heard my sorrows?
Ah, the lip that erst so many raptures
Used to taste, and used to give responsive,
Now is cloven, and it pains me sorely;
And it is not thus severely wounded
By my mistress having caught me fiercely,
And then gently bitten me, intending
To secure her friend more firmly to her:
No, my tender lip is cracked thus, only
By the winds, o'er rime and frost proceeding,
Pointed, sharp, unloving, having met me.
Now the noble grape's bright juice commingled
With the bee's sweet juice, upon the fire
Of my hearth shall ease me of my torment.
Ah, what use will all this be, if with it
Love adds not a drop of his own balsam?

LILI'S MENAGERIE.

[Goethe describes this much-admired poem, which he wrote in honour of his love Lili, as being "designed to change his surrender of her into despair, by drolly-fretful images."]

THERE'S no menagerie, I vow,
Excels my Lili's at this minute;
She keeps the strangest creatures in it,
And catches them, she knows not how.
Oh, how they hop, and run, and rave,
And their clipped pinions wildly wave, —
Poor princes, who must all endure
The pangs of love that nought can cure.

What is the fairy's name? — Is it Lili? — Ask not me!
Give thanks to Heaven if she's unknown to thee.

Oh, what a cackling, what a shrieking
When near the door she takes her stand,
With her food-basket in her hand!
Oh, what a croaking, what a squeaking!
Alive all the trees and the bushes appear,
While to her feet whole troops draw near;
The very fish within the water clear
Splash with impatience and their heads protrude;
And then she throws around the food
With such a look! — the very gods delighting
(To say nought of beasts). There begins, then, a biting,
A picking, a pecking, a sipping,
And each o'er the legs of another is tripping,
And pushing, and pressing, and flapping,
And chasing, and fuming, and snapping,
And all for one small piece of bread,
To which, though dry, her fair hands give a taste,
As though it in ambrosia had been placed.

And then her look! the tone
With which she calls: Pipi! Pipi!

Would draw Jove's eagle from his throne;
Yes, Venus' turtle-doves, I ween,
And the vain peacock e'en,
Would come, I swear,
Soon as that tone had reached them through the air.

E'en from a forest dark had she
  Enticed a bear, unlicked, ill-bred,
  And, by her wiles alluring, led
To join the gentle company,
Until as tame as they was he:
(Up to a certain point, be it understood!)
How fair, and ah! how good
She seemed to be! I would have drained my blood
  To water e'en her flow'rets sweet.

"Thou sayest: *I!* Who? How? And where?" —
Well, to be plain, good sirs — I am the bear;
    In a net apron, caught, alas!
  Chained by a silk thread at her feet.
    But how this wonder came to pass
I'll tell some day if ye are curious;
Just now, my temper's much too furious.

  Ah, when I'm in the corner placed,
  And hear afar the creatures snapping,
  And see the flipping and the flapping,
    I turn around
    With growling sound,
  And backward run a step in haste,
    And look around
    With growling sound,
  Then run again a step in haste,
    And to my former post go round.

  But suddenly my anger grows,
  A mighty spirit fills my nose,

My inward feelings all revolt.
A creature such as thou! a dolt!
Pipi, a squirrel able nuts to crack!
I bristle up my shaggy back,
Unused a slave to be.
I'm laughed at by each trim and upstart tree
To scorn. The bowling green I fly,
With neatly-mown and well-kept grass;
The box makes faces as I pass, —
Into the darkest thicket hasten I,
Hoping to 'scape from the ring,
Over the palings to spring!

Vainly I leap and olimb;
I feel a leaden spell
That pinions me as well,
And when I'm fully wearied out in time,
I lay me down beside some mock-cascade,
And roll myself half dead, and foam, and cry,
And, ah! no Oreads hear my sigh,
Excepting those of china made!

But, ah, with sudden power,
In all my members blissful feelings reign!
'Tis she who singeth yonder in her bower!
I hear that darling, darling voice again.
The air is warm, and teems with fragrance clear,
Sings she perchance for me alone to hear?
I haste, and trample down the shrubs amain;
The trees make way, the bushes all retreat,
And so — the beast is lying at her feet.

She looks at him: "The monster's droll enough!
He's, for a bear, too mild,
Yet, for a dog, too wild,
So shaggy, clumsy, rough!"
Up in his back she gently strokes her foot;
He thinks himself in Paradise.

What feelings through his seven senses shoot!
But she looks on with careless eyes.
I lick her soles, and kiss her shoes,
As gently as a bear well may;
Softly I rise, and with a clever ruse
Leap on her knee. — On a propitious day
She suffers it; my ears then tickles she,
And hits me a hard blow in wanton play;
I growl with new-born ecstasy;
Then speaks she in a sweet vain jest, I wot;
"*Allons tout doux! ch! la menotte!*
Et faites serviteur
Comme un joli seigneur."
Thus she proceeds with sport and glee;
Hope fills the oft-deluded beast;
Yet if one moment he would lazy be,
Her fondness all at once hath ceased.

She doth a flask of balsam fire possess,
Sweeter than honey bees can make,
One drop of which she'll on her finger take,
When softened by his love and faithfulness,
Wherewith her monster's raging thirst to slake;
Then leaves me to myself, and flies at last,
And I, unbound, yet prisoned fast
By magic, follow in her train,
Seek for her, tremble, fly again.
The hapless creature thus tormenteth she,
Regardless of his pleasure or his woe;
Ha! oft half-opened does she leave the door for me,
And sideways looks to learn if I will fly or no;
And I — O gods! your hands alone
Can end the spell that's o'er me thrown;
Free me, and gratitude my heart will fill;
And yet from heaven ye send me down no aid — —
Not quite in vain doth life my limbs pervade:
I feel it! Strength is left me still.

TO CHARLOTTE.

MIDST the noise of merriment and glee,
'Midst full many a sorrow, many a care,
Charlotte, I remember, *we* remember thee,
How at evening's hour so fair,
Thou a kindly hand didst reach us,
When thou, in some happy place
Where more fair is Nature's face,
Many a lightly-hidden trace
Of a spirit loved didst teach us.

Well 'tis that thy worth I rightly knew, —
That I, in the hour when first we met,
While the first impression filled me yet,
Called thee then a girl both good and true.

Reared in silence, calmly, knowing nought,
On the world we suddenly are thrown;
Hundred thousand billows round us sport;
All things charm us — many please alone,
Many grieve us, and as hour on hour is stealing,
To and fro our restless natures sway;
First we feel, and then we find each feeling
By the changeful world-stream borne away.

Well I know, we oft within us find
Many a hope and many a smart.
Charlotte, who can know our mind?
Charlotte, who can know our heart?
Ah! 'twould fain be understood, 'twould fain o'erflow
In some creature's fellow-feelings blest,
And, with trust, in twofold measure know
All the grief and joy in Nature's breast.

Then thine eye is oft around thee cast,
  But in vain, for all seems closed for ever;
Thus the fairest part of life is madly passed
  Free from storm, but resting never;
To thy sorrow thou'rt to-day repelled
  By what yesterday obeyed thee.
Can that world by thee be worthy held
  Which so oft betrayed thee?

Which 'mid all thy pleasures and thy pains,
  Lived in selfish, unconcerned repose?
See, the soul its secret cells regains,
  And the heart — makes haste to close.
Thus found I thee, and gladly went to meet thee;
  "She's worthy of all love!" I cried,
And prayed that Heaven with purest bliss might greet
    thee,
  Which in thy friend it richly hath supplied.

MORNING LAMENT.

Oh, thou cruel, deadly-lovely maiden,
Tell me what great sin have I committed,
That thou keepest me to the rack thus fastened,
That thou hast thy solemn promise broken?

'Twas but yestere'en that thou with fondness
Pressed my hand, and these sweet accents murmured:
"Yes, I'll come, I'll come when morn approacheth,
Come, my friend, full surely to thy chamber."
On the latch I left my doors, unfastened,
Having first with care tried all the hinges,
And rejoiced right well to find they creaked not.

What a night of expectation passed I!
For I watched, and every chime I numbered;

If perchance I slept a few short moments,
Still my heart remained awake for ever,
And awoke me from my gentle slumbers.

Yes, then blessed I night's o'erhanging darkness,
That so calmly covered all things round me;
I enjoyed the universal silence,
While I listened ever in the silence,
If perchance the slightest sounds were stirring.

"Had she only thoughts, *my* thoughts resembling,
Had she only feelings, like *my* feelings,
She would not await the dawn of morning,
But, ere this, would surely have been with me."

Skipped a kitten on the floor above me,
Scratched a mouse a panel in the corner,
Was there in the house the slightest motion,
Ever hoped I that I heard thy footstep,
Ever thought I that I heard thee coming.

And so lay I long, and ever longer,
And already was the daylight dawning,
And both here and there were signs of movement.

"Is it *yon* door? Were it *my* door only!"
In my bed I leaned upon my elbow,
Looking toward the door, now half-apparent,
If perchance it might not be in motion.
Both the wings upon the latch continued,
On the quiet hinges calmly hanging.

And the day grew bright and brighter ever;
And I heard my neighbour's door unbolted,
As he went to earn his daily wages,
And ere long I heard the wagons rumbling,
And the city gates were also opened,

While the market-place, in every corner,
Teemed with life and bustle and confusion.

In the house was going now and coming
Up and down the stairs, and doors were creaking
Backwards now, now forwards, — footsteps clattered,
Yet, as though it were a thing all-living,
From my cherished hope I could not tear me.

When at length the sun, in hated splendour,
Fell upon my walls, upon my windows,
Up I sprang, and hastened to the garden,
There to blend my breath, so hot and yearning,
With the cool refreshing morning breezes,
And, it might be, even there to meet thee:
But I cannot find thee in the arbour,
Or the avenue of lofty lindens.

THE VISIT.

To-DAY I thought to steal upon my darling,
But the door was closed of her apartments.
Of a key, however, I am master;
Noislessly I glide within the doorway.

In the salon found I not the maiden,
Found the maiden not within the parlour,
But on tiptoe entering her chamber,
There I find her, sunk in graceful slumber,
In her robes, upon the sofa lying.
At her work had slumber overtaken her;
And the netting, with the needles, rested
'Twixt the fair hands that hung crosswise folded.
Silently I sate me down beside her,
And awhile I mused if I should wake her.

Awed me then the peace so sweet and holy,
Which upon her drooping eyelids rested:
On her lips abode a trustful quiet,
Beauty on her cheeks, the home of beauty;
And the tranquil movement of her bosom
Showed how innocent the heart that moved it.
All her limbs, so gracefully reposing,
Lay relaxed by sleep's delicious balsam:
There I sat enraptured, and the vision
Curbed the impulse I had felt to wake her,
With a spell that close and closer bound me.

"O my love," I murmured, "and can slumber,
Which unmasks whate'er is false and formal,
Can he injure thee not, nor unravel
Aught to shake thy lover's fondest fancy?

"Thy dear eyes are closed, those eyes so tender —
Eyes, which only lifted are enchantment,
Those sweet lips, oh, lips so sweet they stir not,
Stir not nor for speech, nor yet for kisses!
All unloosened is the magic cincture
Of thine arms, that otherwhiles enclasp me,
And the hand, the dainty sweet companion
Of all best endearments, void of motion.
Were my thoughts of thee delusion merely —
Were my love for thee but self-deception,
I must now discern the truth, when Amor
Stands beside me thus, with eyes unbandaged."

Long while thus I sat, with heart elated,
Thinking of her worth and my devotion;
Sleeping, she with rapture so had filled me,
That I did not venture to awake her.

Placing softly down upon her table
Two pomegranates and two half-blown rosebuds,

Gently, gently, glide I from the chamber.
When she opes her eyes, my own heart's darling,
And they rest upon my gift, with wonder
Will she muse, how such fine token ever
There should be, and yet her door unopened.

When to-night again I see my angel,
Oh, how she will joy, and twofold pay me,
For this tribute of my heart's devotion!

THE MUSAGETES.

Often in the winter midnight,
Prayed I to the blessed Muses —
"Here is not the red of morning,
Tardy is the day in breaking;
Light for me, ye blessed Muses,
Light the lamp of inspiration,
That its mellow ray may serve me,
'Stead of Phœbus and Aurora!"
But they left me to my slumber,
Dull, and spiritless, and torpid;
And the morning's lazy leisure
Ushered in a useless day.

Then when spring began to kindle,
Thus the nightingales I conjured —
"Sweetest nightingales, oh, warble,
Warble early at my window!
Wake me from the heavy slumber
That in magic fetters holds me!"
And the love-o'erflowing singers
Sang all night around my window
All their rarest melodies;
Kept awake the soul within me;

Gave me trances, aspirations,
Glimpses of divine emotion,
Soothing, melting, undefined.
So the night passed lightly over,
And Aurora found me sleeping,
Scarce I wakened with the sun.

Lastly, came the glorious summer;
What aroused me then from dreaming,
At the earliest dawn of morning?
'Twas the buzzing of the flies!
They are touched by no compassion;
Ruthlessly they do their duty,
Though the half-awakened sleeper
Greets them with a malediction.
Unabashed their clan they summon,
And the humming swarm is vocal,
And they banish from my eyelids
All the luxury of sleep.

Straightway start I from my pillow,
Leave the close-beleaguered chamber,
Sally out to seek the Muses,
In the haunts to them are dearest.
And I find them 'neath the beeches,
Waiting for me, sometimes chiding,
For my over-long delay.
Thus I owe you, libelled insects,
Thanks for many hours of rapture.
Dullards may indeed abuse you,
Since you wake them to sensation;
But the poet ought to prize you,
And I thank you, as a poet,
Ranking you, beyond all others,
As the ushers to the Muse.

THE WATER-MAN.

[This ballad cannot be claimed as one of Goethe's original compositions, it being a very close translation of an old Danish ballad, entitled, "The Mer-man, and Marstig's daughter." As, however, it appears in all the collections, and has often been quoted as a favourable specimen of Goethe's skill in assuming the simple style of the popular Northern ballads, we have deemed it advisable to give a version.]

"Oh, mother! rede me well, I pray;
How shall I woo me yon winsome May?"

She has built him a horse of the water clear,
The saddle and bridle of sea-sand were.

He has donned the garb of a knight so gay,
And to Mary's Kirk he has ridden away.

He tied his steed to the chancel door,
And he stepped round the Kirk three times and four.

He has boune him into the Kirk, and all
Drew near to gaze on him, great and small.

The priest he was standing in the quire;—
"What gay young gallant comes branking here?"

The winsome maid, to herself said she,
"Oh, were that gay young gallant for me!"

He stepped o'er one stool, he stepped o'er two;
"Oh, maiden, plight me thine oath so true!"

He stepped o'er three stools, he stepped o'er four;
"Wilt be mine, sweet May, for evermore?"

She gave him her hand of the drifted snow —
" Here hast thou my troth, and with thee I'll go."

They went from the Kirk with the bridal train,
They danced in glee and they danced full fain;

They danced them down to the salt-sea strand,
And they left them standing there, hand in hand.

" Now wait thee, love, with my steed so free,
And the bonniest bark I'll bring for thee."

And when they passed to the white, white sand,
The ships came sailing on to the land;

But when they were out in the midst of the sound,
Down went they all in the deep profound!

Long, long on the shore, when the winds were high,
They heard from the waters the maiden's cry.

I rede ye, damsels, as best I can —
Tread not the dance with the Water-Man!

PSYCHE.

THE Muses, maiden sisters, chose
To teach poor Psyche arts poetic;
But, spite of all their rules æsthetic,
She never could emerge from prose.

No dulcet sounds escaped her lyre,
E'en when the summer nights were nigh;
Till Cupid came, with glance of fire,
And taught her all the mystery.

IN ABSENCE.

And shall I then regain thee never?
My beautiful! And art thou flown?
Still in my ears resounds for ever
Thy every word, thy every tone.

As through the air, when morn is springing,
The wanderer peers in vain, to trace
The lark, that o'er him high is singing,
Hid in the azure depth of space;

So, love, through field and forest lonely
My sad eyes roam in quest of thee;
My songs are tuned to thee, thee only;
Oh, come, my own love, back to me!

THE MAGIC NET.

Do I see a contest yonder?
See I miracles or pastimes?
Beauteous urchins, five in number,
'Gainst five sisters fair contending,—
Measured is the time they're beating —
At a bright enchantress' bidding.
Glittering spears by some are wielded,
Threads are others nimbly twining,
So that in their snares, the weapons,
One would think, must needs be captured.
Soon, in truth, the spears are prisoned:
Yet they, in the gentle war-dance,
One by one escape their fetters
In the row of loops so tender,
That make haste to seize a free one
Soon as they release a captive.

So with contests, strivings, triumphs,
Flying now, and now returning,
Is an artful net soon woven,
In its whiteness like the snowflakes,
That, from light amid the darkness,
Draw their streaky lines so varied,
As e'en colours scarce can draw them.

Who shall now receive that garment
Far beyond all others wished-for?
Whom our much-loved mistress favour
As her own acknowledged servant?
I am blest by kindly Fortune's
Tokens true, in silence prayed for!
And I feel myself held captive,
To her service now devoted.

Yet, e'en while I, thus enraptured,
Thus adorned, am proudly wandering,
See! yon wantons are entwining,
Void of strife with secret ardour,
Other nets, each fine and finer,
Threads of twilight interweaving,
Moonbeams sweet, night-violets' balsam

Ere the net is noticed by us,
Is a happier one imprisoned,
Whom we, one and all, together
Greet with envy and with blessings.

THE CHURCH WINDOW.

THE minster window, richly glowing,
With many a gorgeous stain and dye,
Itself a parable, is showing,
The might, the power of Poesy.

Look on it from the outer square,
And it is only dark and dreary;
Yon blockhead always views it there,
And swears its aspect makes him weary.

But enter once the holy portal —
What splendour bursts upon the eye!
There symbols, deeds, and forms immortal,
Are blazing forth in majesty.

Be thankful you, who have the gift
To read and feel each sacred story;
And oh, be reverent when you lift
Your eyes to look on heavenly glory!

THE CAVALIER'S CHOICE.

[This lively little ballad occurs in one of Goethe's operas, very charming compositions, which probably are less read than they deserve. It is not altogether original, being evidently founded on a popular Scottish ditty, called indiscriminately "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship," or the "Laird of Roslin's Daughter," in which precisely the same questions are propounded and answered. Truth compels us to say that, in point of merit, the superiority lies with the Scottish ballad. This being a case of disputed property, or rather commonty, the translator has allowed himself more license in rendering than has been used in any other instance in the present collection.]

It was a gallant cavalier
Of honour and renown,
And all to seek a ladye-love
He rode from town to town.
Till at a widow-woman's door
He drew the rein so free;
For at her side the knight espied
Her comely daughters three.

Well might he gaze upon them,
For they were fair and tall;
Ye never have seen fairer maids,
In bower nor yet in hall.
Small marvel if the gallant's heart
Beat quicker in his breast;
'Twas hard to choose, and hard to lose —
How might he wale the best?

"Now, maidens, pretty maidens mine,
Who'll rede me riddles three?
And she who answers best of all
Shall be mine own ladye!"
I ween they blushed as maidens do,
When such rare words they hear —
"Now speak thy riddles if thou wilt,
Thou gay young cavalier!"

"What's longer than the longest path?
First tell ye that to me;
And tell me what is deeper yet,
Than is the deepest sea?
And tell me what is louder far,
Than is the loudest horn?
And tell me what hath sharper point,
Than e'en the sharpest thorn?

"And tell me what is greener yet,
Than greenest grass on hill?
And tell me what is crueller
Than a wicked woman's will?"
The eldest and the second maid,
They mused and thought awhile;
But the youngest she looked upward,
And spoke with merry smile.

"Oh, love is surely longer far,
Than the longest paths that be;
And hell, they say, is deeper yet,
Than is the deepest sea;
The roll of thunder is more loud,
Than is the loudest horn;
And hunger it is worse to bear
Than sharpest wound of thorn;

"The copper sweat is greener yet,
Than is the grass on hill;
And the foul fiend he is crueller
Than any woman's will."
He leapt so lightly from his steed,
He took her by the hand;
"Sweet maid, my riddles thou hast read,
Be lady of my land!"

The eldest and the second maid,
They pondered and were dumb,
And there, perchance, are waiting yet
Till another wooer come.
Then, maidens, take this warning word,
Be neither slow nor shy,
But always, when a lover speaks,
Look kindly, and reply.

THE ARTIST'S MORNING SONG.

My dwelling is the Muses' home —
What matters it how small?
And here, within my heart, is set
The holiest place of all.

When, wakened by the early sun,
I rise from slumbers sound,

I see the ever-living forms
In radiance grouped around.

I pray, and songs of thanks and praise
Are more than half my prayer,
With simple notes of music, tuned
To some harmonious air.

I bow before the altar then,
And read, as well I may,
From noble Homer's master-work,
The lesson for the day.

He takes me to the furious fight,
Where lion-warriors throng;
Where god-descended heroes whirl
In iron cars along.

And steeds go down before the cars;
And round the cumbered wheel,
Both friend and foe are rolling now,
All blood from head to heel!

Then comes the champion of them all,
Pelides' friend is he,
And crashes through the dense array,
Though thousands ten they be!

And ever smites that fiery sword
Through helmet, shield, and mail,
Until he falls by craft divine,
Where might could not prevail.

Down from the glorious pile he rolls,
Which he himself had made,
And foemen trample on the limbs
From which they shrank afraid.

Then start I up, with arms in hand,
What arms the painter bears;
And soon along my kindling wall
The fight at Troy appears.

On! on again! The wrath is here
Of battle rolling red;
Shield strikes on shield, and sword on helm,
And dead men fall on dead!

I throng into the inner press,
Where loudest rings the din;
For there, around their hero's corpse,
Fight on his furious kin!

A rescue! rescue! bear him hence
Into the leaguer near;
Pour balsam in his glorious wounds,
And weep above his bier!

And when from that hot trance I pass,
Great Love, I feel thy charm;
There hangs my lady's picture near —
A picture, yet so warm!

How fair she was, reclining there;
What languish in her look!
How thrilled her glance through all my frame,
The very pencil shook.

Her eyes, her cheeks, her lovely lips,
Were all the world to me;
And in my breast a younger life
Rose wild and wantonly.

Oh! turn again, and bide thee here,
Nor fear such rude alarms;

How could I think of battles more
With thee within my arms!

But thou shalt lend thy perfect form
To all I fashion best;
I'll paint thee first, Madonna-wise,
The infant on thy breast.

I'll paint thee as a startled nymph,
Myself a following faun;
And still pursue thy flying feet
Across the woodland lawn.

With helm on head, like Mars, I'll lie
By thee, the Queen of Love,
And draw a net around us twain,
And smile on heaven above:

And every god that comes shall pour
His blessings on thy head,
And envious eyes be far away
From that dear marriage-bed!

THE GOBLET.

In my hands I held a brimming goblet,
Sculptured quaintly by the carver's cunning,
Quaffed with eager lips the strong nepenthe,
So at once to drown all care and anguish.

Then came Amor in and found me sitting,
And he smiled a smile of serious sweetness
As in pity of my foolish purpose.

"Friend, I know a vessel nobler, fairer,
Worthy all your soul in it to bury;

Say what guerdon, if to thee I give it,
Fill it for thee with a rarer nectar?"

Oh, he kept his promise, and how truly!
Lida, when with thy dear love he blessed me —
Me, that for thy sake had long been pining.

When I clasp thy beauties to my bosom,
And from thy fond lips, so fond and faithful,
Drink the balm of long, long stored affection,
Thus entranced, I commune with my spirit.

"No; has never God, save Amor, fashioned
Vessel such as this, nor e'er possessed it!
Forms so glorious ne'er were shaped by Vulcan,
With his finest soul-enprompted mallet.

"On the leaf-clad mountains may Lyæus
With his fauns, the hoariest, the sagest,
Cull the clusters of the daintiest savour,
Yea, may guide the mystic fermentation,
Draughts like this not all his skill can furnish!"

FROM AN ALBUM OF 1604.

Hope provides wings to thought, and love to hope.
Rise up to Cynthia, love, when night is clearest,
And say, that as high on her figure changeth,
So, upon earth, my joy decays and grows.
And whisper in her ear with modest softness,
How doubt oft hung its head, and truth oft wept.
If ye are therefore by the loved one chided,
And, oh, ye thoughts, distrustfully inclined,
Answer: 'tis true ye change, but alter not.
As she remains the same, yet changeth ever.

Doubt may invade the heart, but poisons not,
For love is sweeter, by suspicion flavoured.
If it with anger overcasts the eye,
And heaven's bright purity perversely blackens,
Then zephyr-sighs straight scare the clouds away,
And, changed to tears, dissolve them into rain.
Thought, hope, and love remain there as before,
Till Cynthia gleams upon me as of old.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

AFTER ANACREON.

[The strong resemblance of this fine poem to Cowley's ode bearing the same name, and beginning, "Happy insect! what can be," will be at once seen.]

HAPPY art thou, darling insect,
Who upon the trees' tall branches,
By a modest draught inspired,
Singing, like a monarch livest!
Thou possessest as thy portion
All that on the plains thou seest,
All that by the hours is brought thee;
'Mongst the husbandmen thou livest,
As a friend, uninjured by them,
Thou whom mortals love to honour,
Herald sweet of sweet Spring's advent!
Yes, thou'rt loved by all the Muses,
Phœbus' self, too, needs must love thee;
They their silver voices gave thee,
Age can never steal upon thee.
Wise and gentle friend of poets,
Born a creature fleshless, bloodless,
Though Earth's daughter, free from suffering,
To the gods e'en almost equal.

FROM "THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER"

[Prefixed to the second edition.]

EVERY youth for love's sweet portion sighs,
Every maiden sighs to win man's love;
Why, alas! should bitter pain arise
From the noblest passion that we prove?

Thou, kind soul, bewailest, lovest him well,
From disgrace his memory's saved by thee;
Lo, his spirit sighs from out its cell:
BE A MAN, NOR SEEK TO FOLLOW ME.

TENDER thoughts and sweet recollection,
That is life in its greatest perfection.

TRILOGY OF PASSION.

I. TO WERTHER.

[This poem, written at the age of seventy-five, was appended to an edition of "Werther," published at that time.]

ONCE more, then, much-wept shadow, thou dost dare
Boldly to face the day's clear light,
To meet me on fresh blooming meadows fair,
And dost not tremble at my sight.
Those happy times appear returned once more,
When on one field we quaffed refreshing dew,
And, when the day's unwelcome toil were o'er,
The farewell sunbeams blessed our ravished view;
Fate bade thee go, — to linger here was mine, —
Going the first, the smaller loss was thine.

The life of man appears a glorious fate:
The day how lovely and the night how great!
And we 'mid Paradise-like raptures placed,
The sun's bright glory scarce have learned to taste,
When strange contending feelings dimly cover,
Now us, and now the forms that round us hover;
One's feelings by no other are supplied,
'Tis dark without, if all is bright inside;
An outward brightness veils my saddened mood,
When Fortune smiles, — how seldom understood!

Now think we that we know her, and with might
A woman's beauteous form instils delight;
The youth, as glad as in his infancy,
The spring-time treads, as though the spring were he.
Ravished, amazed, he asks, how this is done?
He looks around, the world appears his own.
With careless speed he wanders on through space,
Nor walls, nor palaces can check his race;
As some gay flight of birds round tree-tops plays,
So 'tis with him who round his mistress strays;
He seeks from Æther, which he'd leave behind him,
The faithful look that fondly serves to bind him.

Yet first too early warned, and then too late,
He feels his flight restrained, is captured straight;
To meet again is sweet, to part is sad,
Again to meet again is still more glad,
And years in one short moment are enshrined;
But, oh, the harsh farewell is hid behind!

Thou smilest, friend, with fitting thoughts inspired;
By a dread parting was thy fame acquired;
Thy mournful destiny we sorrowed o'er,
For weal and woe thou left'st us evermore,
And then again the passions' wavering force
Drew us along in labyrinthine course;

And we, consumed by constant misery,
At length must part — and parting is to die!
How moving is it, when the minstrel sings,
To 'scape the death that separation brings!
Oh, grant, some god, to one who suffers so,
To tell, half-guilty, his sad tale of woe!

II. ELEGY.

When man had ceased to utter his lament,
A god then let me tell my tale of sorrow.

WHAT hope of once more meeting is there now
In the still-closèd blossoms of this day?
Both heaven and hell thrown open seest thou;
What wavering thoughts within the bosom play! —
No longer doubt! Descending from the sky,
She lifts thee in her arms to realms on high.

And thus thou into Paradise wert brought,
As worthy of a pure and endless life;
Nothing was left, no wish, no hope, no thought,
Here was the boundary of thine inmost strife:
And seeing one so fair, so glorified,
The fount of yearning tears was straightway dried.

No motion stirred the day's revolving wheel,
In their own front the minutes seemed to go;
The evening kiss, a true and binding seal,
Ne'er changing till the morrow's sunlight glow.
The hours resembled sisters as they went,
Yet each one from another different.

The last hour's kiss, so sadly sweet, effaced
A beauteous network of entwining love.
Now on the threshold pause the feet, now haste,
As though a flaming cherub bade them move;

The unwilling eye the dark road wanders o'er
Backward it looks, but closed it sees the door.

And now within itself is closed this breast,
As though it ne'er were open, and as though,
Vying with ev'ry star, no moments blest
Had, in its presence, felt a kindling glow;
Sadness, reproach, repentance, weight of care,
Hang heavy on it in the sultry air.

Is not the world still left? The rocky steeps,
Are they with holy shades no longer crowned?
Grows not the harvest ripe? No longer creeps
The espalier by the stream, — the copse around?
Doth not the wondrous arch of heaven still rise,
Now rich in shape, now shapeless to the eyes?

As, seraph-like, from out the dark clouds' chorus,
With softness woven, graceful, light, and fair,
Resembling Her, in the blue æther o'er us,
A slender figure hovers in the air, —
Thus didst thou see her joyously advance,
The fairest of the fairest in the dance.

Yet but a moment dost thou boldly dare
To clasp an airy form instead of hers;
Back to thine heart! thou'lt find it better there,
For there in changeful guise her image stirs;
What erst was one, to many turneth fast,
In thousand forms, each dearer than the last.

As at the door, on meeting, lingered she,
And step by step my faithful ardour blessed,
For the last kiss herself entreated me,
And on my lips the last, last kiss impressed, —
Thus clearly traced, the loved one's form we view,
With flames engraven on a heart so true, —

A heart that, firm as some embattled tower,
  Itself for her, her in itself reveres,
For her rejoices in its lasting power,
  Conscious alone, when she herself appears;
Feels itself freer in so sweet a thrall,
And only beats to give her thanks in all.

The power of loving, and all yearning sighs
  For love responsive were effaced and drowned;
While longing hope for joyous enterprise
  Was formed, and rapid action straightway found
If love can e'er a loving one inspire,
Most lovingly it gave me now its fire;

And 'twas through *her!* — an inward sorrow lay
  On soul and body, heavily oppressed;
To mournful phantoms was my sight a prey,
  In the drear void of a sad tortured breast;
Now on the well-known threshold Hope hath smiled,
Herself appeareth in the sunlight mild.

Unto the peace of God, which, as we read,
  Blesseth us more than reason e'er hath done,
Love's happy peace would I compare indeed,
  When in the presence of the dearest one.
There rests the heart, and there the sweetest thought,
The thought of being hers is checked by nought.

In the pure bosom doth a yearning float,
  Unto a holier, purer, unknown Being
Its grateful aspirations to devote,
  The Ever-Nameless then unriddled seeing;
We call it: piety! — such blest delight
I feel a share in, when before her sight.

Before her sight, as 'neath the sun's hot ray,
  Before her breath, as 'neath the spring's soft wind,

In its deep wintry cavern melts away
  Self-love, so long in icy chains confined;
No selfishness and no self-will are nigh,
For at her advent they were forced to fly.

It seems as though she said: "As hours pass by
  They spread before us life with kindly plan;
Small knowledge did the yesterday supply,
  To know the morrow is concealed from man;
And if the thought of evening made me start,
The sun at setting gladdened straight my heart.

"Act, then, as I, and look, with joyous mind,
  The moment in the face; nor linger thou!
Meet it with speed, so fraught with life, so kind
  In action, and in love so radiant now;
Let all things be where thou art, childlike ever,
Thus thou'lt be all, thus thou'lt be vanquished never."

Thou speakest well, methought, for as thy guide
  The moment's favour did a god assign,
And each one feels himself, when by thy side,
  Fate's favourite in a moment so divine;
I tremble at thy look that bids me go,
Why should I care such wisdom vast to know?

Now am I far! And what would best befit
  The present minute? I could scarcely tell;
Full many a rich possession offers it,
  These but offend, and I would fain repel.
Yearnings unquenchable still drive me on,
All counsel, save unbounded tears, is gone.

Flow on, flow on in never-ceasing course,
  Yet may ye never quench my inward fire!
Within my bosom heaves a mighty force,
  Where death and life contend in combat dire.

Medicines may serve the body's pangs to still;
Nought but the spirit fails in strength of will,—

Fails in conception; wherefore fails it so?
A thousand times her image it portrays;
Enchanting now, and now compelled to go,
Now indistinct, now clothed in purest rays!
How could the smallest comfort here be flowing?
The ebb and flood, the coming and the going!

. . . . . .

Leave me here now, my life's companions true!
Leave me alone on rock, in moor and heath;
But courage! open lies the world to you,
The glorious heavens above, the earth beneath;
Observe, investigate, with searching eyes,
And nature will disclose her mysteries.

To me is all, I to myself am lost,
Who the immortals' favourite erst was thought;
They, tempting, sent Pandoras to my cost,
So rich in wealth, with danger far more fraught;
They urged me to those lips, with rapture crowned,
Deserted me, and hurled me to the ground.

III. ATONEMENT.

[Composed, when seventy-four years old, for a Polish lady, who excelled in playing on the pianoforte.]

PASSION brings reason, — who can pacify
An anguished heart whose loss hath been so great?
Where are the hours that fled so swiftly by?
In vain the fairest thou didst gain from Fate;
Sad is the soul, confused the enterprise;
The glorious world, how on the sense it dies!

In million tones entwined for evermore
  Music with angel-pinions hovers there,
To pierce man's being to its inmost core,
  Eternal beauty as its fruit to bear;
The eye grows moist, in yearnings blest reveres
The godlike worth of music as of tears.

And so the lightened heart soon learns to see
  That it still lives, and beats, and ought to beat,
Offering itself with joy and willingly,
  In grateful payment for a gift so sweet.
And then was felt, — oh, may it constant prove! —
The twofold bliss of music and of love.

THE remembrance of the Good
Keep us ever glad in mood.

The remembrance of the Fair
Makes a mortal rapture share,

The remembrance of one's Love
Blest is, if it constant prove.

The remembrance of the One
Is the greatest joy that's known.

[Written at the age of seventy-seven.]

WHEN I was still a youthful wight,
  So full of enjoyment and merry,
The painters used to assert, in spite,
  That my features were small — yes, very;
Yet then full many a beauteous child
With true affection upon me smiled.

Now as a graybeard I sit here in state,
By street and by lane held in awe, sirs;
And may be seen, like old Frederick the Great,
On pipebowls, on cups, and on saucers.
Yet the beauteous maidens, they keep afar;
Oh, vision of youth! Oh, golden star!

FOR EVER.

THE happiness that man, whilst prisoned here,
Is wont with heavenly rapture to compare, —
The harmony of Truth, from wavering clear, —
Of Friendship that is free from doubting care, —
The light which in stray thoughts alone can cheer
The wise, — the bard alone in visions fair, —
In my best hours I found in *her* all this,
And made mine own, to mine exceeding bliss.

LINES ON SEEING SCHILLER'S SKULL.

[This curious imitation of the ternary metre of Dante was written at the age of seventy-seven.]

WITHIN a gloomy charnel-house one day
I viewed the countless skulls, so strangely mated,
And of old times I thought that now were gray.
Close packed they stand that once so fiercely hated,
And hardy bones that to the death contended
Are lying crossed, — to lie for ever, fated.
What held those crooked shoulder-blades suspended?
No one now asks; and limbs with vigour fired,
The hand, the foot — their use in life is ended.
Vainly ye sought the tomb for rest when tired;
Peace in the grave may not be yours; ye're driven
Back into daylight by a force inspired;

But none can love the withered husk, though even
A glorious noble kernel it containèd.
To me, an adept, was the writing given
Which not to all its holy sense explainèd.
When 'mid the crowd, their icy shadows flinging,
I saw a form that glorious still remainèd,
And even there, where mould and damp were clinging,
Gave me a blest, a rapture-fraught emotion,
As though from death a living fount were springing.
What mystic joy I felt! What rapt devotion!
That form, how pregnant with a godlike trace!
A look, how did it whirl me toward that ocean
Whose rolling billows mightier shapes embrace!
Mysterious vessel! Oracle how dear!
Even to grasp thee is my hand too base,
Except to steal thee from thy prison here
With pious purpose, and devoutly go
Back to the air, free thoughts, and sunlight clear.
What greater gain in life can man e'er know
Than when God-Nature will to him explain
How into Spirit steadfastness may flow,
How steadfast, too, the Spirit-Born remain.

ON THE DIVAN.

He who knows himself and others
Here will also see,
That the East and West, like brothers,
Parted ne'er shall be.

Thoughtfully to float for ever
'Tween two worlds, be man's endeavour!
So between the East and West
To revolve, be my behest!

ROYAL PRAYER.

HA, I am the lord of earth! The noble,
Who're in my service, love me.
Ha, I am the lord of earth! The noble,
O'er whom my sway extendeth, love I.
Oh, grant me, God in Heaven, that I may ne'er
Dispense with loftiness and love!

HUMAN FEELINGS.

AH, ye gods! ye great immortals
In the spacious heavens above us!
Would ye on this earth but give us
Steadfast minds and dauntless courage,
We, oh, kindly ones, would leave you
All your spacious heavens above us!

EXPLANATION OF AN ANCIENT WOODCUT, REPRESENTING HANS SACHS'S POETICAL MISSION.

[I feel considerable hesitation in venturing to offer this version of a poem which Carlyle describes to be "a beautiful piece (a very *Hans Sachs beatified*, both in character and style), which we wish there was any possibility of translating." The reader will be aware that Hans Sachs was the celebrated minstrel-cobbler of Nuremberg, who wrote 208 plays, 1,700 comic tales, and between 4,000 and 5,000 lyric poems. He flourished throughout almost the whole of the sixteenth century.]

EARLY within his workshop here,
On Sundays stands our master dear;
His dirty apron he puts away,
And wears a cleanly doublet to-day;

Lets waxed thread, hammer, and pincers rest,
And lays his awl within his chest;
The seventh day he takes repose
From many pulls and many blows.

Soon as the spring-sun meets his view,
Repose begets him labour anew;
He feels that he holds within his brain
A little world that broods there amain,
And that begins to act and to live,
Which he unto others would gladly give.

He had a skilful eye and true,
And was full kind and loving, too.
For contemplation, clear and pure, —
For making all his own again, sure;
He had a tongue that charmed when 'twas heard,
And graceful and light flowed every word;
Which made the Muses in him rejoice,
The Master-singer of their choice.

And now a maiden entered there,
With swelling breast, and body fair;
With footing firm she took her place,
And moved with stately, noble grace;

She did not walk in wanton mood,
Nor look around with glances lewd.
She held a measure in her hand,
Her girdle was a golden band,
A wreath of corn was on her head,
Her eye the day's bright lustre shed;
Her name is honest Industry,
Else, Justice, Magnanimity.

She entered with a kindly greeting;
He felt no wonder at the meeting,

For, kind and fair as she might be,
He long had known her, fancied he.

"I have selected thee," she said,
"From all who earth's wild mazes tread,
That thou shouldst have clear-sighted sense,
And nought that's wrong should e'er commence.
When others run in strange confusion,
Thy gaze shall see through each illusion;
When others dolefully complain,
Thy cause with jesting thou shalt gain,
Honour and right shall value duly,
In everything act simply, truly, —
Virtue and godliness proclaim,
And call all evil by its name,
Nought soften down, attempt no quibble,
Nought polish up, nought vainly scribble.
The world shall stand before thee, then,
As seen by Albert Durer's ken,
In manliness and changeless life,
In inward strength and firmness rife.
Fair Nature's Genius by the hand
Shall lead thee on through every land,
Teach thee each different life to scan,
Show thee the wondrous ways of man,
His shifts, confusions, thrustings, drubbings,
Pushings, tearings, pressings, and rubbings;
The varying madness of the crew,
The ant-hill's ravings bring to view;
But thou shalt see all this expressed,
As though 'twere in a magic chest.
Write these things down for folks on earth,
In hopes they may to wit give birth." —
Then she a window opened wide,
And showed a motley crowd outside,
All kinds of beings 'neath the sky,
As in his writings one may spy.

Our master dear was after this,
On nature thinking, full of bliss,
When toward him, from the other side
He saw an agèd woman glide;
The name she bears, Historia,
Mythologia, Fabula;
With footstep tottering and unstable
She dragged a large and wooden carved table,
Where, with wide sleeves and human mien,
The Lord was catechising seen;
Adam, Eve, Eden, the Serpent's seduction,
Gomorrah and Sodom's awful destruction,
The twelve illustrious women, too,
That mirror of honour brought to view;
All kinds of bloodthirstiness, murder, and sin,
The twelve wicked tyrants also were in,
And all kinds of goodly doctrine and law;
Saint Peter with his scourge you saw,
With the world's ways dissatisfied,
And by our Lord with power supplied.
Her train and dress, behind and before,
And e'en the seams, were painted o'er
With tales of worldly virtue and crime,—
Our master viewed all this for a time;
The sight right gladly he surveyed,
So useful for him in his trade,
Whence he was able to procure
Example good and precept sure,
Recounting all with truthful care,
As though he had been present there.
His spirit seemed from earth to fly,
He ne'er had turned away his eye,
Did he not just behind him hear
A rattle of bells approaching near.

And now a fool doth catch his eye,
With goat and ape's leap drawing nigh,

A merry interlude preparing
With fooleries and jests unsparing.
Behind him, in a line drawn out,
He dragged all fools, the lean and stout,
The great and little, the empty and full,
All too witty, and all too dull,
A lash he flourished overhead,
As though a dance of apes he led,
Abusing them with bitterness,
As though his wrath would ne'er grow less.

While on this sight our master gazed,
His head was growing well-nigh crazed:
What words for all could he e'er find,
Could such a medley be combined?
Could he continue with delight
For evermore to sing and write?
When lo! from out a cloud's dark bed
In at the upper window sped
The Muse, in all her majesty,
As fair as our loved maids we see.
With clearness she around him threw
Her truth, that ever stronger grew.

"I, to ordain thee come," she spake:
"So prosper, and my blessing take!
The holy fire that slumbering lies
Within thee, in bright flames shall rise;
Yet that thine ever-restless life
May still with kindly strength be rife,
I, for thine inward spirit's calm,
Have granted nourishment and balm,
That rapture may thy soul imbue,
Like some fair blossom bathed in dew." —

Behind his house then secretly
Outside the doorway pointed she,

Where in a shady garden-nook
A beauteous maid with downcast look
Was sitting where a stream was flowing,
With elder bushes near it growing;
She sat beneath an apple-tree,
And nought around her seemed to see.
Her lap was full of roses fair,
Which in a wreath she twined with care,
And with them leaves and blossoms blended:
For whom was that sweet wreath intended?
Thus sat she, modest and retired,
Her bosom throbbed, with hope inspired;
Such deep forebodings filled her mind,
No room for wishing could she find,
And with the thoughts that o'er it flew,
Perchance a sigh was mingled, too.

But why should sorrow cloud thy brow?
That, dearest love, which fills thee now
Is fraught with joy and ecstasy,
Prepared in one alone for thee,
That he within thine eye may find
Solace when fortune proves unkind,
And be new-born through many a kiss,
That he receives with inward bliss:
Whene'er he clasps thee to his breast,
May he from all his toils find rest.
When he in thy dear arms shall sink,
May he new life and vigour drink:
Fresh joys of youth shalt thou obtain,
In merry jest rejoice again.
With raillery and roguish spite,
Thou now shalt tease him, now delight.
Thus Love will never more grow old.
Thus will the minstrel ne'er be cold."

While he thus lives, in secret blessed,
Above him in the clouds doth rest

An oak-wreath, verdant and sublime,
Placed on his brow in after-time;
While they are banished to the slough,
Who their great master disavow.

THE FRIENDLY MEETING.

In spreading mantle to my chin concealed,
I trod the rocky path so steep and gray,
Then to the wintry plain I bent my way
Uneasily, to flight my bosom steeled.

But sudden was the new-born day revealed.
A maiden came, in heavenly bright array,
Like the fair creatures of the poet's lay
In realms of song. My yearning heart was healed!

Yet turned I thence, till she had onward passed,
While closer still the folds to draw I tried,
As though with heat self-kindled to grow warm;
But followed her. She stood. The die was cast!
No more within my mantle could I hide;
I threw it off, — she lay within mine arm.

IN A WORD.

Thus to be chained for ever, can I bear?
A very torment that, in truth, would be.
This very day my new resolve shall see, —
I'll not go near the lately worshipped Fair.

Yet what excuse, my heart, can I prepare
In such a case, for not consulting thee?
But courage! while our sorrows utter we
In tones where love, grief, gladness have a share.

But see! the minstrel's bidding to obey,
Its melody pours forth the sounding lyre,
Yearning a sacrifice of love to bring.
Scarce would'st thou think it — ready is the lay;
Well, but what then? Methought in the first fire
We to her presence flew, that lay to sing.

THE MAIDEN SPEAKS.

How grave thou lookest, loved one! wherefore so?
Thy marble image seems a type of thee;
Like it, no sign of life thou givest me;
Compared with thee, the stone appears to glow.

Behind his shield in ambush lurks the foe,
The friend's brow all unruffled we should see.
I seek thee, but thou seekest away to flee;
Fixed as this sculptured figure, learn to grow!

Tell me, to which should I the preference pay?
Must I from both with coldness meet alone?
The one is lifeless, thou with life art blest.
In short, no longer to throw words away,
I'll fondly kiss and kiss and kiss this stone,
Till thou dost tear me hence with envious breast.

O'ER field and plain, in childhood's artless days,
Thou sprangest with me on many a spring-morn fair.
"For such a daughter, with what pleasing care,
Would I, as father, happy dwellings raise?"

And when thou on the world didst cast thy gaze,
Thy joy was then in household toils to share.
"Why did I trust her, why she trust me e'er?
For such a sister, how I Heaven should praise!"

Nothing can now the beauteous growth retard;
Love's glowing flame within my breast is fanned.
Shall I embrace her form, my grief to end?
Thee as a queen must I, alas, regard:
So high above me placed thou seemest to stand;
Before a passing look I meekly bend.

FOOD IN TRAVEL.

IF to her eyes' bright lustre I were blind,
No longer would they serve my life to gild.
The will of destiny must be fulfilled, —
This knowing, I withdrew with saddened mind,

No further happiness I now could find;
The former longings of my heart were stilled,
I sought her looks alone, whereon to build
My joy in life — all else was left behind.

Wine's genial glow, the festal banquet gay,
Ease, sleep, and friends, all wonted pleasures glad
I spurned, till little there remained to prove.

Now calmly through the world I wend my way:
That which I crave may everywhere be had,
With me I bring the one thing needful — love.

DEPARTURE.

With many a thousand kiss not yet content,
At length with one kiss I was forced to go;
After that bitter parting's depth of woe,
I deemed the shore from which my steps I bent,

Its hills, streams, dwellings, mountains, as I went,
A pledge of joy, till daylight ceased to glow;
Then on my sight did blissful visions glow;
In the dim-lighted, distant firmament.

And when at length the sea confined my gaze,
My ardent longing filled my heart once more;
What I had lost unwillingly I sought.
Then Heaven appeared to shed its kindly rays;
Methought that all I had possessed of yore
Remained still mine — that I was reft of nought.

THE LOVING ONE WRITES.

The look that thy sweet eyes on mine impress,
The pledge thy lips to mine convey, — the kiss, —
He who, like me, hath knowledge sure of this,
Can he in aught beside find happiness?

Removed from thee, friend-severed, in distress,
These thoughts I vainly struggle to dismiss
They still return to that one hour of bliss,
The only one; then tears my grief confess.

But unawares the tear makes haste to dry:
He loves, methinks, e'en to those glades so still, —
And shalt not thou to distant lands extend?
Receive the murmurs of this loving sigh;
My only joy on earth is in thy will,
Thy kindly will tow'rd me; a token send!

LOVINGLY I'll sing of love;
Ever comes she from above.

THE LOVING ONE ONCE MORE.

WHY do I o'er my paper once more bend?
Ask not too closely, dearest one, I pray:
For, to speak truth, I've nothing now to say;
Yet to thy hands at length 'twill come, dear friend.

Since I can come not with it, what I send
My undivided heart shall now convey,
With all its joys, hopes, pleasures, pains, to-day:
All this hath no beginning, hath no end.

Henceforward I may ne'er to thee confide
How, far as thought, wish, fancy, will, can reach,
My faithful heart with thine is surely blended.
Thus stood I once enraptured by thy side,
Gazed on thee, and said nought. What need of speech?
My very being itself was ended.

THE DOUBTERS AND THE LOVERS.

THE DOUBTERS.

Ye love, and sonnets write! Fate's strange behest!
The heart, its hidden meaning to declare,
Must seek for rhymes, uniting pair with pair:
Learn, children, that the will is weak, at best.

Scarcely with freedom the o'erflowing breast
As yet can speak, and well may it beware;
Tempestuous passions sweep each chord that's there,
Then once more sink to night and gentle rest.

Why vex yourselves and us, the heavy stone
Up the steep path but step by step to roll?
It falls again, and ye ne'er cease to strive.

THE LOVERS.

But we are on the proper road alone!
If gladly is to thaw the frozen soul,
The fire of love must aye be kept alive.

SHE CANNOT END.

When unto thee I sent the page all white,
Instead of first thereon inscribing aught,
The space thou doubtless filledst up in sport,
And sent it me to make my joy grow bright.

As soon as the blue cover met my sight,
As well becomes a woman, quick as thought
I tore it open, leaving hidden nought,
And read the well-known words of pure delight:

MY ONLY BEING! DEAREST HEART! SWEET CHILD!
How kindly thou my yearning then didst still
With gentle words, enthralling me to thee.
In truth methought I read thy whispers mild
Wherewith thou lovingly my soul didst fill,
E'en to myself for aye ennobling me.

NEMESIS.

WHEN through the nations stalks contagion wild,
We from them cautiously should steal away,
E'en I have oft with ling'ring and delay
Shunned many an influence, not to be defiled.

And e'en though Amor oft my hours beguiled,
At length with him preferred I not to play,
And so, too, with the wretched sons of clay,
When four and three-lined verses they compiled.

But punishment pursues the scoffer straight,
As if by serpent-torch of furies led
From hill to vale, from land to sea to fly.
I hear the genie's laughter at my fate;
Yet do I find all power of thinking fled
In sonnet-rage and love's fierce ecstasy.

THE CHRISTMAS-BOX.

THIS box, mine own sweet darling, thou wilt find
With many a varied sweetmeat's form supplied:
The fruits are they of holy Christmas-tide,
But baked, indeed, for children's use designed.

I'd fain, in speeches sweet with skill combined,
Poetic sweetmeats for the feast provide;
But why in such frivolities confide?
Perish the thought, with flattery to blind!

One sweet thing there is still, that from within,
Within us speaks, — that may be felt afar;
This may be wafted o'er to thee alone.
If thou a recollection fond canst win,
As if with pleasure gleamed each well-known star,
The smallest gift thou never wilt disown.

THE WARNING.

When sounds the trumpet at the Judgment Day,
And when for ever all things earthly die,
We must a full and true account supply
Of ev'ry useless word we dropped in play.

But what effect will all the words convey
Wherein with eager zeal and lovingly,
That I might win thy favour, laboured I,
If on thine ear alone they die away?

Therefore, sweet love, thy conscience bear in mind,
Remember well how long thou hast delayed,
So that the world such sufferings may not know.
If I must reckon, and excuses find
For all things useless I to thee have said,
To a full year the Judgment Day will grow.

THE EPOCHS.

On Petrarch's heart, all other days before,
In flaming letters written, was impressed
Good Friday. And on mine, be it confessed,
Is this year's Advent, as it passeth o'er.

I do not now begin, — I *still* adore
Her whom I early cherished in my breast,
Then once again with prudence dispossessed,
And to whose heart I'm driven back once more.

The love of Petrarch, that all-glorious love,
Was unrequited, and, alas, full sad;
One long Good Friday 'twas, one heartache drear,
But may my mistress' Advent ever prove,
With its palm-jubilee, so sweet and glad,
One endless May-day, through the livelong year!

CHARADE.

Two words there are, both short, of beauty rare,
Whose sounds our lips so often love to frame,
But which with clearness never can proclaim
The things whose own peculiar stamp they bear.

'Tis well in days of age and youth so fair,
One on the other boldly to inflame;
And if those words together linked we name,
A blissful rapture we discover there.

But now to give them pleasure do I seek,
And in myself my happiness would find;
I hope in silence, but I hope for this:
Gently, as loved ones' names, those words to speak,
To see them both within one image shrined,
Both in one being to embrace with bliss.

THE SOLDIER'S CONSOLATION.

No! in truth there's here no lack:
White the bread, the maidens black!
To another town, next night,
Black the bread, the maidens white!

TO ORIGINALS.

A FELLOW says: "I own no school or college;
No master lives whom I acknowledge;
And pray don't entertain the thought
That from the dead I e'er learnt aught."
This, if I rightly understand,
Means: "I'm a blockhead at first hand."

GENIAL IMPULSE.

THUS roll I, never taking ease,
My tub, like Saint Diogenes,
Now serious am, now seek to please,
Now love and hate in turns one sees;
The motives now are those, now these;
Now nothings, now realities.
Thus roll I, never taking ease,
My tub, like Saint Diogenes.

NEITHER THIS NOR THAT.

IF thou to be a slave shouldst will,
Thou'lt get no pity, but fare ill;
And if a master thou wouldst be,
The world will view it angrily;
And if in *statu quo* thou stay,
That thou art but a fool they'll say.

THE WAY TO BEHAVE.

THOUGH tempers are bad, and peevish folks swear,
Remember to ruffle thy brows, friend, ne'er;
And let not the fancies of women so fair
E'er serve thy pleasure in life to impair.

THE BEST.

When head and heart are busy, say,
What better can be found?
Who neither loves nor goes astray,
Were better under ground.

AS BROAD AS IT'S LONG.

Modest men must needs endure,
And the bold must humbly bow;
Thus thy fate's the same, be sure,
Whether bold or modest thou.

THE RULE OF LIFE.

If thou wouldst live unruffled by care,
Let not the past torment thee e'er;
As little as possible be thou annoyed,
And let the present be ever enjoyed;
Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,
And to God the future confide.

THE SAME, EXPANDED.

If thou wouldst live unruffled by care,
Let not the past torment thee e'er;
If any loss thou hast to rue,
Act as though thou wert born anew;
Inquire the meaning of each day,
What each day means, itself will say;
In thine own actions take thy pleasure,
What others do thou'lt duly treasure;
Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied,
And to God the future confide.

CALM AT SEA.

SILENCE deep rules o'er the waters,
Calmly slumbering lies the main,
While the sailor views with trouble
Nought but one vast level plain.

Not a zephyr is in motion!
Silence fearful as the grave!
In the mighty waste of ocean
Sunk to rest is every wave.

IF wealth is gone, — then something is gone!
Quick, make up thy mind,
And fresh wealth find.
If honour is gone, — then much is gone!
Seek glory to find,
And people then will alter their mind.
If courage is gone, — then all is gone!
'Twere better that thou hadst never been born.

THE PROSPEROUS VOYAGE.

THE mist is fast clearing,
And radiant is heaven,
Whilst Æolus loosens
Our anguish-fraught bond.
The zephyrs are sighing,
Alert is the sailor.
Quick! nimbly be plying!
The billows are riven,
The distance approaches;
I see land beyond!

COURAGE.

CARELESSLY over the plain away,
Where by the boldest man no path
Cut before thee thou canst discern,
Make for thyself a path!

Silence, loved one, my heart!
Cracking, let it not break!
Breaking, break not with thee!

ADMONITION.

WHEREFORE ever ramble on
For the Good is lying near.
Fortune learn to seize alone,
For that Fortune's ever here.

MY ONLY PROPERTY.

I FEEL that I'm possessed of nought,
Saving the free unfettered thought
Which from my bosom seeks to flow,
And each propitious passing hour
That suffers me in all its power
A loving fate with truth to know.

MAY each honest effort be
Crowned with lasting constancy.

OLD AGE.

Old age is courteous — no one more:
For time after time he knocks at the door,
But nobody says, "Walk in, sir, pray!"
Yet turns he not from the door away,
But lifts the latch and enters with speed,
And then they cry, "A cool one, indeed!"

EPITAPH.

As a boy, reserved and naughty;
As a youth, a coxcomb and haughty;
As a man, for action inclined;
As a graybeard, fickle in mind.
Upon thy grave will people read:
This was a very man, indeed!

RULE FOR MONARCHS.

If men are never their thoughts to employ,
Take care to provide them a life full of joy;
But if to some profit and use thou wouldst bend them,
Take care to shear them, and then defend them.

PAULO POST FUTURI.

Weep ye not, ye children dear,
That as yet ye are unborn:
For each sorrow and each tear
Makes the father's heart to mourn.

Patient be a short time to it,
  Unproduced, and known to none;
If your father cannot do it,
  By your mother 'twill be done.

He who with life makes sport,
  Can prosper never;
Who rules himself in nought,
  Is a slave ever.

THE FOOL'S EPILOGUE.

Many good works I've done and ended,
Ye take the praise — I'm not offended;
For in the world, I've always thought
Each thing its true position hath sought.
When praised for foolish deeds am I,
I set off laughing heartily;
When blamed for doing something good,
I take it in an easy mood.
If some one stronger gives me hard blows,
That it's a jest, I feign to suppose;
But if 'tis one that's but my own like,
I know the way such folks to strike.
When Fortune smiles, I merry grow,
And sing *in dulci jubilo;*
When sinks her wheel, and tumbles me o'er,
I think 'tis sure to rise once more.

In the sunshine of summer I ne'er lament,
Because the winter it cannot prevent;
And when the white snowflakes fall around,
I don my skates, and am off with a bound.
Though I dissemble as I will,
The sun for me will ne'er stand still;

The old and wonted course is run,
Until the whole of life is done;
Each day the servant like the lord,
In turns comes home, and goes abroad;
If proud or humble the line they take,
They all must eat, drink, sleep, and wake.
So nothing ever vexes me;
Act like the fool, and wise ye'll be!

AUTHORS.

Over the meadows, and down the stream,
And through the garden-walks straying,
He plucks the flowers that fairest seem;
His throbbing heart brooks no delaying.
His maiden then comes — oh, what ecstasy!
Thy flowers thou givest for one glance of her eye!

The gard'ner next door o'er the hedge sees the youth:
"I'm not such a fool as that, in good truth;
My pleasure is ever to cherish each flower,
And see that no birds my fruit e'er devour.
But when 'tis ripe, your money, good neighbour!
'Twas not for nothing I took all this labour!"

And such, methinks, are the author-tribe.
The one his pleasures around him strews,
That his friends, the public, may reap, if they choose;
The other would fain make them all subscribe.

CAT-PIE.

While *he* is marked by vision clear
Who fathoms Nature's treasures,
The man may follow void of fear,
Who her proportions measures.

Though for one mortal, it is true,
These trades may both be fitted,
Yet, that the things themselves are *two*
Must always be admitted.

Once on a time there lived a cook
Whose skill was past disputing,
Who in his head a fancy took
To try his luck at shooting.

So, gun in hand, he sought a spot
Where stores of game were breeding,
And there ere long a cat he shot
That on young birds was feeding.

This cat he fancied was a hare,
Forming a judgment hasty,
So served it up for people's fare
Well spiced and in a pasty.

Yet many a guest with wrath was filled
(All who had noses tender):
The cat that's by the sportsman killed
No cook a hare can render.

JOY.

A DRAGON-FLY with beauteous wing
Is hovering o'er a silvery spring;
I watch its motions with delight, —
Now dark its colours seem, now bright,
Chameleon-like appears now blue,
Now red, and now of greenish hue.
Would it would come still nearer me,
That I its tints might better see!

It hovers, flutters, resting ne'er!
But hush! it settles on the mead.
I have it safe now, I declare!
And when its form I closely view,
'Tis of a sad and dingy blue —
Such, Joy-Dissector, is thy case, indeed!

EXPLANATION OF AN ANTIQUE GEM

A YOUNG fig-tree its form lifts high
Within a beauteous garden;
And see, a goat is sitting by,
As if he were its warden.

But, oh, Quirites, how one errs!
The tree is guarded badly;
For round the other side there whirrs
And hums a beetle madly.

The hero with his well-mailed coat
Nibbles the branches tall so;
A mighty longing feels the goat
Gently to climb up also.

And so, my friends, ere long ye see
The tree all leafless standing;
It looks a type of misery,
Help of the gods demanding.

Then listen, ye ingenuous youth,
Who hold wise saws respected:
From he-goat and from beetle's tooth
A tree should be protected!

LEGEND.

THERE lived in the desert a holy man
To whom a goat-footed Faun one day
Paid a visit, and thus began
To his surprise: "I entreat thee to pray
That grace to me and my friends may be given,
That we may be able to mount to Heaven,
For great is our thirst for heavenly bliss."
The holy man made answer to this:
"Much danger is lurking in thy petition,
Nor will it be easy to gain admission;
Thou dost not come with an angel's salute;
For I see thou wearest a cloven foot."
The wild man paused, and then answered he:
"What doth my goat's foot matter to thee?
Full many I've known into heaven to pass
Straight and with ease, with the head of an ass!"

THE WRANGLER.

ONE day a shameless and impudent wight
Went into a shop full of steel wares bright,
Arranged with art upon every shelf.
He fancied they all were meant for himself;
And so, while the patient owner stood by,
The shining goods needs must handle and try,
And valued, — for how should a fool better know? —
The bad things high, and the good ones low,
And all with an easy self-satisfied face;
Then, having bought nothing, he left the place.

The tradesman now felt sorely vexed,
So when the fellow went there next,

A lock of steel made quite red hot.
The other cried upon the spot:
"Such wares as these, who'd ever buy?
The steel is tarnished shamefully,"—
Then pulled it, like a fool, about,
But soon set up a piteous shout.
"Pray what's the matter?" the shopman spoke;
The other replied: "Faith, a very cool joke!"

THE CRITIC.

I HAD a fellow as my guest,
Not knowing he was such a pest,
And gave him just my usual fare;
He ate his fill of what was there,
And for a dessert my best things swallowed,
Soon as his meal was o'er, what followed?
Led by the Deuce, to a neighbour he went,
And talked of my food to his heart's content:
"The soup might surely have had more spice,
The meat was ill-browned, and the wine wasn't nice."
A thousand curses alight on his head!
'Tis a critic, I vow! Let the dog be struck dead!

THE YELPERS.

OUR rides in all directions bend,
For business or for pleasure,
Yet yelpings on our steps attend,
And barkings without measure.
The dog that in our stable dwells,
After our heels is striding,
And all the while his noisy yells
But show that we are riding.

THE STORK'S VOCATION.

THE stork who worms and frogs devours
That in our ponds reside,
Why should he dwell on high church towers,
With which he's not allied?

Incessantly he chatters there,
And gives our ears no rest;
But neither old nor young can dare
To drive him from his nest.

I humbly ask it, — how can he
Give of his title proof,
Save by his happy tendency
To sell the church's roof?

THE DILETTANTE AND THE CRITIC.

A BOY a pigeon once possessed,
In gay and brilliant plumage dressed;
He loved it well, and in boyish sport
Its food to take from his mouth he taught,
And in his pigeon he took such pride,
That his joy to others he needs must confide.

An agèd fox near the place chanced to dwell,
Talkative, clever, and learned as well;
The boy his society used to prize,
Hearing with pleasure his wonders and lies.

"My friend, the fox, my pigeon must see!"
He ran, and stretched 'mongst the bushes lay he.
"Look, fox, at my pigeon, my pigeon so fair!
His equal I'm sure thou hast looked upon ne'er!"

"Let's see!" — The boy gave it. — "'Tis really not bad;
And yet, it is far from complete, I must add.
The feathers, for instance, how short! 'Tis absurd!"
So he set to work straightway to pluck the poor bird.

The boy screamed. — "Thou must now stronger pinions supply,
Or else 'twill be ugly, unable to fly."
Soon 'twas stripped — oh, the villain! — and torn all to pieces.
The boy was heartbroken, — and so my tale ceases.

. . . . . .

He who sees in the boy shadowed forth his own case,
Should be on his guard 'gainst the fox's whole race.

POETRY.

God to his untaught children sent
Law, order, knowledge, art, from high,
And every heavenly favour lent,
The world's hard lot to qualify.
They knew not how they should behave,
For all from Heaven stark-naked came;
But Poetry their garments gave,
And then not one had cause for shame.

CELEBRITY.

[A satire on his own "Sorrows of Werther."]

On bridges small and bridges great
Stand Nepomucks in every state,
Of bronze, wood, painted, or of stone,
Some small as dolls, some giants grown;

Each passer must worship before Nepomuck,
Who to die on a bridge chanced to have the ill-luck.
When once a man with head and ears
A saint in people's eyes appears,
Or has been sentenced piteously
Beneath the hangman's hand to die,
He's as a noted person prized,
In portrait is immortalised.
Engravings, woodcuts, are supplied,
And through the world spread far and wide.
Upon them all is seen his name,
And every one admits his claim;
Even the image of the Lord
Is not with greater zeal adored.
Strange fancy of the human race!
Half sinner frail, half child of grace,
We see Herr Werther of the story
In all the pomp of woodcut glory.
His worth is first made duly known,
By having his sad features shown
At every fair the country round;
In every alehouse, too, they're found.
His stick is pointed by each dunce;
"The ball would reach his brain at once!"
And each says, o'er his beer and bread:
"Thank Heaven, that 'tis not *we* are dead!"

PLAYING AT PRIESTS.

WITHIN a town where parity
According to old form we see,—
That is to say, where Catholic
And Protestant no quarrels pick,
And where, as in his father's day,
Each worships God in his own way,

We Lutheran children used to dwell,
By songs and sermons taught as well.
The Catholic cling-clang in truth
Sounded more pleasing to our youth,
For all that we encountered there
To us seemed varied, joyous, fair.
As children, monkeys, and mankind
To ape each other are inclined,
We soon, the time to while away,
A game at priests resolved to play.
Their aprons all our sisters lent
For copes, which gave us great content;
And handkerchiefs embroidered o'er,
Instead of stoles we also wore;
Gold paper, whereon beasts were traced,
The bishop's brow as mitre graced.

Through house and garden thus in state
We strutted early, strutted late;
Repeating, with all proper unction,
Incessantly each holy function,
The best was wanting to the game;
  We knew that a sonorous ring
  Was here a most important thing;
But fortune to our rescue came,
For on the ground a halter lay;
  We were delighted, and at once
  Made it a bell-rope for the nonce,
And kept it moving all the day;
  In turns each sister and each brother
  Acted as sexton to another;
All helped to swell the joyous throng;
  The whole proceeded swimmingly,
  And since no actual bell had we,
We all in chorus sang, Ding dong!

. . . . . .

Our guileless child's-sport long was hushed
In memory's tomb, like some old lay;
And yet across my mind it rushed
With pristine force the other day.
The New-Poetic Catholics
In every point its aptness fix!

SONGS.

SONGS are like painted window-panes!
In darkness wrapped the church remains,
If from the market-place we view it;
Thus sees the ignoramus through it.
No wonder that he deems it tame, —
And all his life 'twill be the same.

But let us now inside repair,
And greet the holy chapel there!
At once the whole seems clear and bright,
Each ornament is bathed in light,
And fraught with meaning to the sight.
God's children! thus your fortune prize,
Be edified, and feast your eyes!

A PARABLE.

I PICKED a rustic nosegay lately,
And bore it homewards, musing greatly;
When, heated by my hand, I found
The heads all drooping toward the ground.
I placed them in a well-cooled glass,
And what a wonder came to pass!
The heads soon raised themselves once more,
The stalks were blooming as before,

And all were in as good a case
As when they left their native place.

. . . . . .

So felt I, when I wondering heard
My song to foreign tongues transferred.

SHOULD E'ER THE LOVELESS DAY.

SHOULD e'er the loveless day remain
Obscured by storms of hail and rain,
  Thy charms thou showest never;
I tap at window, tap at door:
Come, loved one, come! appear once more!
  Thou art as fair as ever!

A PLAN THE MUSES ENTERTAINED.

A PLAN the Muses entertained
  Methodically to impart
  To Psyche the poetic art;
Prosaic-pure her soul remained,
No wondrous sounds escaped her lyre
  E'en in the fairest summer night;
But Amor came with glance of fire, —
  The lesson soon was learned aright.

THE DEATH OF THE FLY.

WITH eagerness he drinks the treacherous potion,
  Nor stops to rest, by the first taste misled;
Sweet is the draught, but soon all power of motion
  He finds has from his tender members fled;

No longer has he strength to plume his wing,
No longer strength to raise his head, poor thing!
E'en in enjoyment's hour his life he loses,
His little foot to bear his weight refuses;
So on he sips, and ere his draught is o'er,
Death veils his thousand eyes for evermore.

BY THE RIVER.

When by the broad stream thou dost dwell,
Oft shallow is its sluggish flood;
Then, when thy fields thou tendest well,
It o'er them spreads its slime and mud.

The ships descend ere daylight wanes,
The prudent fisher upward goes;
Round reef and rock ice casts its chains,
And boys at will the pathway close.

To this attend, then carefully,
And what thou would, that execute!
Ne'er linger, ne'er o'erhasty be,
For time moves on with measured foot.

Each road to the proper end
Runs straight on, without a bend.

THE FOX AND THE HUNTSMAN.

Hard 'tis on a fox's traces
To arrive, midst forest-glades;
Hopeless utterly the chase is,
If his flight the huntsman aids.

And so 'tis with many a wonder
(Why A B make *Ab* in fact),
Over which we gape and blunder,
And our head and brains distract.

THE FROGS.

A POOL was once congealed with frost;
The frogs in its deep waters lost,
No longer dared to croak or spring;
But promised, being half asleep,
If suffered to the air to creep,
As very nightingales to sing.

A thaw dissolved the ice so strong,—
They proudly steered themselves along,
When landed, squatted on the shore,
And croaked as loudly as before.

THE WEDDING.

A FEAST was in a village spread,—
It was a wedding-day they said.
The parlour of the inn I found,
And saw the couples whirling round,
Each lass attended by her lad,
And all seemed loving, blithe, and glad;
But on my asking for the bride,
A fellow with a stare replied:
"'Tis not the place that point to raise!
We're only dancing in her honour;
We now have danced three nights and days,
And not bestowed one thought upon her."

. . . . . .

Whoe'er in life employs his eyes
Such cases oft will recognise.

THE FOX AND CRANE.

ONCE two persons uninvited
Came to join my dinner table;
For the nonce they lived united,
Fox and crane yclept in fable.

Civil greetings passed between us;
Then I plucked some pigeons tender
For the fox of Jackal-genus,
Adding grapes in full-grown splendour.

Long-necked flasks I put as dishes
For the crane without delaying,
Filled with gold and silver fishes,
In the limpid water playing.

Had ye witnessed Reynard planted
At his flat plate all demurely,
Ye with envy must have granted:
"Ne'er was such a gourmand, surely!"

While the bird, with circumspection,
On one foot as usual cradled,
From the flask his fish-refection
With his bill and long neck ladled.

One the pigeons praised, — the other,
As they went, extolled the fishes,
Each one scoffing at his brother
For preferring vulgar dishes.

. . . . . .

If thou wouldst preserve thy credit,
When thou askest folks to guzzle
At thy board, take care to spread it
Suited both for bill and muzzle.

BURIAL.

To the grave one day from a house they bore
A maiden;
To the window the citizens went to explore;
In splendour they lived, and with wealth as of yore
Their banquets were laden.
Then thought they: "The maid to the tomb is now borne;
We too from our dwellings ere long must be torn,
And he that is left our departure to mourn,
To our riches will be the successor,
For some one must be their possessor."

THE BUYERS.

To an apple-woman's stall
Once some children nimbly ran;
Longing much to purchase all,
They with joyous haste began
Snatching up the piles there raised,
While with eager eyes they gazed
On the rosy fruit so nice;
But when they found out the price,
Down they threw the whole they'd got,
Just as if they were red hot.

. . . . . .

The man who gratis will his goods supply
Will never find a lack of folks to buy!

SYMBOLS.

PALM SUNDAY at the Vatican
They celebrate with palms;
With reverence bows each holy man,
And chants the ancient psalms.
Those very psalms are also sung
With olive boughs in hand,
While holly, mountain wilds among,
In place of palms must stand;
In fine, one seeks some twig that's green,
And takes a willow rod,
So that the pious man may e'en
In small things praise his God.
And if ye have observed it well,
To gain what's fit ye're able,
If ye in faith can but excel;
Such are the myths of fable.

THREATENING SIGNS.

IF Venus in the evening sky
Is seen in radiant majesty,
If rod-like comets, red as blood,
Are 'mongst the constellations viewed,
Out springs the Ignoramus, yelling:
"The star's exactly o'er my dwelling!
What woeful prospect, ah, for me!"
Then calls his neighbour mournfully:
"Behold that awful sign of evil,
Portending woe to me, poor devil!
My mother's asthma ne'er will leave her,
My child is sick with wind and fever;
I dread the illness of my wife,
A week has passed, devoid of strife,—

And other things have reached my ear;
The Judgment Day has come, I fear!"

His neighbour answers: "Friend, you're right!
Matters look very bad to-night.
Let's go a street or two, though, hence,
And gaze upon the stars from thence." —
No change appears in either case.
Let each remain then in his place,
And wisely do the best he can,
Patient as any other man.

THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

"THE mountain village was destroyed;
But see how soon is filled the void!
Shingles and boards, as by magic arise,
The babe in his cradle and swaddling-clothes lies;
How blest to trust to God's protection!"
Behold a wooden new erection,
So that, if sparks and wind but choose,
God's self at such a game must lose!

IN the world do things go with you ill,
You can't do right, do what you will.

THREE PALINODIAS.

I.

"Incense is but a tribute for the gods, —
To mortals 'tis but poison."

THE smoke that from thine altar blows,
Can it the gods offend?
For I observe thou hold'st thy nose —
Pray what does this portend?

Mankind deem incense to excel
Each other earthly thing,
So he that cannot bear its smell,
No incense e'er should bring.

With unmoved face by thee at least
To dolls is homage given;
If not obstructed by the priest,
The scent mounts up to heaven.

II.

CONFLICT OF WIT AND BEAUTY.

Sir Wit, who is so much esteemed,
And who is worthy of all honour,
Saw Beauty his superior deemed
By folks who loved to gaze upon her;
At this he was most sorely vexed.
Then came Sir Breath (long known as fit
To represent the cause of wit),
Beginning, rudely, I admit,
To treat the lady with a text.
To this she hearkened not at all,
But hastened to his principal:
"None are so wise, they say, as you,—
Is not the world enough for two?
If you are obstinate, good-bye!
If wise, to love me you will try,
For be assured the world can ne'er
Give birth to a more handsome pair."

Ἄλλως.

Fair daughters were by beauty reared,
Wit had but dull sons for his lot;
So for a season it appeared
Beauty was constant, Wit was not.

But Wit's a native of the soil,
So he returned, worked, strove amain,
And found — sweet guerdon for his toil! —
Beauty to quicken him again.

III.

RAIN AND RAINBOW.

DURING a heavy storm it chanced
That from his room a cockney glanced
At the fierce tempest as it broke,
While to his neighbour thus he spoke:
"The thunder has our awe inspired,
Our barns by lightning have been fired, —
Our sins to punish, I suppose;
But, in return, to soothe our woes,
See how the rain in torrents fell,
Making the harvest promise well!
But is't a rainbow that I spy
Extending o'er the dark-gray sky?
With it I'm sure we may dispense,
The coloured cheat! The vain pretence!"
Dame Iris straightway thus replied:
"Dost dare my beauty to deride?
In realms of space God stationed me
A type of better worlds to be
To eyes that from life's sorrows rove
In cheerful hope to Heaven above,
And through the mists that hover here
God and His precepts blest revere.
Do thou, then, grovel like the swine,
And to the ground thy snout confine
But suffer the enlightened eye
To feast upon my majesty."

A SYMBOL.

[This fine poem is given by Goethe amongst a small collection of what he calls *Loge* (Lodge) meaning thereby Masonic pieces.]

THE mason's trade
Resembles life,
With all its strife, —
Is like the stir made
By man on earth's face.

Though weal and woe
The future may hide,
Unterrified
We onward go
In ne'er-changing race.

A veil of dread
Hangs heavier still.
Deep slumbers fill
The stars overhead,
And the foot-trodden grave.

Observe them well,
And watch them revealing
How solemn feeling
And wonderment swell
The hearts of the brave.

The voice of the blest,
And of spirits on high
Seems loudly to cry:
"To do what is best,
Unceasing endeavour!

"In silence eterne
Here chaplets are twined,
That each noble mind
Its guerdon may earn, —
Then hope ye for ever!"

VALEDICTION.

I ONCE was fond of fools,
And bid them come each day;
Then each one brought his tools,
The carpenter to play;
The roof to strip first choosing,
Another to supply,
The wood as trestles using,
To move it by-and-by,
While here and there they ran,
And knocked against each other;
To fret I soon began,
My anger could not smother,
So cried, "Get out, ye fools!"
At this they were offended;
Then each one took his tools,
And so our friendship ended.

Since that I've wiser been,
And sit beside my door;
When one of them is seen,
I cry, "Appear no more!"
"Hence, stupid knave!" I bellow:
At this he's angry, too:
"You impudent old fellow!
And pray, sir, who are you?
Along the streets we riot,
And revel at the fair:

But yet we're pretty quiet,
And folks revile us ne'er.
Don't call us names, then, please!"
At length I meet with ease,
For now they leave my door —
'Tis better than before!

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

I.

A MASTER of a country school
Jumped up one day from off his stool
Inspired with firm resolve to try
To gain the best society;
So to the nearest baths he walked,
And into the saloon he stalked.
He felt quite startled at the door,
Ne'er having seen the like before.
To the first stranger made he now
A very low and graceful bow,
But quite forgot to bear in mind
That people also stood behind;
His left-hand neighbour's paunch he struck
A grievous blow by great ill luck;
Pardon for this he first entreated,
And then in haste his bow repeated.
His right-hand neighbour next he hit,
And begged him, too, to pardon it;
But on his granting his petition,
Another was in like condition;
These compliments he paid to all,
Behind, before, across the hall;
At length one who could stand no more
Showed him impatiently the door.

. . . . . .

May many, pondering on their crimes,
A moral draw from this betimes!

II.

As he proceeded on his way
He thought, "I was too weak to-day;
To bow I'll ne'er again be seen;
For goats will swallow what is green."
Across the fields he now must speed,
Not over stumps and stones, indeed,
But over meads and cornfields sweet,
Trampling down all with clumsy feet.
A farmer met him by-and-by,
And didn't ask him: how? or why?
But with his fist saluted him.

"I feel new life in every limb!"
Our traveller cried in ecstasy.
"Who art thou who thus gladden'st me?
May Heaven such blessings ever send!
Ne'er may I want a jovial friend!"

THE LEGEND OF THE HORSESHOE.

WHEN still unknown, and low as well,
Our Lord upon the earth did dwell,
And many disciples with him went
Who seldom knew what his words meant,
He was extremely fond of holding
His court in the market-place, unfolding
The highest precepts to their hearing,
With holy mouth and heart unfolding;
For man, in Heaven's face when preaching,
Adds freedom's strength unto his teaching!

By parables and by example,
He made each market-place a temple.
He thus in peace of mind one day
To some small town with them did stray,
Saw something glitter in the street,
A broken horseshoe lay at his feet.
He then to Peter turned and said:
"Pick up that iron in my stead."
St. Peter out of humour was,
Having in dreams indulged because
All men on thoughts so like to dwell,
How they the world would govern well;
Here fancy revels without bounds;
On this his dearest thoughts he founds.
This treasure-trove he quite despised,
But crowned sceptre he'd have prized;
And why should he now bend his back
To put old iron in his sack?
He turned aside with outward show
As though he heard none speaking so!

The Lord, to his long-suffering true,
Himself picked up the horse's shoe,
And of it made no further mention,
But to the town walked with intention
Of going to a blacksmith's door,
Who gave one farthing for his store.
And now, when through the market strolling,
Cherries some one he heard extolling.
Of these he bought as few or many
As farthing buys, if it buy any,
Which he, in wonted peacefulness,
Gently within his sleeve did press.

Now out at t'other gate they'd gone
Past fields and meadows, houses none;

The road likewise of trees was bare,
The sun shone bright with ardent glare,
So that great price, in plain thus stretched,
A drink of water would have fetched.
The Lord, walking before them all,
Let unawares a cherry fall.
St. Peter ate it, then and there,
As though a golden apple it were.
He relished much the luscious fruit.
The Lord, whenever time would suit,
Another cherry forward sent,
For which St. Peter swiftly bent.
The Lord thus often and again
After the cherries made him strain.
When this had lasted quite awhile,
The Lord spoke thus with cheerful smile:
"If thou hadst stirred when first I bade thee,
More comfortable 'twould have made thee;
Whoe'er small things too much disdains,
For smaller ones takes greater pains."

THE WANDERER.

[Published in the Göttingen *Musen Almanach*, having been written "to express his feelings and caprices" after his separation from Frederica.]

WANDERER.

YOUNG woman, may God bless thee,
Thee, and the sucking infant
Upon thy breast!
Let me, against this rocky wall,
Neath the elm-tree's shadow,
Lay aside my burden,
Near thee take my rest.

WOMAN.

What vocation leads thee,
While the day is burning,
Up this dusty path?
Bring'st thou goods from out the town
Round the country?
Smilest thou, stranger,
At my question?

WANDERER.

From the town no goods I bring.
Cool is now the evening;
Show to me the fountain
Whence thou drinkest,
Woman young and kind!

WOMAN.

Up the rocky pathway mount;
Go thou first? Across the thicket
Leads the pathway toward the cottage
That I live in,
To me the fountain
Whence I drink.

WANDERER.

Signs of man's arranging hand
See I 'mid the trees!
Not by thee these stones were joined,
Nature, who so freely scattered!

WOMAN.

Up, still up!

WANDERER.

Lo, a mossy architrave is here!
I discern thee, fashioning spirit?
On the stone thou hast impressed thy seal.

WOMAN.

Onward, stranger!

WANDERER.

Over an inscription am I treading!
'Tis effacèd!
Ye are seen no longer,
Words so deeply graven,
Who your master's true devotion
Should have shown to thousand grandsons.

WOMAN.

At these stones why
Start'st thou, stranger?
Many stones are lying yonder
Round my cottage.

WANDERER.

Yonder?

WOMAN.

Through the thicket,
Turning to the left,
Here!

WANDERER.

Ye Muses and ye Graces!

WOMAN.

This, then, is my cottage.

WANDERER.

'Tis a ruined temple![1]

WOMAN.

Just below you it, see,
Springs, the fountain
Whence I drink.

WANDERER.

Thou dost hover
O'er thy grave, all glowing,
Genius! while upon thee
Hath thy masterpiece
Fallen crumbling,
Thou Immortal One!

WOMAN.

Stay, a cup I'll fetch thee
Whence to drink.

WANDERER.

Ivy circles thy slender
Form so graceful and godlike.

[1] Compare with the beautiful description contained in the subsequent lines, an account of a ruined temple of Ceres, given by Chamberlayne in his "Pharonnida" (published in 1659): —

". . . With mournful majesty
A heap of solitary ruins lie,
Half sepulchred in dust, the bankrupt heir
To prodigal antiquity . . ."

How ye rise on high
From the ruins,
Column-pair!
And thou, their lonely sister yonder,—
How thou,
Dusky moss upon thy sacred head,—
Lookest down in mournful majesty
On thy brethren's figures,
Lying scattered
At thy feet!
In the shadow of the bramble
Earth and rubbish veil them,
Lofty grass is waving o'er them!
Is it thus thou, Nature, prizest
Thy great masterpiece's masterpiece?
Carelessly destroyest thou
Thine own sanctuary,
Sowing thistles there?

WOMAN.

How the infant sleeps!
Wilt thou rest thee in the cottage,
Stranger? Wouldst thou rather
In the open air still linger?
Now 'tis cool! take thou the child,
While I go and draw some water.
Sleep on, darling! sleep!

WANDERER.

Sweet is thy repose!
How, with heaven-born health imbued,
Peacefully he slumbers!
O thou, born among the ruins
Spread by great antiquity,
On thee rest her spirit!
He whom it encircles

Will, in godlike consciousness,
Every day enjoy.
Full of germ, unfold
As the smiling spring-time's
Fairest charm,
Outshining all thy fellows!
And when the blossom's husk is faded,
May the full fruit shoot forth
From out thy breast,
And ripen in the sunshine!

WOMAN.

God bless him! — Is he sleeping still?
To the fresh draught I nought can add,
Saving a crust of bread for thee to eat.

WANDERER.

I thank thee well.
How fair the verdure all around,
How green!

WOMAN.

My husband soon
Will home return
From labour. Tarry, tarry, man,
And with us eat our evening meal.

WANDERER.

Is it here ye dwell?

WOMAN.

Yonder, within those walls, we live.
My father 'twas who built the cottage
Of tiles and stones from out the ruins.
'Tis here we dwell.

He gave me to a husbandman,
And in our arms expired. —
Hast thou been sleeping, dearest heart?
How lively, and how full of play,
Sweet rogue!

WANDERER.

Nature, thou ever budding one,
Thou formest each for life's enjoyments,
And, like a mother, all thy children dear
Blessest with that sweet heritage, — a home.
The swallow builds the cornice round,
Unconscious of the beauties
She plasters up.
The caterpillar spins around the bough,
To make her brood a winter house;
And thou dost patch, between antiquity's
Most glorious relics,
For thy mean use,
O man, a humble cot, —
Enjoyest e'en mid tombs!
Farewell, thou happy woman!

WOMAN.

Thou wilt not stay, then?

WANDERER.

May God preserve thee,
And bless thy boy!

WOMAN.

A happy journey!

WANDERER.

Whither conducts the path
Across yon hill?

WOMAN.

To Cuma.

WANDERER.

How far from hence?

WOMAN.

'Tis full three miles.

WANDERER.

Farewell!
O Nature, guide me on my way!
The wandering stranger guide,
Who o'er the tombs
Of holy bygone times
Is passing,
To a kind sheltering place,
From North winds safe,
And where a poplar grove
Shuts out the noontide ray!
And when I come
Home to my cot
At evening,
Illumined by the setting sun,
Let me embrace a wife like this,
Her infant in her arms!

THE DROPS OF NECTAR.

WHEN Minerva, to give pleasure
To Prometheus, her well-loved one,
Brought a brimming bowl of nectar
From the glorious realms of heaven

As a blessing for his creatures,
And to pour into their bosoms
Impulses for arts ennobling,
She with rapid footstep hastened,
Fearing Jupiter might see her,
And the golden goblet trembled,
And there fell a few drops from it
On the verdant plain beneath her.
Then the busy bees flew thither
Straightway, eagerly to drink them,
And the butterfly came quickly
That he, too, might find a drop there;
Even the misshapen spider
Thither crawled and sucked with vigour.

To a happy end they tasted,
They, and other gentle insects!
For with mortals now divide they
Art — that noblest gift of all.

LOVE AS A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

On a rocky peak once sat I early,
Gazing on the mist with eyes unmoving;
Stretched out like a pall of grayish texture,
All things round, and all above it covered.

Suddenly a boy appeared beside me,
Saying "Friend, what meanest thou by gazing
On the vacant pall with such composure?
Hast thou lost for evermore all pleasure
Both in painting cunningly, and forming?"
On the child I gazed, and thought in secret:
"Would the boy pretend to be a master?"

"Wouldst thou be for ever dull and idle,"
Said the boy, "no wisdom thou'lt attain to;
See, I'll straightway paint for thee a figure,—
How to paint a beauteous figure, show thee."

And he then extended his forefinger—
(Ruddy was it as a youthful rosebud)
Toward the broad and far outstretching carpet,
And began to draw there with his finger.

First on high a radiant sun he painted,
Which upon mine eyes with splendour glistened,
And he made the clouds with golden border.
Through the clouds he let the sunbeams enter;

Painted then the soft and feathery summits
Of the fresh and quickened trees; behind them
One by one with freedom drew the mountains;
Underneath he left no lack of water,
But the river painted so like Nature,
That it seemed to glitter in the sunbeams,
That it seemed against its banks to murmur.

Ah, there blossomed flowers beside the river,
And bright colours gleamed upon the meadow,
Gold, and green, and purple, and enamelled,
All like carbuncles and emeralds seeming;

Bright and clear he added then the heavens,
And the blue-tinged mountains far and farther,
So that I, as though new-born, enraptured
Gazed on now the painter, now the picture.

Then spake he: "Although I have convinced thee
That this art I understand full surely,
Yet the hardest still is left to show thee."

Thereupon he traced with pointed finger,
And with anxious care, upon the forest,
At the utmost verge, where the strong sunbeams
From the shining ground appeared reflected,
Traced the figure of a lovely maiden,
Fair in form, and clad in graceful fashion;
Fresh the cheeks beneath her brown locks' ambush,
And the cheeks possessed the self-same colour
As the finger that had served to paint them.

"O thou boy!" exclaimed I then, "what master
In his school received thee as his pupil,
Teaching thee so truthfully and quickly
Wisely to begin, and well to finish?"

Whilst I still was speaking, lo, a zephyr
Softly rose, and set the tree-tops moving,
Curling all the wavelets on the river,
And the perfect maiden's veil, too, filled it,
And to make my wonderment still greater,
Soon the maiden set her foot in motion.
On she came, approaching toward the station
Where still sat I with my arch instructor.

As now all, yes, all thus moved together, —
Flowers, rivers, trees, the veil, — all moving, —
And the gentle foot of that most fair one,
Can ye think that on my rock I lingered,
Like a rock, as though fast-chained and silent?

GOD, SOUL, AND WORLD.

RHYMED DISTICHS.

[The Distichs, of which these are given as a specimen, are abo forty in number.]

How? when? and where? — No answer comes fro high;
Thou waitest for the *Because*, and yet thou askest n *Why?*

If the whole is ever to gladden thee,
That whole in the smallest thing thou must see.

Water its living strength first shows,
When obstacles its course oppose.

Transparent appears the radiant air,
Though steel and stone in its breast it may bear;
At length they'll meet with fiery power,
And metal and stones on the earth will shower.

Whate'er a living flame may surround,
No longer is shapeless, or earthly bound.
'Tis now invisible, flies from earth,
And hastens on high to the place of its birth.

This truth may be by all believed:
Whom God deceives, is well deceived.

Who trusts in God,
Fears not His rod.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PLANTS.

THOU art confused, my belovèd, at seeing the thousand-fold union
Shown in this flowery troop over the garden dispersed;
Many a name dost thou hear assigned; one after another
Falls on thy listening ear, with a barbarian sound.
None resembleth another, yet all their forms have a likeness;
Therefore a mystical law is by the chorus proclaimed;
Yes, a sacred enigma! Oh, dearest friend, could I only
Happily teach thee the word, which may the mystery solve!
Closely observe how the plant, by little and little progressing,
Step by step guided on, changeth to blossom and fruit!
First from the seed it unravels itself, as soon as the silent
Fruit-bearing womb of the earth kindly allows its escape,
And to the charms of the light, the holy, the ever-in-motion,
Trusteth the delicate leaves, feebly beginning to shoot.
Simply slumbered the force in the seed; a germ of the future,
Peacefully locked in itself, 'neath the integument lay,
Leaf, and root, and bud, still void of colour, and shapeless;
Thus doth the kernel, while dry, cover that motionless life.

Upward then strives it to swell in gentle moisture confiding,
  And from the night where it dwelt straightway ascendeth to light.
Yet still simple remaineth its figure when first it appeareth,
  And 'tis a token like this points out the child 'mid the plants.
Soon a shoot succeeding it rises on high and reneweth
  Piling up node upon node, ever the primitive form;
Yet not ever alike, for the following leaf as thou seest
  Ever produceth itself fashioned in manifold ways.
Longer more indented in points and in parts more divided,
  Which all-deformed until now, slept in the organ below.
So at length it attaineth the noble and destined perfection,
  Which, in full many a tribe, fills thee with wondering awe.
Many ribbed and toothed, on a surface juicy and swelling,
  Free and unending the shoot seemeth in fulness to be;
Yet here Nature restraineth, with powerful hands, the formation,
  And to a perfect end, guided with softness its growth,
Less abundantly yielding the sap, contracting the vessels,
  So that the figure ere long gentler effects doth disclose.
Soon and in silence is checked the growth of the vigorous branches,
  And the rib of the stalk fuller becometh in form.

Leafless, however, and quick the tenderer stem then upspringeth,
And a miraculous sight doth the observer enchant.
Ranged in a circle in numbers that now are small, and now countless,
Gather the small-sized leaves close by the side of their like.
Round the axis compressed the sheltering calyx unfoldeth,
And, as the perfectest type, brilliant-hued coronals forms.
Thus doth Nature bloom, in glory still nobler and fuller,
Showing, in order arranged, member on member upreared.
Wonderment fresh dost thou feel, as soon as the stem rears the flower
Over the scaffolding frail of the alternating leaves.
But this glory is only the new creation's foreteller,
Yes, the leaf with its hues feeleth the hand all divine,
And on a sudden contracteth itself; the tenderest figures,
Twofold as yet, hasten on, destined to blend into one.
Lovingly now the beauteous pairs are standing together,
Gathered in countless array, there where the altar is raised.
Hymen hovereth o'er them, and scents delicious and mighty
Stream forth their fragrance so sweet, all things enlivening around.
Presently, parcelled out, unnumbered germs are seen swelling,
Sweetly concealed in the womb, where is made perfect the fruit.

Here doth Nature close the ring of her forces eternal;
Yet doth a new one, at once, cling to the one gone before,
So that the chain be prolonged for ever through all generations,
And that the whole may have life, e'en as enjoyed by each part.
Now, my belovèd one, turn thy gaze on the many-hued thousands
Which, confusing no more, gladden the mind as they wave.
Every plant unto thee proclaimeth the laws everlasting,
Every floweret speaks louder and louder to thee;
But if thou here canst decipher the mystic words of the goddess,
Everywhere will they be seen, e'en though the features are changed.
Creeping insects may linger, the eager butterfly hasten, —
Plastic and forming, may man change e'en the figure decreed.
Oh, then, bethink thee, as well, how out of the germ of acquaintance,
Kindly intercourse sprang, slowly unfolding its leaves;
Soon how friendship with might unveiled itself in our bosoms,
And how Amor at length brought forth blossom and fruit!
Think of the manifold ways wherein Nature hath lent to our feelings,
Silently giving them birth, either the first or the last!
Yes, and rejoice in the present day! For love that is holy
Seeketh the noblest of fruits, — that where the thoughts are the same,

Where the opinions agree, — that the pair may, in rapt contemplation,
Lovingly blend into one, — find the more excellent world.

RELIGION AND CHURCH.

THOUGHTS ON JESUS CHRIST'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

[The remarkable poem, of which this is a literal but faint representation, was written when Goethe was only sixteen years old. It derives additional interest from the fact of its being the very earliest piece of his that is preserved. The few other pieces included by Goethe under the title of "Religion and Church" are polemical, and devoid of interest to the English reader.]

WHAT wondrous noise is heard around!
Through heaven exulting voices sound,
A mighty army marches on.
By thousand millions followed, lo,
To yon dark place makes haste to go
God's Son, descending from His throne!
He goes — the tempests round Him break,
As Judge and Hero cometh He;
He goes — the constellations quake,
The sun, the world quake fearfully.

I see Him in His victor-car,
On fiery axles borne afar,
Who on the cross for us expired.
The triumph to yon realms He shows, —
Remote from earth, where star ne'er glows, —
The triumph He for us acquired.
He cometh, Hell to extirpate,
Whom He, by dying well-nigh killed;
He shall pronounce her fearful fate;
Hark! now the curse is straight fulfilled.

Hell sees the victor come at last,
She feels that now her reign is past,
  She quakes and fears to meet His sight;
She knows His thunders' terrors dread,
In vain she seeks to hide her head,
  Attempts to fly, but vain is flight;
Vainly she hastes to 'scape pursuit
  And to avoid her Judge's eye;
The Lord's fierce wrath restrains her foot
  Like brazen chains, — she cannot fly.

Here lies the Dragon, trampled down,
He lies, and feels God's angry frown,
  He feels, and grinneth hideously;
He feels Hell's speechless agonies,
A thousand times he howls and sighs:
"Oh, burning flames! quick, swallow me!"
There lies he in the fiery waves,
  By torments racked and pangs infernal,
Instant annihilation craves,
  And hears, those pangs will be eternal.

Those mighty squadrons, too, are here,
The partners of his cursed career,
  Yet far less bad than he were they.
Here lies the countless throng combined,
In black and fearful crowds entwined,
  While round him fiery tempests play;
He sees how they the Judge avoid,
  He sees the storm upon them feed,
Yet is not at the sight o'erjoyed,
  Because his pangs e'en theirs exceed.

The Son of Man in triumph passes
Down to Hell's wild and black morasses
  And there unfolds His majesty.
Hell cannot bear the bright array,

For, since her first created day,
Darkness alone e'er governed she.
She lay remote from ev'ry light,
With torments filled in Chaos here;
God turned for ever from her sight
His radiant feature's glory clear.

Within the realms she calls her own,
She sees the splendour of the Son,
His dreaded glories shining forth;
She sees Him clad in rolling thunder,
She sees the rocks all quake with wonder,
When God before her stands in wrath.
She sees He comes her Judge to be,
She feels the awful pangs inside her,
Herself to slay endeavours she,
But e'en this comfort is denied her.

Now looks she back, with pains untold,
Upon those happy times of old,
When all these glories gave her joy;
When yet her heart revered the truth,
When her glad soul in endless youth
And rapture dwelt, without alloy.
She calls to mind with maddened thought
How over man her wiles prevailed;
To take revenge on God she sought,
And feels the vengeance it entailed.

God was made man, and came to earth.
Then Satan cried with fearful mirth:
"E'en He my victim now shall be!"
He sought to slay the Lord Most High,
The world's Creator now must die;
But, Satan, endless woe to thee!

Thou thought'st to overcome Him then,
Rejoicing in His suffering:
But He in triumph comes again
To bind thee: Death! where is thy sting?

Speak, Hell! where is thy victory?
Thy power destroyed and scattered see!
Know'st thou not now the Highest's might?
See, Satan, see thy rule o'erthrown!
By thousand-varying pangs weighed down,
Thou dwell'st in dark and endless night.
As though by lightning struck thou liest,
No gleam of rapture far or wide;
In vain! no hope thou there descriest, —
For me alone Messiah died!

A howling rises through the air,
A trembling fills each dark vault there,
When Christ to Hell is seen to come.
She snarls with rage, but needs must cower
Before our mighty hero's power;
He signs — and Hell is straightway dumb.
Before His voice the thunders break,
On high His victor-banner blows;
E'en angels at His fury quake,
When Christ to the dread judgment goes.

Now speaks He, and His voice is thunder,
He speaks, the rocks are rent in sunder,
His breath is like devouring flames.
Thus speaks He: "Tremble, ye accursed!
He who from Eden hurled you erst,
Your kingdom's overthrow proclaims.
Look up! My children once were ye,
Your arms against Me then ye turned,
Ye fell, that ye might sinners be,
Ye've now the wages that ye earned.

"My greatest foemen from that day,
Ye led my dearest friends astray,—
As ye had fallen, man must fall.
To kill him evermore ye sought,
'They all shall die the death,' ye thought;
But how! for Me I've won them all.
For them alone did I descend,
For them prayed, suffered, perished I.
Ye ne'er shall gain your wicked end;
Who trust in Me shall never die.

"In endless chains here lie ye now,
Nothing can save you from the slough,
Not boldness, not regret for crime.
Lie, then, and writhe in brimstone fire!
'Twas ye yourselves drew down Mine ire.
Lie and lament throughout all time!
And also ye, whom I selected,
E'en ye for ever I disown,
For ye My saving grace rejected:
Ye murmur? blame yourselves alone!

"Ye might have lived with Me in bliss,
For I of yore had promised this;
Ye sinned, and all my prospects slighted;
Wrapped in the sleep of sin ye dwelt,
Now is My fearful judgment felt,
By a just doom your guilt requited."—
Thus spake He, and a fearful storm
From Him proceeds, the lightnings glow,
The thunders seize each wicked form,
And hurl them in a gulf below.

The God-man closeth Hell's sad doors;
In all His majesty He soars
From those dark regions back to light.
He sitteth at the Father's side;

Oh, friends, what joy doth this betide!
For us, for us He still will fight!
The angels' sacred choir around
Rejoice before the mighty Lord,
So that all creatures hear the sound:
"Zebaoth's God be aye adored!"

PROVERBS.

A THOUSAND flies did I at even slay,
Yet did one wake me at the break of day.

WHO serves the public is a sorry beast;
He frets himself; no one thanks him the least.

WOULDST thou nothing useless buy,
Be sure the fairs you go not nigh.

I COULD no greater sorrow own
Than live in Paradise alone.

TAME XENIA.

[The Epigrams bearing the title of "Xenia" were written by Goethe and Schiller together, having been first occasioned by some violent attacks made on them by some insignificant writers. They are extremely numerous, but scarcely any of them could be translated into English. Those here given are merely presented as a specimen.]

GOD gave to mortals birth,
In his own image, too;
Then came himself to earth,
A mortal kind and true.

BARBARIANS oft endeavour
Gods for themselves to make;
But they're more hideous ever
Than dragon or than snake.

"WHAT is science, rightly known?"
'Tis the strength of life alone.
Life canst thou engender never,
Life must be life's parent ever

IT matters not, I ween,
Where worms our friends consume,
Beneath the turf so green,
Or 'neath a marble tomb.
Remember, ye who live,
Though frowns the fleeting day,
That to your friends ye give
What never will decay.

WHAT shall I teach thee, the very first thing? —
Fain would I learn o'er my shadow to spring!

EXCULPATION

WILT thou dare to blame the woman for her seeming
sudden changes,
Swaying east and swaying westward, as the breezes
shake the tree?
Fool! thy selfish thought misguides thee — find the
man that never ranges;
Woman wavers but to seek him — is not then the
fault in thee?

PHOŒMION.

In His blest name, who was His own creation,
Who from all time makes *making* his vocation;
The name of Him who makes our faith so bright,
Love, confidence, activity, and might;
In that One's name, who, named though oft He be,
Unknown is ever in Reality:
As far as ear can reach, or eyesight dim,
Thou findest but the known resembling Him;
How high soe'er thy fiery spirit hovers,
Its simile and type it straight discovers;
Onward thou'rt drawn, with feelings light and gay,
Where e'er thou goest, smiling is the way;
No more thou numberest, reckonest no time,
Each step is infinite, each step sublime.

What God would *outwardly* alone control,
And on his finger whirl the mighty Whole?
He loves the *inner* world to move, to view
Nature in Him, Himself in Nature, too,
So that what in Him works, and is, and lives,
The measure of His strength, His spirit gives.

Within us all a universe doth dwell;
And hence each people's usage laudable,
That every one the Best that meets his eyes
As God, yea, e'en *his* God, doth recognise;
To Him both earth and heaven surrenders he,
Fears Him, and loves Him, too, if that may be.

THE PARK.

How beautiful! A garden fair is heaven,
Flowers of all hues, and smiling in the sun,
Where all was waste and wilderness before.
Well do ye imitate, ye gods of earth,
The great Creator. Rock, and lake, and glade,
Birds, fishes, and untamed beasts are here.
Your work were all an Eden but for this —
Here is no man unconscious of a pang,
No perfect Sabbath of unbroken rest.

ANTIQUES.

LEOPOLD, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

[Written on the occasion of the death, by drowning, of that prince.]

THOU wert forcibly seized by the hoary lord of the river, —
Holding thee, ever he shares with thee his streaming domain.
Calmly sleepest thou near his urn as it silently trickles,
Till thou to action art roused, waked by the swift-rolling flood.
Kindly be to the people, as when thou still wert a mortal.
Perfecting that as a god, which thou didst fail in, as man.

ANACREON'S GRAVE.

WHERE the rose is fresh and blooming — where the vine and myrtle spring —
Where the turtle-dove is cooing — where the gay cicalas sing —
Whose may be the grave surrounded with such store of comely grace,
Like a God-created garden? 'Tis Anacreon's resting-place.
Spring and summer and the autumn poured their gifts around the bard,
And, ere winter came to chill him, sound he slept beneath the sward.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LIGHTLY doth the furrow fold the golden grain within its breast,
Deeper shroud, old man, shall cover in thy limbs when laid at rest.
Blithely plough, and sow as blithely! Here are springs of mortal cheer,
And when e'en the grave is closing, Hope is ever standing near.

THE BROTHERS.

SLUMBER, Sleep — they were two brothers, servants to the Gods above:
Kind Prometheus lured them downwards, ever filled with earthly love;
But what Gods could bear so lightly, pressed too hard on men beneath.
Slumber did his brother's duty — Sleep was deepened into Death.

LOVE'S HOUR-GLASS.

EROS! wherefore do I see thee, with the glass in either hand?
Fickle god! with double measure wouldst thou count the shifting sand?
"*This* one flows for parted lovers — slowly drops each tiny bead —
That is for the days of dalliance, and it melts with golden speed."

WARNING.

Do not touch him — do not wake him! Fast asleep is Amor lying;
Go — fulfil thy work appointed — do thy labour of the day.
Thus the wise and careful mother uses every moment flying,
Whilst her child is in the cradle — Slumbers pass too soon away.

PHILOMELA.

SURELY, surely, Amor nursed thee, songstress of the plaintive note,
And, in fond and childish fancy, fed thee from his pointed dart.
So, sweet Philomel, the poison sunk into thy guileless throat,
Till, with all love's weight of passion, strike its notes to every heart.

THE CHOSEN ROCK.

HERE, in the hush and stillness of mid-noon,
The lover lay, and thought upon his love;
With blithesome voice he spoke to me: "Be thou
My witness, stone! — Yet, therefore, vaunt thee not,
For thou hast many partners of my joy —
To every rock that crowns this grassy dell,
And looks on me and my felicity;
To every forest-stem that I embrace
In my entrancement as I roam along,
Stand thou for a memorial of my bliss!
All mingle with my rapture, and to all
I lift a consecrating cry of joy.
Yet do I lend a voice to thee alone,
As culls the Muse some favourite from the crowd,
And, with a kiss, inspires for evermore."

SOLITUDE.

OH, ye kindly nymphs, who dwell 'mongst the rocks and the thickets,
Grant unto each whatsoever he may in silence desire!
Comfort impart to the mourner, and give to the doubter instruction,
And let the lover rejoice, finding the bliss that he craves.
For from the gods ye received what they ever denied unto mortals,
Power to comfort and aid all who in you may confide.

HOLY FAMILY.

O CHILD of beauty rare —
O mother chaste and fair —
How happy seemed they both, so far beyond compare!
She in her infant blest,
And he in conscious rest,
Nestling within the soft warm cradle of her breast!
What joy that sight might bear
To him who sees them there,
If, with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye,
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by.

THE MUSES' MIRROR.

EARLY one day, the Muse, when eagerly bent on adornment,
Followed a swift-running streamlet, the quietest nook by it seeking.
Quickly and noisily flowing, the changeful surface distorted
Ever her moving form; the goddess departed in anger.
Yet the stream called mockingly after her, saying: "What, truly!
Wilt thou not view, then, the truth, in my mirror so clearly depicted?"
But she already was far away, on the brink of the ocean,
In her figure rejoicing, and duly arranging her garland.

THE TEACHERS.

WHAT time Diogenes, unmoved and still,
Lay in his tub, and basked him in the sun —
What time Calanus clomb, with lightsome step
And smiling cheek, up to his fiery tomb —

What rare examples there for Philip's son
To curb his overmastering lust of sway,
But that the Lord of the majestic world
Was all too great for lessons even like these!

MARRIAGE UNEQUAL.

Alas, that even in a heavenly marriage,
The fairest lots should ne'er be reconciled!
Psyche waxed old, and prudent in her carriage,
Whilst Cupid evermore remains the child.

PHŒBUS AND HERMES.

The deep-browed lord of Delos once, and Maia's nimble-witted son,
Contended eagerly by whom the prize of glory should be won;
Hermes longed to grasp the lyre, — the lyre Apollo hoped to gain,
And both their hearts were full of hope, and yet the hopes of both were vain.
For Ares, to decide the strife, between them rudely dashed in ire,
And waving high his falchion keen, he cleft in twain the golden lyre.
Loud Hermes laughed maliciously, but at the direful deed did fall
The deepest grief upon the heart of Phœbus and the Muses all.

THE WREATHS.

Our German Klopstock, if he had his will,
Would bar us from the skirts of Pindus old;
No more the classic laurel should be prized,
But the rough leaflets of our native oak

Alone should glisten in the poet's hair;
Yet did himself, with spirit unreclaimed
From first allegiance to those early gods,
Lead up to Golgotha's most awful height
With more than epic pomp the new Crusade.
But let him range the bright angelic host
On either hill — no matter. By his grave
All gentle hearts should bow them down and weep
For where a hero and a saint have died,
Or where a poet sung prophetical,
Dying as greatly as they greatly lived,
To give memorial to all after-times,
Of lofty worth and courage undismayed;
There, in mute reverence, all devoutly kneel,
In homage of the thorn and laurel wreath,
That were at once their glory and their pang!

THE NEW LOVE.

LOVE, not the simple youth that whilom wound
Himself about young Psyche's heart, looked round
Olympus with a cold and roving eye,
That had accustomed been to victory.
It rested on a Goddess, noblest far
Of all that noble throng — glorious star —
Venus Urania. And from that hour
He loved her. Ah! to his resistless power
Even she, the holy one, did yield at last,
And in his daring arms he held her fast.
A new and beauteous Love from that embrace
Had birth, which to the mother owed his grace
And purity of soul, whilst from his sire
He borrowed all his passion, all his fire.
Him ever, where the gracious Muses be,
Thou'lt surely find. Such sweet society
Is his delight, and his sharp-pointed dart
Doth rouse within men's breasts the love of ART.

THE CONSECRATED SPOT.

WHEN in the dance of the Nymphs, in the moonlight so holy assembled,
Mingle the Graces, down from Olympus in secret descending,
Here doth the minstrel hide, and list to their numbers enthralling,
Here doth he watch their silent dances' mysterious measure.

SAKONTALA.

WOULDST thou the blossoms of spring, as well as the fruits of the autumn,
Wouldst thou what charms and delights, wouldst thou what plenteously feeds,
Wouldst thou include both heaven and earth in one designation,
All that is needed is done, when I Sakontala name.

YESTERDAY thy head was brown, as are the flowing locks of love;
In the bright blue sky I watched thee towering, giant-like above.
Now thy summit, white and hoary, glitters all with silver snow,
Which the stormy night hath shaken from its robes upon thy brow;
And I know that youth and age are bound with such mysterious meaning,
As the days are linked together, one short dream but intervening.

DISTICHS.

CHORDS are touched by Apollo, — the death-laden bow, too, he bendeth;
While he the shepherdess charms, Python he lays in the dust.

WHAT is merciful censure? to make thy faults appear smaller?
May be to veil them? No, no! O'er them to raise thee on high!

DEMOCRATIC food soon cloys on the multitude's stomach;
But I'll wager, ere long, other thou'lt give them instead.

WHAT in France has passed by, the Germans continue to practise,
For the proudest of men flatters the people and fawns.

WHO is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others,
And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.

NOT in the morning alone, not only at mid-day he charmeth;
Even at setting, the sun is still the same glorious planet.

THE CHINAMAN IN ROME.

In Rome I saw a stranger from Pekin:
Uncouth and heavy to his eye appeared
The mingled piles of old and modern time.
"Alas!" he said, what wretched taste is here!
When will they learn to stretch the airy roof
On light pilastered shafts of varnished wood —
Gain the fine sense, and educated eye,
Which only finds in lacquer, carvings quaint,
And variegated tintings, pure delight?"
Hearing these words, unto myself I said,
"Behold the type of many a moon-struck bard,
Who vaunts his tissue, woven of a dream,
'Gainst nature's tapestry, that lasts for aye,
Proclaims as sick the truly sound; and this,
That he, the truly sick, may pass for sound!"

PERFECT BLISS.

All the divine perfections, which whilere
Nature in thrift doled out 'mongst many a fair,
She showered with open hand, thou peerless one, on thee!
And she that was so wondrously endowed,
To whom a throng of noble knees were bowed,
Gave all — Love's perfect gift — her glorious self, to me!

PROVERBS.

A breach is every day,
By many a mortal stormed;
Let them fall in the gaps as they may,
Yet a heap of dead is ne'er formed.

WHAT harm has thy poor mirror done, alas?
Look not so ugly, prythee, in the glass!

ONE of the mightiest actions is that
When one fries himself in his own fat.

VENETIAN EPIGRAMS.

(Written in 1790.)

URN and sarcophagus erst were with life adorned by the heathen;
Fauns are dancing around, while with the Bacchanal troop
Checkered circles they trace; and the goat-footed, puffy-cheeked player
Wildly produceth hoarse tones out of the clamorous horn.
Cymbals and drums resound; we see and we hear, too, the marble.
Fluttering bird! oh, how sweet tastes the ripe fruit to thy bill!
Noise there is none to disturb thee, still less to scare away Amor,
Who, in the midst of the throng, learns to delight in his torch.
Thus doth fulness overcome death; and the ashes there covered
Seem, in that silent domain, still to be gladdened with life.
Thus may the minstrel's sarcophagus be hereafter surrounded
With such a scroll, which himself richly with life has adorned.

CLASPED in my arms for ever eagerly hold I my mistress,
Ever my panting heart throbs wildly against her dear breast,
And on her knees for ever is leaning my head, while I'm gazing
Now on her sweet smiling mouth, now on her bright sparkling eyes.
"Oh, thou effeminate!" spake one, "and thus, then, thy days thou art spending?"
Ah, they in sorrow are spent. List while I tell thee my tale:
Yes! I have left my only joy in life far behind me,
Twenty long days hath my car borne me away from her sight.
Vetturini defy me, while crafty chamberlains flatter,
And the sly *valet de place* thinks but of lies and deceit.
If I attempt to escape, the postmaster fastens upon me,
Postboys the upper hand get, custom-house duties enrage.
"Truly, I can't understand thee! thou talkest enigmas! thou seemest
Wrapped in a blissful repose, glad as Rinaldo of yore:" —
Ah, I myself understand full well; 'tis my body that travels,
And 'tis my spirit that rests still in my mistress's arms.

I WOULD liken this gondola unto the soft-rocking cradle,
And the chest on its deck seems a vast coffin to be.
Yes! 'tween the cradle and coffin, we totter and waver for ever
On the mighty canal, careless our lifetime is spent,

WHY are the people thus busily moving? For food they are seeking,
Children they fain would beget, feeding them well as they can.
Traveller, mark this well, and when thou art home, do thou likewise!
More can no mortal effect, work with what ardour he will.

I WOULD compare to the land this anvil, its lord to the hammer,
And to the people the plate, which in the middle is bent.
Sad is the poor tin-plate's lot, when the blows are but given at random:
Ne'er will the kettle be made, while they uncertainly fall.

WHAT is the life of a man? Yet thousands are ever accustomed
Freely to talk about man, — what he has done, too, and how.
Even less is a poem; yet thousands read and enjoy it,
Thousands abuse it. — My friend, live and continue to rhyme!

MERRY'S the trade of a poet; but somewhat a dear one, I fear me;
For, as my book grows apace, all my sequins I lose.

IF thou'rt in earnest, no longer delay, but render me happy;
Art thou in jest? Ah, sweet love! time for all jesting is past.

ART thou, then, vexed at my silence? What shall I speak of? Thou markest
Neither my sorrowful sigh, nor my soft eloquent look.
Only one goddess is able the seal of my lips to unloosen, —
When by Aurora I'm found, slumbering calm on thy breast.
Ah, then my hymn in the ears of the earliest gods shall be chanted,
As the Memnonian form breathed forth sweet secrets in song.

IN the twilight of morning to climb to the top of the mountain, —
Thee to salute, kindly star, earliest herald of day, —
And to await, with impatience, the gaze of the ruler of heaven, —
Youthful delight, oh, how oft lurest thou me out in the night!
Oh, ye heralds of day, ye heavenly eyes of my mistress,
Now ye appear, and the sun evermore riseth too soon.

THOU art amazed, and dost point to the ocean. It seems to be burning;
Flame-crested billows in play dart round our night-moving bark.
Me it astonisheth not, — of the ocean was born Aphrodite, —
Did not a flame, too, proceed from her for us, in her son?

GLEAMING the ocean appeared, the beauteous billows were smiling,
While a fresh, favouring wind, filling the sails, drove us on.

Free was my bosom from yearning; yet soon my languishing glances
Turned themselves backward in haste, seeking the snow-covered hills.
Treasures unnumbered are southwards lying. Yet one to the northwards
Draws me resistlessly back, like the strong magnet in force.

Spacious and fair is the world; yet oh! how I thank the kind heavens
That I a garden possess, small though it be, yet mine own.
One which enticeth me homewards; why should a gardener wander?
Honour and pleasure he finds, when to his garden he looks.

Ah, my maiden is going! she mounts the vessel! My monarch,
Æolus! potentate dread! keep every storm far away!
"Oh, thou fool!" cried the god: "ne'er fear the blustering tempest;
When Love flutters his wings, then mayest thou dread the soft breeze."

ELEGIES.

PART I.

ROMAN ELEGIES.

[The "Roman Elegies" were written in the same year as the "Venetian Epigrams" — viz., 1790.]

SPEAK, ye stones, I entreat! Oh, speak, ye palaces lofty!
Utter a word, oh, ye streets! Wilt thou not, Genius, awake?
All that thy sacred walls, eternal Rome, hold within them
Teemeth with life; but to *me* all is still silent and dead.
Oh, who will whisper unto me, — when shall I see at the casement
That one beauteous form, which, while it scorcheth, revives?
Can I as yet not discern the road, on which I for ever
To her and from her shall go, heeding not time as it flies?
Still do I mark the churches, palaces, ruins, and columns,
As a wise traveller should, would he his journey improve.
Soon all this will be past; and then will there be but *one* temple,
Amor's temple alone, where the Initiate may go.
Thou art indeed a world, O Rome; and yet were Love absent,
Then would the world be no world, then would e'en Rome be no Rome.

Do not repent, mine own love, that thou so soon didst surrender!
Trust me, I deem thee not bold! reverence only I feel.
Manifold workings the darts of Amor possess; some but scratching,
Yet, with insidious effect, poison the bosom for years.
Others mightily feathered, with fresh and newly-born sharpness,
Pierce to the innermost bone, kindle the blood into flame.
In the heroical times, when loved each god and each goddess,
Longing attended on sight; then with fruition was blessed.
Thinkest thou the goddess had long been thinking of love and its pleasures
When she, in Ida's retreats, owned to Anchises her flame?
Had but Luna delayed to kiss the beautiful sleeper,
Oh, by Aurora, ere long, he had in envy been roused!
Hero Leander espied at the noisy feast, and the lover
Hotly and nimbly, ere long, plunged in the night-covered flood.
Rhea Silvia, virgin princess, roamed near the Tiber,
Seeking there water to draw, when by the god she was seized.
Thus were the sons of Mars begotten! The twins did a she-wolf
Suckle and nurture, — and Rome called herself queen of the world.

Alexander, and Cæsar, and Henry, and Frederick, the mighty,
On me would gladly bestow half of the glory they earned,

Could I but grant unto each one night on the couch where I'm lying;
But they, by Orcus' night, sternly, alas! are held down.
Therefore rejoice, O thou living one, blest in thy love-lighted homestead,
Ere the dark Lethe's sad wave wetteth thy fugitive foot.

THESE few leaves, O ye Graces, a bard presents, in your honour,
On your altar so pure, adding sweet rosebuds as well,
And he does it with hope. The artist is glad in his workshop,
When a Pantheon it seems round him for ever to bring.
Jupiter knits his godlike brow, — hers, Juno uplifteth;
Phœbus strides on before, shaking his curly-locked head;
Calmly and dryly Minerva looks down, and Hermes, the light one,
Turneth his glances aside, roguish and tender at once.
But toward Bacchus, the yielding, the dreaming, raiseth Cythere
Looks both longing and sweet, e'en in the marble yet moist.
Of his embraces she thinks with delight, and seems to be asking: —
"Should not our glorious son take up his place by our side?"

AMOR is ever a rogue, and all who believe him are cheated!
To me the hypocrite came: "Trust me, I pray thee, this once.

Honest is now my intent, — with grateful thanks I acknowledge
That thou thy life and thy works hast to my worship ordained.
See, I have followed thee hither, to Rome, with kindly intention,
Hoping to give thee mine aid, e'en in the foreigner's land.
Every traveller complains that the quarters he meets with are wretched;
Happily lodged, though, is he, who is by Amor received.
Thou dost observe the ruins of ancient buildings with wonder,
Thoughtfully wandering on, over each time-hallowed spot.
Thou dost honour still more the worthy relics created
By the few artists whom *I* loved in their studios to seek.
I 'twas fashioned those forms! thy pardon, — I boast not at present;
Presently thou shalt confess, that what I tell thee is true.
Now that thou servest me more idly, where are the beauteous figures,
Where are the colours, the light, which thy creations once filled?
Hast thou a mind again to form? The school of the Grecians
Still remains open, my friend; years have not barred up its doors.
I, the teacher, am ever young, and love all the youthful,
Love not the subtle and old; Mother, observe what I say!
Still was new the Antique, when yonder blest ones were living;
Happily live, and in thee, ages long vanished will live!

Food for song, where hopest thou to find it? I only can give it,
And a more excellent style, love, and love only can teach."
Thus did the Sophist discourse. What mortal, alas! could resist him?
And when a master commands, I have been trained to obey.
Now he deceitfully keeps his word, gives food for my numbers,
But, while he does so, alas! robs me of time, strength, and mind.
Looks, and pressure of hands, and words of kindness, and kisses,
Syllables teeming with thought, by a fond pair are exchanged.
Then becomes whispering talk, — and stammering, a language enchanting.
Free from all prosody's rules, dies such a hymn on the ear.
Thee, Aurora, I used to own as the friend of the Muses;
Hath, then, Amor the rogue cheated, Aurora, e'en thee?
Thou dost appear to me now as his friend, and again dost awake me
Unto a day of delight, while at his altar I kneel.
All her locks I find on my bosom, her head is reposing,
Pressing with softness the arm, which round her neck is entwined;
Oh! what a joyous awakening, ye hours so peaceful, succeeded,
Monument sweet of the bliss which had first rocked us to sleep!
In her slumber she moves, and sinks, while her face is averted,
Far on the breadth of the couch, leaving her hand still in mine.

Heartfelt love unites us for ever, and yearnings unsullied,
And our cravings alone claim for themselves the exchange.
One faint touch of the hand, and her eyes so heavenly see I
Once more open. Ah, no! let me still look on that form!
Closed still remain! Ye make me confused and drunken, ye rob me
Far too soon of the bliss pure contemplation affords.
Mighty, indeed, are these figures! these limbs, how gracefully rounded!
Theseus, could'st thou e'er fly, whilst Ariadne thus slept?
Only one single kiss on these lips! O Theseus, now leave us!
Gaze on her eyes! she awakes! — Firmly she holds thee embraced!

PART II.

ALEXIS AND DORA.

[This beautiful poem was first published in Schiller's *Horen*.]

FARTHER and farther away, alas! at each moment the vessel
Hastens, as onward it glides, cleaving the foam-covered flood!
Long is the track ploughed up by the keel where dolphins are sporting,
Following fast in its rear, while it seems flying pursuit.

All forebodes a prosperous voyage; the sailor with calmness
Leans 'gainst the sail, which alone all that is needed performs.
Forward presses the heart of each seaman, like colours and streamers;
Backward one only is seen, mournfully fixed near the mast,
While on the blue-tinged mountains, which fast are receding, he gazeth,
And as they sink in the sea, joy from his bosom departs.
Vanished from thee, too, O Dora, is now the vessel that robs thee
Of thine Alexis, thy friend, — ah, thy betrothèd as well!
Thou, too, art after me gazing in vain. Our hearts are still throbbing,
Though, for each other, yet, ah! 'gainst one another no more.
Oh, thou single moment wherein I found life! thou outweighest
Every day which had else coldly from memory fled.
'Twas in that moment alone, the last, that upon me descended
Life, such as deities grant, though thou perceived'st it not.
Phœbus, in vain with thy rays dost thou clothe the ether in glory:
Thine all-brightening day hateful alone is to me.
Into myself I retreat for shelter, and there, in the silence,
Strive to recover the time when she appeared with each day.
Was it possible beauty like this to see, and not feel it?
Worked not those heavenly charms e'en on a mind dull as thine?

Blame not thyself, unhappy one! Oft doth the bard an enigma
Thus propose to the throng, skilfully hidden in words.
Each one enjoys the strange commingling of images graceful,
Yet still is wanting the word which will discover the sense.
When at length it is found, the heart of each hearer is gladdened,
And in the poem he sees meaning of twofold delight.
Wherefore so late didst thou remove the bandage, O Amor,
Which thou hadst placed o'er mine eyes, — wherefore remove it so late?
Long did the vessel, when laden, lie waiting for favouring breezes,
Till in kindness the wind blew from the land o'er the sea.
Vacant times of youth! and vacant dreams of the future!
Ye all vanish, and nought, saving the moment, remains.
Yes! it remains, — my joy still remains! I hold thee, my Dora,
And thine image alone, Dora, by hope is disclosed.
Oft have I seen thee go, with modesty clad, to the temple,
While thy mother so dear solemnly went by thy side.
Eager and nimble thou wert, in bearing thy fruit to the market,
Boldly the pail from the well didst thou sustain on thy head.
Then was revealed thy neck, then seen thy shoulders so beauteous,
Then, before all things, the grace filling thy motions was seen.

Oft have I feared that the pitcher perchance was in
danger of falling,
Yet it ever remained firm on the circular cloth.
Thus, fair neighbour, yes, thus I oft was wont to
observe thee,
As on the stars I might gaze, as I might gaze on
the moon,
Glad indeed at the sight, yet feeling within my calm
bosom
Not the remotest desire ever to call them mine own.
Years thus fleeted away! Although our houses were
only
Twenty paces apart, yet I thy threshold ne'er
crossed.
Now by the fearful flood are we parted! Thou liest
to Heaven,
Billow! thy beautiful blue seems to me dark as the
night.
All were now in movement: a boy to the house of my
father
Ran at full speed and exclaimed: "Hasten thee
quick to the strand!
Hoisted the sail is already, e'en now in the wind it is
fluttering,
While the anchor they weigh, heaving it up from
the sand;
Come, Alexis, oh, come!" — My worthy stout-hearted
father
Pressed, with a blessing, his hand down on my
curly-locked head,
While my mother carefully reached me a newly-made
bundle;
"Happy may'st thou return!" cried they — "both
happy and rich!"
Then I sprang away, and under my arm held the bundle,
Running along by the wall. Standing I found thee
hard by,

At the door of thy garden. Thou smilingly saidst then: "Alexis!
Say, are yon boisterous crew going thy comrades to be?
Foreign coasts wilt thou visit, and precious merchandise purchase,
Ornaments meet for the rich matrons who dwell in the town;
Bring me, also, I pray thee, a light chain; gladly I'll pay thee,
Oft have I wished to possess some such trinket as that."
There I remained, and asked, as merchants are wont, with precision
After the form and the weight which thy commission should have.
Modest, indeed, was the price thou didst name! I meanwhile was gazing
On thy neck, which deserved ornaments worn but by queens.
Loudly now rose the cry from the ship; then kindly thou spakest: —
"Take, I entreat thee, some fruit out of the garden, my friend!
Take the ripest oranges, figs of the whitest; the ocean
Beareth no fruit, and, in truth, 'tis not produced by each land."
So I entered in. Thou pluckedst the fruit from the branches,
And the burden of gold was in thine apron upheld.
Oft did I cry, enough! But fairer fruits were still falling
Into thy hand as I spake, ever obeying thy touch.
Presently didst thou reach the arbour; there lay there a basket,
Sweet blooming myrtle-trees waved, as we drew nigh, o'er our heads.

Then thou began'st to arrange the fruit with skill and in silence :
First the orange, which lay heavy as though 'twere of gold,
Then the yielding fig, by the slightest pressure disfigured,
And with myrtle the gift soon was both covered and graced.
But I raised it not up. I stood. Our eyes met together,
And my eyesight grew dim, seeming obscured by a film.
Soon I felt thy bosom on mine! Mine arm was soon twining
Round thy beautiful form ; thousand times kissed I thy neck.
On my shoulder sank thy head ; thy fair arms, encircling,
Soon rendered perfect the ring knitting the rapturous pair.
Amor's hands I felt: he pressed us together with ardour,
And, from the firmament clear, thrice did it thunder; then tears
Streamed from mine eyes in torrents, thou weptest, I wept, both were weeping,
And, 'mid our sorrow and bliss, even the world seemed to die.
Louder and louder they called from the strand; my feet would no longer
Bear my weight, and I cried: "Dora! and art thou not mine?"
"Thine for ever!" thou gently didst say. Then the tears we were shedding
Seemed to be wiped from our eyes, as by the breath of a god.

Nearer was heard the cry "Alexis!" The stripling who sought me
Suddenly peeped through the door. How he the basket snatched up!
How he urged me away! how pressed I thy hand! Dost thou ask me
How the vessel I reached? Drunken I seemed, well I know.
Drunken my shipmates believed me, and so had pity upon me;
And as the breeze drove us on, distance the town soon obscured.
"Thine for ever!" thou, Dora, didst murmur; it fell on my senses
With the thunder of Zeus! while by the thunderer's throne
Stood his daughter, the Goddess of Love; the Graces were standing
Close by her side! so the bond beareth an impress divine!
Oh, then hasten, thou ship, with every favouring zephyr!
Onward, thou powerful keel, cleaving the waves as they foam!
Bring me unto the foreign harbour, so that the goldsmith
May in his workshop prepare straightway the heavenly pledge!
Ay, of a truth, the chain shall indeed be a chain, O my Dora!
Nine times encircling thy neck, loosely around it entwined.
Other and manifold trinkets I'll buy thee; gold-mounted bracelets,
Richly and skilfully wrought, also shall grace thy fair hand.

There shall the ruby and emerald vie, the sapphire so lovely
Be to the jacinth opposed, seeming its foil; while the gold
Holds all the jewels together, in beauteous union commingled.
Oh, how the bridegroom exults, when he adorns his betrothed!
Pearls if I see, of thee they remind me; each ring that is shown me
Brings to my mind thy fair hand's graceful and tapering form.
I will barter and buy; the fairest of all shalt thou choose thee,
Joyously would I devote all of the cargo to thee.
Yet not trinkets and jewels alone is thy loved one procuring;
With them he brings thee whate'er gives to a housewife delight.
Fine and woollen coverlets, wrought with an edging of purple,
Fit for a couch where we both, lovingly, gently may rest;
Costly pieces of linen. Thou sittest and sewest, and clothest
Me, and thyself, and, perchance, even a third with it too.
Visions of hope, deceive ye my heart! Ye kindly Immortals,
Soften this fierce-raging flame, wildly pervading my breast!
Yet how I long to feel them again, those rapturous torments,
When, in their stead, care draws nigh, coldly and fearfully calm.
Neither the Furies' torch, nor the hounds of hell with their barking

Awe the delinquent so much, down in the plains of despair,
As by the motionless spectre I'm awed, that shows me the fair one
Far away; of a truth, open the garden-door stands!
And another one cometh! For him the fruit, too, is falling,
And for him, also, the fig strengthening honey doth yield!
Doth she entice him as well to the arbour? He follows? Oh, make me
Blind, ye Immortals! efface visions like this from my mind!
Yes, she is but a maiden! And she who to one doth so quickly
Yield, to another ere long, doubtless, will turn herself round.
Smile not, Zeus, for this once, at an oath so cruelly broken!
Thunder more fearfully! Strike! — Stay — thy fierce lightnings withhold!
Hurl at me thy quivering bolt! In the darkness of midnight
Strike with thy lightning this mast, make it a pitiful wreck!
Scatter the planks all around, and give to the boisterous billows
All these wares, and let *me* be to the dolphins a prey! —
Now, ye Musés, enough! In vain would ye strive to depicture
How, in a love-laden breast, anguish alternates with bliss.
Ye cannot heal the wounds, it is true, that love hath inflicted;
Yet from you only proceeds, kindly ones, comfort and balm.

SONG OF THE FATES.

FROM IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

YE children of mortals
The deities dread!
The mastery hold they
In hands all eternal,
And use them, unquestioned,
What manner they like.

Let *him* fear them doubly,
Whom they have uplifted!
On cliffs and on clouds, lo,
Round tables all-golden,
The seats are made ready.
When rises contention,
The guests are hurled downward
With shame and dishonour
To deep depths of midnight,
And vainly await they,
Bound fast in the darkness,
A just condemnation.

But *they* remain ever
In firmness unshaken
Round tables all-golden.
On stride they from mountain
To mountain far distant:
From out the abysses'
Dark jaws, the breath rises
Of torment-choked Titans
Up tow'rd them, like incense
In light clouds ascending.

The rulers immortal
Avert from whole peoples
Their blessing-fraught glances,
And shun, in the children,
To trace the once cherished,
Still eloquent features
Their ancestors wore.

Thus chanted the Parcæ;
The old man, the banished,
In gloomy vault lying,
Their song overheareth,
Sons, grandsons rememb'reth,
And shaketh his head.

Songs from Various Plays, Etc.

FROM FAUST.

I.

DEDICATION.

YE shadowy forms, again ye're drawing near,
So wont of yore to meet my troubled gaze!
Were it in vain to seek to keep you here?
Loves still my heart that dream of olden days?
Oh, come, then! and in pristine force appear,
Parting the vapoury mist that round me plays!
My bosom finds its youthful strength again,
Feeling the magic breeze that marks your train.

Ye bring the forms of happy days of yore,
And many a shadow loved attends you, too;
Like some old lay, whose dream was well-nigh o'er,
First love appears again, and friendship true;
Upon life's labyrinthine path once more
Is heard the sigh, and grief revives anew;
The friends are told, who, in their hour of pride,
Deceived by fortune, vanished from my side.

No longer do they hear my plaintive song,
The souls to whom I sang in life's young day;
Scattered for ever now thy friendly throng,
And mute, alas! each sweet responsive lay.

My strains but to the careless crowd belong,
  Their smiles but sorrow to my heart convey;
And all who heard my numbers erst with gladness,
If living yet, roam o'er the earth in sadness.

Long buried yearnings in my breast arise,
  Yon calm and solemn spirit-realm to gain;
Like the Æolian harp's sweet melodies,
  My murmuring song breathes forth its changeful strain,
A trembling seizes me, tears fill mine eyes,
  And softer grows my rugged heart amain.
All I possess far distant seems to be,
The vanished only seems reality.

II.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

THE ARCHANGELS' SONG.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun still chants, as in old time,
  With brother-shepherds in choral song,
And with his thunder-march sublime
  Moves his predestined course along.
Strength find the angels in his sight,
  Though he by none may fathomed be;
Still glorious is each work of might
  As when first formed in majesty.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, in wondrous guise,
  Revolves the earth in splendour bright,

The radiant hues of Paradise
  Alternating with deepest night.
From out the gulf against the rock,
  In spreading billows foams the ocean, —
And cliff and sea with mighty shock,
  The spheres whirl round in endless motion.

MICHAEL.

And storms in emulation growl
  From land to sea, from sea to land,
And fashion, as they wildly howl,
  A circling, wonder-working band.
Destructive flames in mad career
  Precede thy thunders on their way;
Yet, Lord, Thy messengers revere
  The soft mutations of Thy day.

THE THREE.

Strength find the angels in Thy sight
  Though none may hope to fathom Thee;
Still glorious are Thy works of might,
  As when first formed in majesty.

III.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

CHRIST is arisen!
  Mortal, all hail!
Thou, of earth's prison
  Dreary and frail,
  Bursting the veil,
Proudly hast arisen!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Rich spices and myrrh,
To embalm Him we brought;
His corpse to inter
His true followers sought.
In pure cerements shrined,
'Twas placed in the bier;
But, alas! we now find
That Christ is not here.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen!
Speechless His love,
Who to earth's prison
Came from above,
Trials to prove.
Now is He risen!

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Death's gloomy portal
Now hath He rended,—
Living, immortal,
Heavenward ascended;
Freed from His anguish,
Sees He God's throne;
We still must languish,
Earthbound, alone.
Now that He's left us,
Heart-sad we pine;
Why hast Thou left us,
Master divine?

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
Death hath He slain;

Burst ye your prison,
  Rend ye each chain!
Songs of praise lead ye,—
Love to show, heed ye,—
Hungry ones feed ye,—
Preaching, on speed ye,—
Coming joys plead ye,—
Then is the Master near,
Then is He here!

IV.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

VANISH, dark clouds on high,
  Offspring of night!
Let a more radiant beam
Through the blue ether gleam,
  Charming the sight!
Would the dark clouds on high
  Melt into air!
Stars glimmer tenderly,
  Planets more fair
  Shed their soft light.
Spirits of heavenly birth,
Fairer than sons of earth,
Quiv'ring emotions true
  Hover above;
Yearning affections, too,
  In their train move.
See how the spirit band,
By the soft breezes fanned,
Covers the smiling land,—
Covers the leafy grove,
Where happy lovers rove,
Deep in a dream of love,

True love that never dies!
Bowers on bowers rise,
  Soft tendrils twine;
While from the press escapes,
Born of the juicy grapes,
  Foaming, the wine;
And as the current flows
O'er the bright stones it goes,—
Leaving the hilly lands
  Far, far behind,—
Into a sea expands,
  Loving to wind
Round the green mountain's base;
And the glad-wingèd race,
  Rapture sip in,
As they the sunny light
And the fair islands bright,
  Hasten to win,
That on the billows play
With sweet deceptive ray,
Where in glad choral song
Shout the exulting throng;
Where on the verdant plain
  Dancers we see,
Spreading themselves amain
  Over the lea.
Some boldly climbing are
  O'er the steep brake,
Others are floating far
  O'er the smooth lake.
All for a purpose move,
  All with life teem,
While the sweet stars above
  Blissfully gleam.

V.

MARGARET AT HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

My heart is sad,
  My peace is o'er;
I find it never
  And nevermore.

When gone is he,
  The grave I see;
The world's wide all
  Is turned to gall.

Alas, my head
  Is well-nigh crazed;
My feeble mind
  Is sore amazed.

My heart is sad,
  My peace is o'er;
I find it never
  And nevermore.

For him from the window
  Alone I spy;
For him alone
  From home go I.

His lofty step,
  His noble form,
His mouth's sweet smile,
  His glances warm,

His voice so fraught
With magic bliss,
His hand's soft pressure,
And, ah, his kiss!

My heart is sad,
My peace is o'er;
I find it never
And nevermore.

My bosom yearns
For his form so fair;
Ah, could I clasp him
And hold him there!

My kisses sweet
Should stop his breath,
And 'neath his kisses
I'd sink in death!

VI.

SCENE. — A GARDEN.

Margaret. Faust.

MARGARET.

Dost thou believe in God?

FAUST.

Doth mortal live
Who dares to say that he believes in God?
Go, bid the priest a truthful answer give,
Go, ask the wisest who on earth e'er trod, —
Their answer will appear to be
Given alone in mockery.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe? This sayest thou?

FAUST.

Sweet love, mistake not what I utter now!
Who knows his name?
Who dares proclaim:
Him I believe?
Who so can feel
His heart to steel
To say: I believe Him not?
The All-Embracer,
The All-Sustainer,
Holds and sustains He not
Thee, me, Himself?
Hang not the heavens their arch o'erhead?
Lies not the earth beneath us, firm?
Gleam not with kindly glances
Eternal stars on high?
Looks not mine eye deep into thine?
And do not all things
Crowd on thy head and heart,
And around thee twine, in mystery eterne,
Invisible, yet visible?
Fill, then, thy heart, however vast, with this,
And when the feeling perfecteth thy bliss,
Oh, call it what thou wilt,
Call it joy! heart! love! God!
No name for it I know!
'Tis feeling all — nought else;
Name is but sound and smoke,
Obscuring heaven's bright glow.

VII.

MARGARET'S PRAYER.

O THOU well-tried in grief,
Grant to thy child relief,
And view with mercy this unhappy one!

The sword within thy heart,
Speechless with bitter smart,
Thou lookest up toward thy dying Son.

Thou lookest to God on high,
And breathest many a sigh
O'er His and thy distress, thou holy One!

Who e'er can know
The depth of woe
Piercing my very bone?
The sorrows that my bosom fill,
Its tremblings, its aye-yearning will
Are known to thee, to thee alone.

Wherever I may go,
With woe, with woe, with woe,
My bosom sad is aching!
I scarce alone can creep,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
My very heart is breaking.

The flowers at my window
My falling tears bedewed,
When I, at dawn of morning,
For thee these flow'rets strewed.

When early to my chamber
The cheerful sunbeams stole,
I sat upon my pallet,
In agony of soul.

Help! rescue me from death and misery!
Oh, thou well-tried in grief,
Grant to thy child relief,
And view with mercy my deep agony!

FROM FAUST — SECOND PART.

I.

ARIEL.

WHEN in spring the gentle rain
Breathes into the flower new birth,
When the green and happy plain
Smiles upon the sons of earth,
Haste to give what help we may,
Little elves of wondrous might!
Whether good or evil they,
Pity for them feels the sprite.

II.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

WHEN the moist and balmly gale
Round the verdant meadow sighs,
Odours sweet in misty veil
At the twilight-hour arise.
Murmurings soft of calm repose
Rock the heart to childlike rest,
And the day's bright portals close
On the eyes with toil oppressed.

Night already reigns o'er all,
Strangely star is linked to star;
Planets mighty, sparklings small,
Glitter near and gleam afar.
Gleam above in clearer night,
Glitter in the glassy sea;
Pledging pure and calm delight,
Rules the moon in majesty.

Now each well-known hour is over,
Joy and grief have passed away;
Feel betimes! thou'lt then recover:
Trust the new-born eye of day.
Vales grow verdant, hillocks teem,
Shady nooks the bushes yield,
And with waving, silvery gleam,
Rocks the harvest in the field.

Wouldst thou wish for wish obtain,
Look upon yon glittering ray!
Lightly on thee lies the chain,
Cast the shell of sleep away!
Tarry not, but be thou bold,
When the many loiter still;
All with ease may be controlled
By the man of daring will.

III.

ARIEL.

HARK! the storm of hours draws near,
Loudly to the spirit-ear
Signs of coming day appear.
Rocky gates are wildly crashing,
Phœbus' wheels are onward dashing;

(A wonderful noise proclaims the approach of the sun.)

Light doth mighty sounds beget!
Pealing loud as rolling thunder,
Eye and ear it fills with wonder,
Though itself unconscious yet
Downward steals it, 'mongst the flowers
Seeking deeper, stiller bowers,
'Mongst the foliage, neath the rock;
Thou'lt be deafened by the shock!

FROM FAUST — SECOND PART.

SCENE THE LAST.

ANGELS.

[Hovering in the higher regions of air, and bearing the immortal part of Faust.]

THE spirit-region's noble limb
Hath 'scaped the Archfiend's power;
For we have strength to rescue him
Who labours every hour.
And if he feels within his breast
A ray of love from heaven,
He's met by all the squadron blest
With welcome gladly given.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Yonder roses, from the holy
Hands of penitents so lowly,
Helped to render us victorious,
And to do the deed all-glorious;
For they gained us this soul-treasure.
Evil ones those roses banished,
Devils, when we met them, vanished.
Spirits felt love's pangs with pleasure,

Where hell's torments used to dwell;
E'en the hoary king of hell
Felt sharp torments through him run.
Shout for joy! the prize is won.

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

Strains of mortality
  Long have oppressed us;
Pure could they ever be,
  If of asbestos.
If mighty spirit strength
  Elements ever
Knew how to seize at length,
  Angels could never
Linked twofold natures move,
  Where single-hearted;
By nought but deathless love
  Can they be parted.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

See where a spirit-race
  Bursts on the sight!
Dimly their forms I trace
  Round the far height.
Each cloud becometh clear,
While the bright troops appear
  Of the blest boys,
From the Earth's burden free,
In a glad company
  Drinking in joys,
Born of the world above,
  Spring-time and bliss.
May they forerunners prove
Of a more perfect love,
  Linked on to this!

THE BEATIFIED CHILDREN.

Thus as a chrysalis
  Gladly we gain him,
And as a pledge of bliss
  Safely retain him;
When from the shell he's free
  Whereby he's tainted,
Perfect and fair he'll be,
  Holy and sainted.

DOCTOR MARIANUS.

(In the highest, purest cell.)

Wide is the prospect here,
  Raised is the soul;
Women on high appear,
  Seeking their goal.
'Mongst them the radiant one,
  Queen of the skies,
In her bright starry crown
  Greets my glad eyes.

(*With ecstasy.*)

Thou who art of earth the queen,
  Let me, 'neath the blue
Heavenly canopy serene
  Thy sweet mystery view!
Grant the gentle solemn force
  Which our breast can move,
And direct our onward course
  Toward thy perfect love.
Dauntless let our courage be,
  At the bright behest;
Mild our ardour suddenly,
  When thou biddest us rest.

Virgin, type of holiness,
  Mother, honour-crowned,

Thou whom we as queen confess,
Godlike and renowned.
Round her, in gentle play,
Light clouds are stealing;
Penitents fair are they,
Who, humbly kneeling,
Sip in the ether sweet,
As they for grace entreat.

Thou, who art from passions free,
Kindly art inclined,
When the sons of frailty
Seek thee, meek in mind.
Borne by weakness' stream along,
Hard it is to save them;
Who can burst lust's chains so strong,
That, alas, enslave them?
Oh, how soon the foot may slip,
When the smooth ground pressing!
Oh, how false are eye and lip,
False a breath caressing!

MATER GLORIOSA *hovers past.*

CHORUS OF PENITENT WOMEN.

To bright realms on high
In majesty soaring,
Oh, hark to our cry
Thy pity imploring,
Thou help to the cheerless,
In glory so peerless!

MAGNA PECCATRIX (St. Luke vii. 36).

By the love, which o'er the feet
Of the God-transfigured Son

Dropped the tears, like balsam sweet,
Spite of every scornful one;
By the box of ointment rare,
Whence the drops so fragrant fell;
By the locks, whose gentle care
Dried His holy members well —

MULIER SAMARITANA (St. John iv.).

By the well where Abram erst
Drove his flock to drink their fill;
By the bucket which the thirst
Of the Saviour served to still;
By the fountain, balm-exhaling,
That from yon bright region flows,
Ever clear and never failing,
As round every world it goes —

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA (*Acta Sanctorum*).

By the sacred spot immortal,
Where the Lord's remains they placed;
By the arm, that from the portal
Drove me back with warning haste;
By my forty years of lowly
Penance in a desert land;
By the farewell greetings holy
That I wrote upon the sand —

THE THREE.

Thou who ne'er thy radiant face
From the greatest sinners hidest,
Thou who Thine atoning grace
Through eternity providest,
Let this soul, by virtue stirred,
Self-forgetful though when living,
That perceived not that it erred,
Feel thy mercy, sin forgiving!

UNA PŒNITENTIA.

(Once named Margaret, pressing near them.)

O radiance-spreading One,
Who equalled art by none,
In mercy view mine ecstasy!
For he whom erst I loved,
No more by sorrow proved,
Returns at length to me!

BEATIFIED CHILDREN.

(Approaching as they hover round.)

He now in strength of limb
Far doth outweigh us,
And as we tended him,
So will repay us.
Early removed were we
Far from life's story;
Trained now himself, will he
Train *us* in glory.

THE PENITENT, *once named Margaret.*

Linked with the noble band of spirits,
Scarce can the new one feel or see
The radiant life he now inherits,
So like that holy band is he.
See how he bursts each bond material,
And parts the olden veil at length, —
In vesture clad in grace ethereal,
Comes in the glow of youthful strength.
Oh, let me guide his steps victorious,
While dazzled by the new-born light.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Come!. raise thyself to spheres more glorious,
He'll follow when thou meetest his sight.

DOCTOR MARIANUS.

(Prostrated in adoration.)

Oh, repentant sinful ones,
On that bright face gaze ye,
And in grateful orisons,
Your blest fortune praise ye!
Be each virtue of the mind
To thy service given!
Virgin, mother, be thou kind!
Goddess, queen of heaven!

CHORUS MYSTICUS.

Each thing of mortal birth
Is but a type;
What was of feeble worth
Here becomes ripe.
What was a mystery
Here meets the eye;
The ever-womanly
Draws us on high.

FROM GÖTZ VON BERLICHINGEN.

ACT II.

LIEBETRAUT *plays and sings.*

His bow and dart bearing,
And torch brightly flaring,
Dan Cupid on flies;
With victory laden,
To vanquish each maiden
He roguishly tries.
Up! up!
On! on!

His arms rattle loudly,
His wings rustle proudly,
And flames fill his eyes.

Then finds he each bosom
  Defenceless and bare;
They gladly receive him
  And welcome him there.
The point of his arrows
  He lights in the glow;
They clasp him and kiss him
  And fondle him so.
Hei ei o! Popeio!

FROM EGMONT.

ACT I.

CLARA *winds a skein and sings with Brackenburg.*

THE drum gives the signal!
  Loud rings the shrill fife!
My love leads his troops on
  Full armed for the strife,
While his hand grasps his lance
As they proudly advance.

My bosom pants wildly!
  My blood hotly flows!
Oh, had I doublet,
  A helmet, and hose!
Through the gate with bold footstep
  I after him hied, —
Each province, each country
  Explored by his side.

The coward foe trembled
When rattled our shot:
What bliss e'er resembled
A soldier's glad lot!

ACT III.

CLARA *sings.*

Gladness
And sadness
And pensiveness blending;
Yearning
And burning
In torment ne'er ending;
Sad unto death.
Proudly soaring above;
Happy alone
Is the soul that doth love!

FROM WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP.

BOOK II. CHAP. XIII.

RETRIBUTION.

HE that with tears did never eat his bread,
He that hath never lain through night's long hours,
Weeping in bitter anguish on his bed —
He knows ye not, ye dread celestial powers.
Ye lead us onward into life. Ye leave
The wretch to fall; then yield him up, in woe,
Remorse, and pain, unceasingly to grieve;
For every sin is punished here below.

WHO gives himself to solitude,
Soon lonely will remain;
Each lives, each loves in joyous mood,
And leaves him to his pain.
Yes! leave me to my grief!
Were solitude's relief
E'er granted me,
Alone I should not be.

A lover steals, on footstep light,
To learn if his love's alone;
Thus o'er me steals, by day and night,
Anguish before unknown;
Thus o'er me steals deep grief.
Ah, when I find relief
Within the tomb so lonely,
Will rest be met with only!

BOOK IV. CHAP. XI.

MY grief no mortals know,
Except the yearning!
Alone, a prey to woe,
All pleasure spurning,
Up towards the sky I throw
A gaze discerning.

He who my love can know
Seems ne'er returning;
With strange and fiery glow
My heart is burning.
My griefs no mortals know,
Except the yearning!

PHILINE'S SONG.

SING not thus in notes of sadness
Of the loneliness of night:
No! 'tis made for social gladness,
Converse sweet, and love's delight.

As to rugged man his wife is
For his fairest half decreed,
So dear night the half of life is,
And the fairest half, indeed.

Who could hail the day with pleasure,
Which but interrupts our joys,
Scares us from our dreams of leisure
With its glare and irksome noise?

But when night is come, and glowing
Is the lamp's attempered ray,
And from lip to lip are flowing
Love and mirth, in sparkling play;

When the fiery boy, that wildly
Gambols in his wayward mood,
Calms to rest, disporting mildly,
By some trivial gift subdued;

When the nightingale is trilling
Songs of love to lovers' ears,
Which, to hearts with sorrow thrilling,
Seem but sighs and waken tears;

How, with pulses lightly bounding,
Leaps the heart to hear the bell,
Which, the hour of midnight sounding,
Doth of rest and safety tell.

Then, dear heart, this comfort borrow
In the long day's lingering light —
Every day hath its own sorrow.
Gladness cometh with the night!

EPILOGUE TO SCHILLER'S "SONG OF THE BELL."

[This fine piece, written originally in 1805, on Schiller's death, was altered and recast by Goethe in 1815, on the occasion of the performance on the stage of the "Song of the Bell." Hence the allusion in the last verse.]

To this city joy reveal it!
Peace as its first signal peal it!
— *Song of the Bell* — concluding lines.

And so it proved! The nation felt, ere long,
That peaceful signal, and, with blessings fraught,
A new-born joy appeared; in gladsome song
To hail the youthful princely pair we sought;
While in the living, ever-swelling throng
Mingled the crowds from every region brought,
And on the stage, in festal pomp arrayed,
The Homage of the Arts[1] we saw displayed.

When, lo! a fearful midnight sound I hear,
That with a dull and mournful echo rings.
And can it be that of our friend so dear
It tells, to whom each wish so fondly clings?
Shall death o'ercome a life that all revere?
How such a loss to all confusion brings!
How such a parting we must ever rue!
The world is weeping — shall not we weep, too?

[1] The title of a lyric piece composed by Schiller in honour of the marriage of the hereditary Prince of Weimar to the Princess Maria of Russia, and performed in 1804.

He was our own! How social, yet how great
  Seemed in the light of day his noble mind!
How was his nature, pleasing yet sedate,
  Now for glad converse joyously inclined,
Then swiftly changing, spirit-fraught, elate,
  Life's plan with deep-felt meaning it designed,
Fruitful alike in counsel and in deed!
This have we proved, this tested, in our need.

He was our own! Oh, may that thought so blest
  O'ercome the voice of wailing and of woe!
He might have sought the Lasting, safe at rest
  In harbour, when the tempest ceased to blow.
Meanwhile his mighty spirit onward pressed
  Where goodness, beauty, truth, for ever grow;
And in his rear, in shadowy outline, lay
The vulgar, which we all, alas, obey!

Now doth he deck the garden-turret fair
  Where the stars' language first illumed his soul,
As secretly yet clearly through the air
  On the eterne, the living sense it stole;
And to his own, and our great profit, there
  Exchangeth to the seasons as they roll;
Thus nobly doth he vanquish, with renown,
The twilight and the night that weigh us down.

Brighter now glowed his cheek, and still more bright,
  With that unchanging ever-youthful glow, —
That courage which o'ercomes, in hard-fought fight,
  Sooner or later, every earthly foe, —
That faith which, soaring to the realms of light,
  Now boldly presseth on, now bendeth low,
So that the good may work, wax, thrive amain,
So that the day the noble may attain.

Yet, though so skilled, of such transcendent worth,
This boarded scaffold doth he not despise;
The fate that on its axis turns the earth
From day to night, here shows he to our eyes,
Raising, through many a work of glorious birth,
Art and the artist's fame up toward the skies.
He fills with blossoms of the noblest strife,
With life itself, this effigy of life.

His giant-step, as ye full surely know,
Measured the circle of the will and deed,
Each country's changing thoughts and morals, too,
The darksome book with clearness could he read;
Yet how he, breathless 'midst his friends so true,
Despaired in sorrow, scarce from pain was freed, —
All this have we, in sadly happy years,
For he was ours, bewailed with feeling tears.

When from the agonising weight of grief
He raised his eyes upon the world again,
We showed him how his thoughts might find relief
From the uncertain present's heavy chain,
Gave his fresh-kindled mind a respite brief,
With kindly skill beguiling every pain,
And e'en at eve when setting was his sun,
From his wan cheeks a gentle smile we won.

Full early had he read the stern decree.
Sorrow and death to him, alas, were known;
Ofttimes recovering, now departed he, —
Dread tidings, that our hearts had feared to own!
Yet his transfigured being now can see
Itself, e'en here on earth, transfigured grown.
What his own age reproved, and deemed a crime,
Hath been ennobled now by death and time.

And many a soul that with him strove in fight,
And his great merit grudged to recognise,
Now feels the impress of his wondrous might,
And in his magic fetters gladly lies;
E'en to the highest hath he winged his flight,
In close communion linked with all we prize.
Extol him then! What mortals while they live
But half receive, posterity shall give.

Thus is he left us who so long ago, —
Ten years, alas, already! — turned from earth;
We all, to our great joy, his precepts know,
Oh, may the world confess their priceless worth!
In swelling tide toward every region flow
The thoughts that were his own peculiar birth;
He gleams like some departing meteor bright,
Combining, with his own, eternal light.

L'ENVOI.

Now, gentle reader, is our journey ended.
Mute is our minstrel, silent is our song;
Sweet the bard's voice whose strains our court attended,
Pleasant the paths he guided us along.
Now must we part, — oh, word all full of sadness,
Changing to pensive retrospect our gladness!

Reader, farewell! we part perchance for ever.
Scarce may I hope to meet with thee again;
But e'en though fate our fellowship may sever,
Reader, will aught to mark that tie remain?
Yes! there is left one sad, sweet bond of union, —
Sorrow at parting links us in communion.

But of the twain, the greater is *my* sorrow, —
  Reader, and why? — Bethink thee of the sun,
How, when he sets, he waiteth for the morrow,
  Proudly once more his giant race to run, —
Yet e'en when set, a glow behind him leaving,
  Gladdening the spirit, which had else been grieving.

Thus mayst thou feel, for thou to GOETHE only
  Biddest farewell, nor carest aught for me.
Twofold *my* parting, leaving me all lonely, —
  I now must part from GOETHE and from thee,
Parting at once from comrade and from leader, —
Farewell great minstrel! farewell gentle reader!

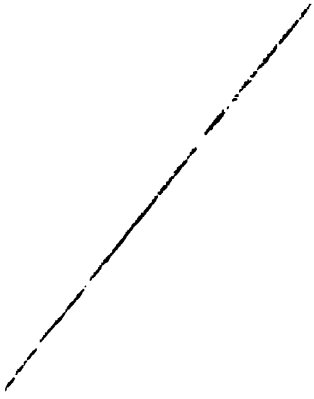
Hushed is the harp, its music sunk in slumbers,
Memory alone can waken now its numbers.

THE END.

POEMS OF GOETHE

VOLUME II

REYNARD THE FOX



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Poems of Goethe

Part II.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

FORTUNE AND LOT.

Never before have I seen our market and streets so deserted;
Truly the town is as though 'twere swept out, or dead: for not fifty
Still are remaining behind, methinks, of our whole population.
What will not curiosity do? Thus runneth and rusheth,
Each one now to see the train of the poor wretched exiles.
Up to the causeway on which they travel, is nigh an hour's journey.
Still runs thither the crowd, in the dust and heat of the midday;
Yet, should not I like to stir from my place to see what affliction

Good men suffer in flight, who now, with the rescued possessions,
Leaving, alas! the Rhine's charming bank, that country of beauty,
Come over here to us, and wander along through the windings
Of this fruitful vale, a nook by fortune most favoured.
Nobly, wife, hast thou done, in sending our son on kind errand,
Bearing with him old linen, and something for eating and drinking.

All to dispense to the poor; for to give is the rich man's first duty;
Oh, what a pace the boy drove! and how he managed the horses!
Ay, and took for himself our carriage, — the new one; four persons
Sit with comfort inside, and out on the dickey the driver;
But all alone went he now, and how lightly it rolled round the corner;
Sitting at ease beneath the gate of his house in the market,
Thus, addressed his wife, the host of the Golden Lion.

Then made answer to him the prudent and sensible housewife:
"Father, not willing am I to part with my linen, though worn out,
For it is useful for much, and not to be purchased with money,
If one should need its use. Yet to-day I gave, ay, and gladly,
Many a better piece, made up for chemises and covers,
Since I heard of old people and children going there naked.

But wilt thou pardon me now? for thy chest, too, has been rifled,
And, above all, I gave the dressing-gown — finest of cotton,
Bright with Indian flowers, and lined with the finest of flannel;
But it was thin, you know, and old, and quite out of fashion."

But upon that, with a smile, out spake the excellent landlord:
"Still, am I sorry to lose it, — the old gown made of good cotton, —
Real East Indian stuff — one will not get such another.
Well! I wore it no more; for a man (so the world will now have it),
Must at all hours of the day, in frock or dress-coat exhibit,
And ever booted be; both slippers and caps are forbidden."

"Look!" replied the good wife, "there are some already returning,
Who, with the rest, saw the train; yet surely it now must have passed by.
See how dusty are all their shoes, how glowing their faces!
And with his handkerchief each wipes off the sweat from his forehead.
Never may I in the heat, for such a spectacle, so far
Run and suffer! In truth the *recital* I find quite sufficient."

Then, observed the good father, in tones of great animation:
"Seldom hath such weather for such a harvest been granted;

And we are getting in the fruit, as the hay is in already,
Dry: — the sky is clear, no cloud can be seen in the heavens,
And from the East the wind is blowing with loveliest coolness;
This is indeed settled weather! the corn over-ripe is already,
And we begin to-morrow to cut down the glorious harvest."

Whilst he thus spake, still swelled the troops of men and of women
Who, through the market square, to their homes were now seen returning;
And thus, too, at full speed returning along with his daughters,
Came to the other side of the square, where his new house was standing,
Riding in open carriage of handsome landau pattern,
Richest amongst his neighbours, the foremost of all the town's merchants.
Lively grew the streets; for the place was well peopled, and in it
Many a factory worked, and many a business was thriving.

Thus, then, under the gateway still sat the couple familiar,
And in many remarks on the passing crowd found amusement.
But the worthy housewife at length spoke out, thus commencing:
"See! there comes the vicar, and there, too, our neighbour, the druggist,

Coming along with him; a full account they shall give us,
What they have seen out yonder, and what gives no pleasure to look on."

Friendly they both came on, and greeted the good married couple;
Seated themselves on the benches, — the wooden ones under the gateway, —
Shook off the dust from their feet, and fanned for a breeze with their 'kerchiefs.

Then the druggist first, after many mutual greetings,
Thus began to speak, and said, in a tone almost fretful:
"So is it ever with men! and one is still just like the other,
In that he loves to stare, when misfortune befalleth his neighbour;
Each one runs to behold the flames breaking out with destruction,
Each the poor criminal marks who is dragged to a death of keen torture;
Each one is walking out now to gaze on the woes of the exiles.
No one thinking, meanwhile, that himself by a similar fortune,
If not next, yet at least, in the course of time may be stricken.
Levity such as this I pardon not: yet man displays it!"

Then observed in reply the honoured, intelligent vicar, —
He, the pride of the town, still young in his earliest manhood.
He was acquainted with life, and knew the wants of his hearers.

Thoroughly was he impressed with the value supreme
of the Scriptures,
Which man's destiny to him reveal, and what feelings
best suit it;
While he was also well versed in the best of secular
writings.
He then said: "I am loath to find fault with an inno-
cent instinct,
Which hath at all times been given to man by good
Mother Nature;
For what prudence and sense cannot always do, may
be often
Done by such fortunate impulse as irresistibly guides
us.
Were not man strongly induced by curiosity's ardour,
Say, would he ever have learnt how natural things
hold together
In such lovely connection? For, first, he craved what
was novel,
Then with unwearied pains continued his search for
the useful,
Longing at last for the good, which exalts him, and
gives him new value.
Levity in his youth is his gladsome companion, to
danger
Ever shutting his eyes, and the traces of pain and of
evil
Blotting with wholesome speed, so soon as their forms
have past by him.
Truly may that man be praised, in whose riper years
is developed
Out of such jovial temper the steady and strong
understanding,
Which in joy or in sorrow exerts itself, zealous and
active;
For he will bring forth good, and atone for each hour
he has wasted."

Suddenly then began the hostess, with friendly impatience,
"Tell us what you have seen; for that's what I wish to be hearing."

"Hardly," replied thereupon the druggist, with emphasis speaking,
"Shall I in short space again feel happy since all I have witnessed.
Who could describe it aright, — that manifold scene of disaster?
Clouds of dust from afar, ere yet we came down to the meadows,
Saw we at once; though the train, from hill to hill as it progressed,
Still was hid from our sight, and we could but little distinguish.
But when we reached the road which goes across through the valley,
Truly great was the crowding and din of the travellers' wagons.
Ah! we saw then enough of the poor men, while they passed by us,
And could but learn, how bitter is flight, with such sorrows attended,
And yet how joyous the sense of life, when hastily rescued.
Piteous was it to see the goods of every description,
Which the well-furnished house contains, and which a good landlord
In it has placed about, each thing in its proper position,
Always ready for use (for all things are needed and useful),
Now to see all these loaded on wagons and carts of all fashions,

One thing thrust through another, in over-haste of removal.
Over the chest there lay the sieve, and the good woollen blankets
In the kneading-trough, the bed and the sheets o'er the mirror.
Ah! and, as at the fire twenty years ago we all noticed,
Danger took from man altogether his powers of reflection,
So that he seized what was paltry, and left what was precious behind him.
Just so in this case, too, with a carefulness lacking discretion,
Worthless things took they on, to burden their oxen and horses,
Such as old boards and casks, the goose-coop, and with it the bird-cage.
Women and children, too, gasped as they dragged along with their bundles,
Under baskets and tubs filled with things of no use to their owners;
Since man is still unwilling the last of his goods to abandon.
Thus on the dusty road the crowding train travelled onward,
Orderless and confused with ill-matched pairs of faint horses,
One of which wished to go slow, while the other was eager to hasten,
Then there arose the cry of the squeezed-up women and children,
Mixed with the lowing of cattle, and dogs all barking in chorus,
And with the wail of the aged and sick, all seated and swaying
High aloft upon beds, on the hard and overpacked wagons,

But, driven out of the rut, to the very edge of the highway,
Wandered a creaking wheel; — upsetting, the vehicle rolled down
Into the ditch, with the swing its human freight quick discharging
Far in the field, — with dire screams, yet with fortunate issue.
After them tumbled the chests, and fell by the side of the wagon.
Truly, he who saw them in falling, expected to find them
Crushed and shattered beneath the load of the boxes and cupboards.
Thus, then, they lay, — the wagon all broken, the people all helpless —
For the others went on, and with speed drew past, each one thinking
Only about himself, while the stream still hurried him forward.
Then did we hasten to them, and found the sick and the aged,
Who, when at home and in bed, scarce bore their continual sufferings,
And now injured here on the ground lay moaning and groaning,
Scorched at once by the sun, and choked by the dust thickly waving."

Moved by the tale, thereupon replied the humane-hearted landlord:
"O that Hermann may find them, to give both comfort and clothing!
Loath should I be to see them; the sight of misery pains me.
Though deeply moved by the first report of such a disaster,

Sent we in haste a mite from our superfluity, so that
Some might be strengthened therewith, and we feel our hearts the more tranquil.
But let us now no more renew these pictures of sorrow.
Quickly into the hearts of men steals fear of the future,
And dull care, which by me than evil itself is more hated.
Step now into our room at the back — our cool little parlour.
Ne'er shines the sun therein; ne'er forces the warm air a passage
Through the thickly built walls. And, mother dear, bring us a wee glass
Of the good Eighty-three, to drive far away all bad fancies.
Here there is no pleasure in drinking; the flies so buzz round the glasses."
Thus they all went in, and enjoyment found in the coolness.

Carefully brought the good mother some wine of glorious brightness,
In well-cut decanters, on tray of tin brightly varnished,
With the light-green rummers, the genuine goblets for Rhine wine.
And, thus sitting, the three surrounded the high polished table,
Round and brown, which stood upon feet so strong and so steady.
Merrily soon rang the glass of the host on that of the vicar;
But the druggist held *his* unmoved, in deep meditation;

Whom with friendly words the host thus challenged to join them:
"Drink and be merry, good neighbour; for God from misfortune hath saved us,
And, of His goodness, will still continue to save us in future.
Who can fail to acknowledge that since the dread conflagration,
When He chastened us sore, He hath ever constantly blessed us;
Ay, and constantly guarded, as man doth guard his eye's apple,
Keeping with greatest care what of all his members is dearest?
Should He not, then, continue to guard and help us still further?
Truly, how great is His power, then only man sees, when in danger.
Should, then, this flourishing town, which He, through its diligent burghers,
First from its ashes anew built up, and then loaded with blessings,
Now again be destroyed by Him, and our pains brought to nothing?"

Cheerfully, then, and gently, replied the excellent vicar:
"Hold ye fast this faith, and hold ye fast this conviction!
For it will make you in joy both steadfast and sure, and in sorrow
Sweet is the comfort it yields, and glorious the hope it enlivens."
Then replied the host, with thoughts judicious and manly:
"How have I greeted full oft with wonder the swell of the Rhine flood,

When, in my business journeys engaged, once more I approached it!
Grander it always seemed, and exalted my thoughts and my spirits!
But I could never think that his bank, in loveliness smiling,
Soon should prove a rampart to guard off Frankish invasion.
Thus doth Nature guard us, thus guard us our brave-hearted Germans,
Thus the Lord himself; who, then, would lose heart, like a dotard?
Tired are the combatants now, and to peace is everything pointing.
And when the feast long wished for within our church shall be holden,
And the bells' solemn peal shall reply to the swell of the organ,
Mixed with the trumpet's sound, keeping time with the soaring Te Deum,
Then may our Hermann, too, on that day of rejoicing, Sir Vicar,
Stand resolved with his bride before you in front of the altar,
And so the happy feast-day, observed alike in all countries,
Seem in future to me a glad home-anniversary likewise!
But I am sorry to see the lad, who always so active
Shows himself for me at home, out of doors so slow and so bashful.
Little desire hath he amongst people to make his appearance;
Nay, he avoids altogether the company of our young maidens,
And the frolicsome dance, in which youth ever rejoiceth."

Thus he spake and then listened. The noise of clattering horses,
Distant at first, was heard to draw near, and the roll of the carriage,
Which with impetuous speed now came thundering under the gateway.

HERMANN.

When now the well-formed son came into the parlour and joined them,
Keen and direct were the glances with which the vicar surveyed him,
And remarked his manner, and scanned the whole of his bearing
With the observant eye which easily reads through each feature:
Then he smiled, and with words of cordial purport addressed him:
"Surely, an altered man you come in! I never have seen you
Look so sprightly before, with a gleam of such animation.
Joyous you come and gay; 'tis clear you divided your presents
Ably amongst the poor, and received in return their rich blessing."

Quickly then the son with words of earnestness answered:
"Whether I merited praise, I know not; but my own feelings
Bade me to do what now I wish to relate to you fully.
Mother, you rummaged so long your old stores in searching and choosing,
That it was not till late that the bundle was all got together,

And the wine and the beer were slowly and carefully packed up.
When to the gate at length, and along the street I proceeded,
Streaming back came the mass of the townsmen, with women and children,
Right in my way; and now far off was the train of the exiles.
Therefore I held on faster, and quickly drove to the village,
Where they would halt, as I heard, for the night, and rest their poor bodies.

When now, as I went on, I reached the new road through the valley,
There was a wagon in sight, constructed with suitable timbers,
Drawn by two oxen, the largest and strongest that foreigners boast of;
Close by its side with steps full of strength was walking a maiden,
Guiding with a long rod the pair of powerful cattle,
Urging on now, and again holding back, as she skilfully led them.
Soon as the maiden saw me, she calmly came near to my horses,
Saying: 'It is not always we've been in such doleful condition
As you behold us to-day along these roads of your country;
Truly I am not accustomed to ask the donations of strangers,
Which they oft grudgingly give, to be rid of the poor man's petitions:
But I am urged to speak by necessity. Stretched on the straw here,

Newly delivered, the wife of a once rich proprietor lieth,
Whom, with child as she was, I scarce saved with the steers and the wagon.
Slowly we follow the rest, while in life she hath hardly continued.
Naked now on her arm the new-born infant is lying,
And with but scanty means our people are able to help us,
If in the village hard by, where we think of resting, we find them;
Though I am greatly in fear they already are gone along past it.
If from these parts you come, and a store of superfluous linen
Anywhere have at command, on the poor it were kind to bestow it.'

Thus she spake; and, faint and pale, from the straw the poor woman
Rising showed herself to me; when thus in return I addressed them:
'Good men, surely, oft are warned by a spirit from heaven,
So that they feel the need which o'er their poor brother is hanging:
For my mother, your trouble thus feeling beforehand, a bundle
Gave me, wherewith at once to supply the wants of the naked.'
Then I untied the knots of the cord, and the dressing-gown gave her,
Once our father's, and with it I gave the chemises and flannel,
And she thanked me with joy, and exclaimed: 'The prosperous think not
Miracles still are wrought; for man in misery only

Sees God's hand and finger, which good men guideth to good men.
What through you He is doing to us, may He do to you likewise!'
And I saw the glad mother the different pieces of linen
Handling, but most of all, the gown's soft lining of flannel.
Then said the maiden to her: 'Now speed we on to the village,
Where for the night our people already are halting and resting.
There the baby-clothes, one and all, I'll quickly attend to.'
Then she greeted me, and thanks the most cordial expressing,
Drove on the oxen, and so the wagon went forward. I waited,
Still holding back my horses; for doubt arose in my bosom,
Whether with hurrying steeds I should go to the village, the viands
'Mongst the rest of the crowd to dispense, or here to the maiden
All deliver at once, that she with discretion might share it,
But within my heart I quickly decided, and gently
After her went, and o'ertook her soon, and quickly said to her,
'Tis not linen alone, good maiden, to bring in the carriage,
That my mother gave me, wherewith to cover the naked;
But she added thereto both meat and drink in abundance,
And I have plenty thereof packed up in the box of the carriage,

But now I feel inclined these presents, as well as the others,
Into thy hand to give, thus best fulfilling my mission:
Thou wilt dispense them with judgment, while I by chance must be guided.'
Then replied the maiden: 'With all fidelity will I
There dispose of your gifts, and the poor shall richly enjoy them.'
Thus she spake, and quickly I opened the box of the carriage,
Bringing out therefrom the loaves, and the hams weighing heavy,
Bottles of wine and beer, and all the rest, to give to her;
More would I fain have given her still, but the box was now empty.
Then she packed them all by the feet of the mother, and so went
Onward, while with all speed to the town I came back with my horses."

When now Hermann had ended, at once the talkative neighbour,
Taking up the discourse, exclaimed: "Oh, that man is happy,
Who in these days of flight and confusion alone in his house lives,
Having nor wife nor children to cringe before him in terror.
Happy I feel myself now; nor would I to-day for much money
Bear the title of father, and have wife and children to care for.
Often ere now about flight have I thought with myself, and have packed up
All the best of my goods together, — the chains and the old coins

Of my late mother, whereof not a thing has been sold
to this moment.
Much, to be sure, would be left behind not easy to
furnish;
Even my simples and roots, collected there with much
trouble,
I should be sorry to lose, though things of no very
great value.
Still, only let the dispenser remain, and I go with some
comfort.
Let me but rescue my cash and my body, and all is
then rescued.
Easiest from such troubles escapes the man that is
single."

"Neighbour," replied thereupon young Hermann, with
emphasis speaking,
"Not at all do I think as thou, and thy speech I must
censure.
Is, then, he the best man, who in prosperous days and
in adverse
Thinks of himself alone, and to share his joys and his
sorrows
Knows not, nor feels thereto in his heart the least
inclination?
Sooner now than ever could I determine to marry.
Many a good maid now stands in need of a man to
protect her:
Many a man needs a wife to cheer him when troubles
are threatening."

Smiling, said thereupon the father: "I hear thee
with gladness;
Such a sensible word in my presence thou seldom hast
spoken."

But the mother at once chimed in, her part quickly taking;
"Son, in good truth thou art right; and thy parents set the example.
For they were no days of joy in which we chose one another,
And our most sorrowful hour but joined us the closer together.
Next Monday morning — I know it full well; for the day before happened
That most terrible fire which gave our dear town to destruction —
It will be twenty years. It was, like to-day, on a Sunday;
Hot and dry was the season, and in the place little water.
All the people were out, taking walks in their holiday clothing,
Scattered about the hamlets, and in the mills[1] and the taverns,
Then at the end of the town the fire commenced, and the flames ran
Quickly through the streets, with the wind themselves had created.
And the barns were burnt, with the rich and new-gathered harvest.
And the streets were burnt; right up to the market; my father
Lost his house hard by, and this one soon perished with it.
Little saved we in flight. I sat the sorrowful night through
Out of the town, on the green, taking care of the beds and the boxes.
Sleep at length fell o'er me; and when the cold of the morning,

[1] The mills in Germany are generally places of refreshment.

Falling down ere the sun was up, from my slumber awoke me,
There I saw the smoke, and the flame, and the old walls and chimneys.
Then was my heart in anguish, until, more splendid than ever,
Up came the sun once more, and into my soul shed new courage.
Then I arose with haste, for I longed the spot to examine,
Where our dwelling had stood, and see if the fowls had been rescued,
Which I so fondly loved; for childish still were my feelings.
As, then, I thus stepped on, o'er the ruins of house and of homestead,
Smoking still, and so found my home, and beheld its destruction;
Thou, too, searching the spot, camest up in the other direction,
Thou hadst a horse buried there in his stall; the timbers and rubbish
Glimmering lay upon him, and nought could be seen of the poor beast.
Thoughtful thus and sad we stood o'er against one another;
For the wall was fallen which erst had divided our houses.
Then by the hand thou took'st me, and saidst: 'Louisa, poor maiden,
How camest thou here? Go thy way! thou art burning thy soles in the rubbish;
For it is hot, and singes e'en these strong boots I am wearing.'
And thou didst lift me up, and carry me through thine own homestead.

Still there was standing the gate of the house, with its high vaulted ceiling,
As it now stands; but that alone of all was remaining.

And thou didst set me down, and kiss me, although I forbade it.
But upon that thou spakest with kindly words full of meaning:
'See, the house lies low. Stay here, and help me to build it;
And let me help, in return, to build thy father's up likewise.'
Yet did I not understand thee, until to my father thou sentest,
And through my mother full soon the vows of glad wedlock were plighted.
Joyfully still to this day I remember the half-consumed timbers,
And still joyfully see the sun arise in his splendour;
For it was that day gave me my husband; the son of my youth was
First bestowed upon me by those wild times of destruction.
Therefore I praise thee, Hermann, that thou, with bright trust in the future,
In these sorrowful times of a maid for thyself, too, art thinking,
And hast courage to woo in the war, and over its ruins."

Quickly then the father replied, with much animation:
"Laudable is the feeling, and true, too, each word of the story,
Mother, dear, which thou hast told, for so it happened exactly;

But what is better is better. It is not becoming that each one
Should from the past be content to form his whole life and condition,
Nor should every one choose, as we did, and others before him.
Oh, how happy is he, to whom his father and mother
Leave the house well furnished, and who with success then adorns it,
Every beginning is hard, — the beginning of housekeeping hardest.
Things of many a kind man wants, and all things grow daily
Dearer; then let him in time provide for increasing his money;
And thus I cherish a hope of thee, my Hermann, that quickly
Into the house thou wilt bring thy bride with fine marriage-portions,
For a high-spirited man deserves a well-endowed maiden;
And it gives so much pleasure, when with the dear wife of his wishes
Come in the useful presents, too, in baskets and boxes.
'Tis not in vain that the mother through many a year is preparing
Linen of ample store, of web fine and strong, for her daughter.
'Tis not in vain that sponsors present their silver donations,
And that the father lays by in his desk a gold-piece, though seldom,
For in due time shall she thus delight with her goods and her presents
That young men have made her, before all others, his chosen.
Yes, I know, in her house how pleasant the dear wife must find it,

Both in kitchen and parlour, to see her own furniture standing,
And herself her own bed, herself her own board, to have covered.
May I but see in the house the bride that is handsomely portioned!
For the poor one at last is only despised by her husband,
And as a servant she's treated, who, servant-like, came with a bundle.
Men continue unjust, and the season of love passeth by them.
Yes, my Hermann, thou wouldst to my age grant highest enjoyment,
If to my house ere long thou shouldst bring me a dear little daughter
From the neighbourhood here, — from the house painted green over yonder.
Rich is the man, that's sure; and his trade and factories make him
Daily richer; for what does not turn to gain for the merchant?
And there are only three daughters to share his possessions amongst them.
Won already, I know, is the eldest, and promised in marriage;
But the second and third may be had, though not long may they be so.
Had I been in your place, till now I would not have tarried,
One of the girls myself to bring here, as I did your mother."

Modestly then the son to his august father made answer:
"Truly, my wish, too, was, as yours is, one of the daughters

Of our neighbour to choose; for we all were brought up together;
Round the spring in the market in former times have we sported,
And from the town-boys' rudeness I often used to protect them.
But that was long ago; and girls at length, when they grow up,
Stay, as is proper, at home and avoid such wild sportive meetings.
Well brought up they are, to be sure; still, from former acquaintance,
As you wished it, I went from time to time over yonder:
But in their conversation I never could feel myself happy,
Since they would always be finding fault, which taxed my endurance.
Quite too long was my coat, the cloth was too coarse, and the colour
Quite too common; and then my hair was not cut and curled rightly;
So that at last I thought of bedecking myself like the shopboys
Over there, who on Sunday are always displaying their figures,
And whose lappets in summer, half silk, hang so loosely about them.
But I observed soon enough that they always to ridicule turned me;
Which offended me much, for my pride was wounded. More deeply
Still did it vex me to find they misunderstood the kind feeling
Which I cherished for *them*, — especially Minnie, the youngest,
For I went the last time at Easter to pay them a visit,

And had donned my new coat, which now hangs up in the wardrobe,
And my hair I had got well curled, like the rest of the fellows.
When I went in they tittered; but I to myself did not take it. .
At the piano sat Minnie; her father also was present,
Hearing his dear daughter sing, — entranced and in excellent spirits.
Much was expressed in the songs that surpassed my poor comprehension,
But I heard a great deal of Pamina and of Tamino;
But since I did not like to sit dumb, as soon as she finished,
Questions I asked on the words and the two chief characters in them.
Then they all at once were silent, and smiled; but the father
Said, 'Our friend, sure, with none but Adam and Eve is acquainted.'
No one then refrained, but loud was the laugh of the maidens,
Loud the laugh of the boys, while the old man held tightly his stomach.
Then I let fall my hat through embarrassment, and the rude titter
Still went on and on, in spite of the singing and playing.
Then did I hurry back to my home in shame and vexation,
Hung up my coat in the wardrobe, and drew my hair with my fingers
Down to my head, and swore never more to pass over the threshold.
And I was perfectly right; for vain they all are and loveless,
And I hear that with them my name is always Tamino."

Then replied the mother, "Thou shouldst not, Hermann, so long time
Angry be with the children, for children they are all together,
Minnie is certainly good, and for thee always showed an affection,
And but lately she asked after thee; thou oughtest to choose her."

Thoughtfully then the son replied: "I know not; that insult
Hath so deep an impression made on me that truly I wish not
At the piano again to see her, and list to her singing."

Then the father broke out, and spoke with wrathful expressions:
"Slight is the joy I receive from thee; I have ever asserted
That thou couldst show no taste but for horses and field operations.
Just what a servant does for a man of ample possessions,
That dost thou; and meanwhile the son must be missed by the father,
Who still showed himself off to his honour before all the townsmen.
Early thus with vain hope of thee did thy mother deceive me,
When in the school never progressed thy reading and writing and learning
As did that of the rest, but thy place was always the lowest.
That must happen, of course, when no ambition is stirring
In the breast of a youth, and he cares not to raise himself higher.

Had my father for me shown the care which on thee I have lavished,
Had he sent me to school, and for me engaged the best masters,
Then had I been something else than the host of the Golden Lion."

But the son rose up and approached the door in deep silence,
Slow, and without any noise; while the father, with wrath still increasing,
After him called: "Ay, begone! I know thine obstinate temper;
Go, and attend henceforth to the business, or fear my displeasure.
But never think thou wilt bring, as a daughter-in-law to thy father,
Into the house where he lives, a boorish girl and a trollop.
Long have I lived, and with men I know how to deal as I should do,
Know how to treat both ladies and gentlemen, so that they leave me
Gratified, — know how to flatter, as always is welcome to strangers.
But now at length I must find a dear daughter-in-law to assist me,
And to sweeten the toil which I still shall bear in abundance.
On the piano too, must she play to me, while are assembled,
Listening around her with pleasure, our burghers, the best and the fairest,
As on Sunday is done in the house of our neighbour." Then Hermann
Softly lifted the latch, and so went out of the parlour.

THE BURGHER.

Thus, then, the modest son escaped that passionate language;
But the father went on in the selfsame way he began in:
"That which is not in man comes out of him; and I can hardly
Ever expect to bring my heart's dearest wish to fulfilment,
That my son might be, not his father's equal, but better.
For, now, what were the house, and what were the town, did not each one
Always think with desire of upholding and of renewing,
Ay, and improving too, as time and travel instruct us?
Must not man in such case grow out of the ground like a mushroom,
And as quickly decay on the spot which lately produced him,
No single vestige behind him of vital activity leaving?
Surely, one sees in a house the mind of the master as clearly
As in the town, where one walks, of the magistrate's wisdom he judgeth.
For, where the towers and the walls are falling, where in the trenches
Dirt is piled up, and dirt in all the streets, too, lies scattered!
Where the stone from the joining protrudes, with none to replace it,
Where the beam is decayed, and the house, all idle and empty,
Waits to be underpinned, afresh, — that place is ill-governed,

For, where the rulers work not for order and cleanliness always,
Easily there the townsmen to dirty sloth grow accustomed;
Just as his tattered clothes to the beggar become most familiar,
Therefore is it my wish that Hermann, my son, on a journey
Soon should set out, and at least have a sight of Strasburg and Frankfort,
And the agreeable Manheim, with cheerful and regular outlines,
For whoever hath seen cities large and cleanly, will rest not
Till his own native town, however small, he embellish.
Do not strangers commend our gateways since their improvement,
And our whitened tower, and our church restored so completely?
Does not each one extol our pavements, and mains rich with water,
Covered and well-divided, for usefulness and for assurance
That on its first breaking out a fire might at once be kept under?
Has not all this been done since that terrible conflagration?
Six times I acted as builder, and won the praise of the Council,
And the most hearty thanks of the townsmen, for having suggested,
And by assiduous efforts completed, that good institution,
Which honest men now support, but before had left unaccomplished.
Thus at length the desire possessed each member of Council;

All alike at present exert themselves, and the new causeway
Is decided on quite, with the great highroads to connect us.
But I am much afraid our youth will not act in this manner,
Some of whom only think of the pleasure and show of the moment,
While others sit in the house, and behind the stove still are brooding;
And what I fear is to see such a character always in Hermann."

Then replied at once the good and sensible mother:
"Father e'en so toward our son thou art ever prone to injustice;
And e'en so least of all will thy wish for his good find fulfilment.
After our own inclinations we cannot fashion our children,
But as God gave them to us, e'en so must we keep them and love them,
Training them up for the best, and then leaving each to improve it.
Gifts of one kind to one, of another belong to another;
Each one doth use them, and each is still only good and successful
In his peculiar way. Thou shalt not find fault with my Hermann,
Who, I am sure, will deserve the fortune he'll some day inherit
And be an excellent landlord, a pattern of townsmen and farmers,
And not the last in the Council, — I see it already beforehand.
But in the poor boy's breast with thy daily blaming and scolding.

As hast thou done to-day, thou checkest all feeling of courage."
Then she left the room, and after her son quickly followed,
That, having somewhere found him, she might with soft words of kindness
Cheer him again; for he, her excellent son, well deserved it.

When she had thus gone away, at once the father said, smiling:
"Truly a marvellous race are women — as much so as children!
Each of them loves so to live just after her own proper liking;
And one must do nothing then but always be praising and fondling,
But once for all holds good that truth-speaking proverb of old time,
'Who will not foremost go, he comes in hindmost.' So is it."

Then replied to him the druggist, with great circumspection:
"Gladly, neighbour, I grant you this, and for all that is better
Ever myself do look out, — if 'tis new without being dearer.
But is it really good, when one has not abundance of money,
Active and bustling to be, and *in* doors and *out* to be mending?
Nay, too much is the burgher kept back: increase his possessions
E'en if he could, he may not: his purse is ever too slender,

And his need is too great; and so he is always impeded.
Many a thing had I done, but the cost of such alterations
Who does not wish to avoid? above all in times of such danger.
Long, in time past, my house in its dress of new fashion was laughing;
Long with ample panes throughout it the windows did glitter,
But does the man who in this would vie with the merchant, know also,
As *he* does, the best way to make his property greater?
Only look at the house over there — the new one; — how handsome
Shows on its ground of green each white compartment of stucco!
Large are the lights of the windows; the panes are flashing and gleaming,
So that the rest of the houses throughout the square stand in darkness.
And yet, after the fire, were *ours* at first quite the finest,
Mine with the Golden Angel, and yours with the Golden Lion.
So was my garden, too, throughout the whole neighbourhood famous,
And each traveller stood, and looked through the red palisading
At the beggars in stone and the pigmies coloured so gayly.
Then, when I gave a friend coffee within the glorious shell-work,
Which, to be sure, now stands all dusty and ready to tumble,
Great was the pleasure he took in the coloured sheen of the mussels,

Ranged in beautiful order; and even the connoisseur, gazing,
Looked with dazzled eye on the crystals[1] of lead and corals.
So did the paintings, too, in the drawing-room gain admiration,
When fine lords and ladies were taking a walk in the garden.
And with their taper fingers the flowers were giving and holding.
Yes, who would now any more cast an eye upon that? For vexation
Scarce do I ever stir out: for all must be modern and tasteful,
As it is called, — the pails must be white, and the seats must be wooden.
All now is simple and plain; carved work and gilding no longer
Will they endure; and now foreign wood is of all things most costly.
Were I, now, so disposed to have my things newly-fashioned,
Even to go with the times, and my furniture often be changing,
Yet does every one fear to make e'en the least alterations,
For who now can afford to pay the bills of the workmen?
'Twas but lately I thought of having Michael the Angel,
Who is the sign of my shop, again embellished with gilding,
And the green dragon, too, winding under his feet; but I left him
Dingy still, as he is; for the sum that they asked quite alarmed me."

[1] The original word signifies properly a combination of lead and sulphur, often found in crystalline form.

MOTHER AND SON.

Thus spake together the men in friendly converse. The mother
Went meanwhile in front of the house, to search for her Hermann
On the bench of stone, the seat he most often frequented.
When she found him not there, she went and looked in the stable,
Whither the noble steeds of high courage claimed his attention,
Which he had bought when foals, and which he entrusted to no one.
Then the servant said: "He is gone away into the garden."
Quickly then she stepped across the long double courtyard,
Left the stables behind, and the barns all built of good timber,
Into the garden went, which extended right up to the town walls;
Passed straight through it, enjoying meanwhile the bloom of each object,
Upright set the props on which the apple-trees' branches
Rested, o'erladen with fruit, and the burdened boughs of the pear-tree,
And from the strong smelling kale picked a few caterpillars in passing;
For the industrious wife takes no single step that is useless.
Thus had she come to the end of the garden, and up to the arbour,
Covered with honeysuckles; but there no more of her Hermann
Saw she, than she had seen in the garden she just now traversed,

But on the latch was left the wicket, which out of the arbour,
As an especial favour, their trusty forefather, the mayor,
Had in times gone by through the walls of the town got erected.
Thus without any trouble she passed across the dry trenches,
Where from the road close at hand went up the steep path of the vineyard,
Well enclosed, and straight to the sun's rays turning its surface,
This, too, she traversed throughout, and enjoyed the sight, while ascending,
Of the abundant grapes, beneath their leaves scarcely covered.
Shaded and roofed-in with vines was the lofty walk in the centre,
Which they ascended by steps of slab-stones rough from the quarry,
And within it were hanging Gutédel and Muscatel bunches,
Wondrous in size, and e'en then displaying tints red and purple,
Planted all with care, to the guests' dessert to add splendour.
But with single plants the rest of the vineyard was covered,
Bearing smaller grapes, from which flows wine the most costly.
Thus, then, she mounted up, with glad thoughts already of autumn,
And of that festal day when the country in jubilee gathers,
Plucking and treading the grapes, and in casks the sweet must collecting;
While, in the evening, fireworks light up each spot and each corner,

Flashing and cracking; and so full honour is paid to the vintage.
Yet she went ill at ease, when the name of her son she had shouted
Twice or thrice, and echo alone in manifold voices
From the towers of the town with great loquacity answered.
It was so strange for her to seek him; he never had wandered
Far; or he told it to her, — the cares of his dear loving mother
Thus to prevent, and her fears lest aught of ill should befall him,
And she was still in hope that on the way she should find him;
For the doors of the vineyard, the lower and also the upper,
Open alike were standing. And so the field she next entered,
With whose further slopes the back of the hill was all covered.
Still on ground of her own all the time she was treading, and pleasant
Was it for her to see her own crops and corn nodding richly,
Which over all the land with golden vigour was waving.
Right between the fields she went, on the green sward, the foot-path
Keeping still in view, and the great pear-tree on the summit,
Which was the bound of the fields her house still held in possession.
Who had planted it none could tell. Far and wide through the country
There it was to be seen, and the fruit of the tree was most famous.

'Neath it the reaper was wont to enjoy his meal in the midday,
And in its shade the neatherd to wait the return of his cattle,
Benches of rough stone and turf the seats they there found to sit on.
And she was not mistaken; there sat her Hermann, and rested —
Sat with his arm propped up, and seemed to gaze o'er the country
Far away tow'rd the mountain, his back turned full on his mother.
Softly she stole up to him, and shook quite gently his shoulder;
And, as he quickly turned round, she saw there were tears on his eyelids.

"Mother," he said, disconcerted, "your coming surprised me." Then quickly
Dried he up his tears — that youth of excellent feelings.
"What! thou art weeping, my son," his mother replied, with amazement,
"And must I to thy grief be a stranger? I ne'er was thus treated.
Say, what is breaking thy heart? What urges thee thus to sit lonely
Under the pear-tree here? What brings the tears to thine eyelids?"
Then the excellent youth collected himself, and thus answered:
"He who beareth no heart in his brazen bosom now feels not,
Truly, the wants of men who are driven about in misfortune:
He in whose head is no sense, in these days will take little trouble

Studying what is good for himself and the land of his fathers.
What I had seen and heard to-day filled my heart with disquiet;
And then I came up here, and saw the glorious landscape
Spreading afar, and winding around us with fruit-bearing uplands.
Saw, too, the golden fruit bowing down, as if for the reaping,
Full of promise to us of rich harvest and garners replenished.
Oh, but, alas, how near is the foe! The Rhine's flowing waters
Are, to be sure, our guard: yet what now are waters and mountains
To that terrible people which comes on thence like a tempest?
For they are calling together from every corner the young men,
Ay, and the old, and onward are urging with might, and the masses
Shun not the face of death, but masses still press upon masses.
And does a German, alas! in his house still venture to linger?
Hopes he, forsooth, alone to escape the menacing ruin?
Dearest Mother, I tell you it fills me to-day with vexation,
That I was lately excused, when from out our townsmen were chosen
Men for the wars. To be sure, I'm the only son of my father,
And our household is large, and of great importance our business;
But were I not doing better to take my stand far out yonder

On the borders, than here to wait for affliction and bondage?
Yes, my spirit hath spoken, and in my innermost bosom
Courage and wishes are stirred, to live for the land of my fathers,
Ay, and to die, and so set a worthy example to others.
Truly, were but the might of our German youth altogether
On the borders, and leagued not an inch to yield to the stranger,
Oh, they should not be allowed to set foot on our glorious country,
And before our eyes consume our land's fruitful produce,
Lay their commands on our men, and rob us of wives and of maidens.
See, then, mother; within the depth of my heart I'm determined,
Quickly to do, and at once, what seems to me right and judicious;
For not always is his the best choice who thinks of it longest.
Lo! I will not return to my home from the spot that I stand on,
But go straight into town, and devote to the ranks of our soldiers
This good arm and this heart, to serve the land of my fathers.
Then let my father say if my breast by no feeling of honour
Be enlivened, and if I refuse to raise myself higher."

Then with deep meaning replied his good and intelligent mother,
Shedding the gentle tears which so readily came to her eyelids:

"Son, what change is this that hath come o'er thee and thy spirit,
That to thy mother thou speakest not, as yesterday and as ever,
Open and free to tell me what 'tis that would suit with thy wishes?
Should a third person hear thee at present discoursing, he doubtless
Would both commend thee much, and thy purpose praise, as most noble, —
Led away by thy words, and thy speech so full of deep meaning.
Yet do I only blame thee; for, lo! I know thee much better.
Thou art concealing thy heart, and thy thoughts from thy words widely differ,
For it is not the drum, I know, nor the trumpet that calls thee,
Nor in the eyes of the girls dost thou wish to shine in regimentals.
For, whatever thy valour and courage, 'tis still thy vocation
Well to guard the house, and the field to attend to in quiet.
Wherefore tell me, with frankness, what brings thee to this resolution?"

Earnestly said the son: "You err, dear mother; one day is
Not just like another; the youth into manhood will ripen,
Better oft ripen for action in quiet, than midst all the tumult
Of a wild, roving life, which to many a youth has been fatal.
Thus, then, however calm I am, and was, in my bosom

Still hath been moulded a heart which hateth wrong and injustice.
Work, too, strength to my arm and power to my feet hath imparted.
This, I feel, is all true, and boldly I dare to maintain it.
And yet, mother, you blame me with justice, since you have caught me
Dealing with words but half true, and with half disguises of meaning.
For, let me simply confess it, it is not the coming of danger
That from my father's house now calls me, nor thoughts great and soaring,
Succour to bring to the land of my sires, and its foes strike with terror.
All that I spoke was mere words alone, intended to cover
Those bitter feelings from thee, which my heart are tearing asunder.
Oh, then, leave me, my mother; for since all vain are the wishes
Cherished here in my bosom, in vain may my life, too, be wasted,
For I know that himself the individual injures
Who devotes himself, when all for the common weal strive not."

"Do but proceed," so said thereupon the intelligent mother,
"All to relate to me, the chief thing alike and the smallest.
Men are hasty, and think on the end alone; and the hasty
Easily out of their path the least impediment driveth.
But a *woman* is apt to look at the *means*, and to travel

Even by roundabout ways, and so to accomplish her purpose.
Tell me then all: what has moved thee to such excitement as never
Thou hast displayed before, — the blood in thy veins fiercely boiling,
And, in spite of thy will, the tears from thine eyes gushing thickly?"

Then the good youth to his pain his whole being surrendered, and weeping,
Weeping aloud on his mother's breast, said with deepest emotion:
"Truly, my father's words of to-day did grievously wound me,
Undeserved as they were, alike this day and all others;
For 'twas my earliest pleasure to honour my parents, and no one
Cleverer seemed, or wiser, than they whom I thanked for my being,
And for their earnest commands in the twilight season of childhood.
Much, in truth, had I then to endure from my playfellows' humours,
When for my good will to them full oft with spite they repaid me.
Many a time when struck by stone, or hand, I o'erlooked it.
But if they ever turned my father to sport, when on Sunday
Out of church he came, with step of dignified slowness;
If they e'er laughed at the band of his cap, and the flowers on his loose gown,
Which he so stately wore, and ne'er till to-day would abandon;

Fearlessly then did I clench my fist, and with furious passion
Fell I upon them, and struck and hit, with blind, reckless onset,
Seeing not where my blows fell; they howled, and with blood-dripping noses
Hardly escaped from the kicks and strokes which I dealt in my fury.
And thus grew I up, with much to endure from my father,
Who full often to me, instead of to others, spoke chiding,
When he was moved to wrath in the Council, at its last sitting;
And I still had to pay for the strifes and intrigues of his colleagues.
Ofttimes did you yourself commiserate all that I suffered,
Wishing still from my heart to serve and honour my parents,
Whose sole thought was for our sake to add to their goods and possessions,
Often denying themselves in order to save for their children.
Oh, but it is not saving alone, and tardy enjoyment,
Not heap piled upon heap, and acre still added to acre,
All so compactly enclosed, — it is not this that makes happy.
No, for the father grows old, and with him the sons, too, grow older,
Void of joy for to-day, and full of care for to-morrow.
Look down there, and say how rich and fair to the vision
Lies yon noble expanse, and beneath it the vineyard and garden,

Then the barns and stables, — fair ranges of goodly possessions.
Further on still I see the house-back, where, in the gable,
Peeping under the roof my own little room shows its window.
And I reflect on the times when there the moon's late appearing
Many a night I awaited, and many a morning the sunrise,
When my sleep was so sound that only a few hours were sufficient.
Ah! all seems to me now as lonely as that little chamber, —
House, and garden, and glorious field outstretched on the hillside,
All lies so dreary before me: I want a partner to share it."

Then replied to him his good and intelligent mother:
"Son, thou dost not more wish to lead a bride to thy chamber,
That the night may yield thee a lovely half of existence,
And the work of the day be more free and more independent,
Than thy father and I, too, wish it. We always advised thee,
Ay, and have urged thee also, to make thy choice of a maiden.
Yet do I know it well, and my heart this moment repeats it,
That till the right hour come, and with the right hour the right maiden
Make her appearance, this choice must remain still in the distance,

And in most cases meanwhile fear urges to catch at the wrong one.
If I must tell thee, my son, I believe thou hast chosen already;
Since thy heart is smitten, and sensitive more than is common.
Speak it then plainly out, for thy soul already declares it;
Yonder maiden is she, — the exile, — whom thou hast chosen."

"Dearest mother, thou sayest it," the son then quickly made answer,
"Yes, it is she; and unless as my bride,[1] this day I may bring her
Home to our house, she goes on, and perhaps will vanish for ever,
In the confusion of war and sad journeyings hither and thither.
Then ever vainly for me our rich possessions will prosper,
And for these eyes ever vainly the years to come will be fruitful.
Yes, the familiar house and the garden become my aversion,
Ah! and the love of his mother, e'en that her poor son fails to comfort.
For love loosens, I feel, all other ties in the bosom,
When it makes fast her own; nor is it only the maiden
That leaves father and mother to follow the youth she has chosen;
But the youth, too, knows no more of mother and father,

[1] The titles of "bride" and "bridegroom" are given in Germany to persons who are only engaged to be married.

When he sees his maiden, his only beloved, go from him.
Wherefore let me depart where desperation now drives me;
For my father hath spoken the words that must needs be decisive.
And his house is no longer mine, if from it the maiden,
Whom alone I wish to bring home, by him is excluded."

Quickly then replied the good and sensible mother:
"Two men, surely, stand like rocks in stern opposition;
Still unmoved and proud will neither advance toward the other;
Neither move his tongue the first to words of good feeling.
Wherefore I tell thee, son, in my heart the hope is still living,
That if she be but worthy and good, to thee he'll betroth her
Though she is poor, and he the poor hath so stoutly forbidden.
Many a thing he says, in his passionate way, which he never
Cares to perform; and so it may be with this his refusal.
But he demands a soft word, and may with reason demand it;
For he's thy father. We know, too, that after dinner his anger
Makes him more hastily speak, and doubt the motives of others,
Giving no reason; for wine the whole strength of his hot wilful temper
Then stirs up, nor lets him attend to what others are saying;
Only for what he says himself has he hearing or feeling,

But the evening is now coming on, and long conversations
Have ere this been exchanged by him and his friendly companions.
Gentler, I'm sure, he must be, when the fumes of the wine have now left him,
And he feels the injustice he showed so keenly to others.
Come! let us venture at once; nought speeds like the quickly-tried venture;
And we require the friends who now sit with him assembled;
But, above all, the support of our worthy pastor will help us."

Quickly thus she spoke, and herself from the bench of stone rising,
Drew, too, her son from his seat, who willingly followed. In silence
Both descended the hill, on their weighty purpose reflecting.

THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD.

Meanwhile sat the three still incessantly talking together,
With the pastor the druggist, and each by the side of the landlord.
Ay, and the theme of their talk was still the selfsame as ever,
Carried backwards and forwards, and well examined on all sides.
Then the excellent vicar replied, with worthy reflections:
"I will not contradict you. I know man must ever be striving

After improvement, and still, as we see, he will also be striving
After what is higher; at least he seeks something novel.
But ye must not go too far. For close by the side of this feeling
Nature hath also given the wish to linger mid old things,
And to enjoy the presence of what has long been familiar.
Each condition is good that is sanctioned by nature and reason.
Man wisheth much for himself, and yet he wanteth but little;
For his days are but few and his mortal sphere is contracted.
Ne'er do I blame the man, who, constantly active and restless,
Urged on and on, o'er the sea and along each path of the mainland,
Passes busy and bold, and enjoyment finds in the profits
Which are so richly heaped up, alike round himself and his children.
But *that* character, too, I esteem, — the good quiet yeoman,
Who with tranquil steps o'er the fields which his sires left behind them
Walks about, and attends to the ground, as the hours may require him.
Not for him each year is the soil still altered by culture;
Not for him does the tree, newly planted, with hastiest increase
Stretch forth its boughs to heaven with blossoms most richly embellished.
No, the man has need of patience, — has need, too, of simple,

Quiet, unvarying plans, and an intellect plain and straightforward.
Small is the measure of seed he commits to the earth which supports him,
Few are the beasts he is taught to raise by his system of breeding;
For what is useful is still the only object he thinks of.
Happy the man to whom nature hath given a mind so decided!
He supporteth us all. And joy to the small town's good burgher,
Who with the countryman's trade the trade of the burgher uniteth.
On him lies not the pressure which cripples the countryman's efforts;
Nor is he crazed by the care of the townsmen with many requirements,
Who, though scanty their means, with those who are richer and higher
Ever are wont to vie, — most of all their wives and their maidens.
Bless, then, for ever, say I, the tranquil pursuits of thy Hermann,
And of the like-minded partner who by him will some day be chosen."

Thus he spake; and just then came in with her son the good mother,
Whom she led by the hand, and placed in front of her husband.
"Father," said she, "how oft have we thought, when chatting together,
Of that jovial day which would come, when Hermann hereafter,
Choosing a bride for himself, completed at length our enjoyment;

Backward and forward then ran our thoughts; now this one, now that one,
Was the maiden we fixed on for him, in converse parental.
Now, then, that day is come; now heaven itself hath before him
Brought and pointed out his bride, and his heart hath decided.
Did we not always, then, say he should choose for himself unrestricted?
Didst thou not just now wish that his feelings might for some maiden
Clear and lively be? Now is come the hour that you wished for;
Yes, he hath felt, and chosen, and come to a manly decision.
That is the maiden, — the stranger, — the one who met him this morning;
Give her him; or, he hath sworn, he remains in single condition."

Then spake to him his son: "Yes, give her me, father; my heart hath
Clearly and surely chosen; you'll find her an excellent daughter."

But the father was silent. Then, rising quickly, the pastor
Took up the talking, and said: "A single moment doth settle
All concerning man's life, and concerning the whole of his fortune.
After the longest counsel, yet still each single decision
Is but a moment's work; but the wise man alone takes it rightly.
Perilous is it always, in choosing, this thing and that thing

Still to consider besides, and so bewilder the judgment.
Hermann is clear in his views, from his youth long ago have I known him.
E'en as a boy, he stretched not his hands after this thing and that thing,
But what he wished did always become him, and firmly he held it.
Be not alarmed and astonished, that now at once is appearing
What you so long have wished. 'Tis true that just now that appearance
Wears not the form of the wish which by you so long hath been cherished;
For from ourselves our wishes will hide what we wish; while our blessings
Come to us down from above in the form that is proper to each one.
Then misjudge not the maid, who the soul first woke to emotion
In your well-beloved son, so good and so sensible likewise.
Happy is that man to whom her hand by his first love is given,
And whose fondest wish in his heart unseen doth not languish.
Yes, I see by his look, his future lot is decided.
Youth to full manhood at once is brought by a genuine passion.
He is no changeling; I fear, that if this maid you deny him,
All his best years will then be lost in a life of deep sorrow."

Quickly then replied the druggist, so full of discretion,
From whose lips the words to burst forth, long had been ready:

"Let us still only adopt the middle course in this juncture,
'Speed with slow heed!' 'twas the plan pursued e'en by Cæsar Augustus.
Gladly I give up myself to serve the neighbour I value,
And for his use exert the best of my poor understanding;
And above all does youth stand in need of some one to guide it.
Let me, then, go yonder, and I will examine the maiden,
And will question the people with whom she lives, and who know her.
No one will easily cheat me; on words I can put the true value."

Then with wingèd words the son immediately answered:
"Do so, neighbour, and go, and inquire. At the same time my wish is
That our respected vicar should also be your companion;
Two such excellent men will bear unimpeachable witness.
Oh! my father, she hath not run wantonly hither, that maiden;
She is not one through the country to whisk about adventures,
And to ensnare with her tricks the inexperienc[illegible] youngster.
No, but the savage doom of that all-ruinous conflict
Which is destroying the world, and many a firm[illegible]ly built structure
Hath from the ground up-torn, this poor maid [illegible]als hath banished.
Are not noblemen of high birth now roving in exil[illegible]e?

Princes fly in disguise, and kings are doomed to live outlawed.
Ah! and so, too, is she, the best of all her good sisters,
Out of our country driven; and her own misfortune forgetting,
Aids she the wants of others, and though without help, yet is helpful.
Great are the woe and the need which over the earth are now spreading;
Should not, then, from misfortune like this some good fortune follow?
And should I not, in the arms of my bride, my trustworthy partner,
Reap good fruits from the war, as you from the great conflagration?"

Then replied the father, and spake with words full of meaning:
"How now, my son, hath thy tongue been loosed, which many a long year
Stuck to thy mouth, and moved in speech but on rarest occasions?
But I must prove to-day the doom which threatens each father,
That the passionate will of the son is favoured right gladly
By the all-gentle mother, supported by each of her neighbours;
If but the father be made an object of blame, or the husband.
But I will not resist you, thus banded together. What good were it?
For, in truth, I see here beforehand defiance and weeping.
Go, and examine, and with you, in God's name, bring me my daughter

Home to my house; if not, he may then think no more of the maiden."

Thus the sire. Then exclaimed the son, with features so joyous:
"Now before night shall you have an excellent daughter provided,
E'en as the man must wish, in whose breast lives a mind full of prudence.
Happy will be, too, then my good maiden, — I venture to hope so.
Yes, she will ever thank me for having both father and mother
Given her back in you, as sensible children would have them.
But I must tarry no more; I'll go and harness the horses
Quickly, and take out with me our friends on the track of my loved one,
Then leave it all to the men themselves and their own good discernment;
Whose decision, I swear, I will entirely abide by,
And never see her again, until she is mine — that sweet maiden."
Thus went he out. Meanwhile the others were weighing with wisdom
Many a point, and quickly discussing each matter of moment.

Hermann, then, to the stables sped, where the high-mettled horses
Quietly standing, their feed of clean white oats were enjoying,
And their well-dried hay, that was cut in the best of the meadows.
Quickly, then, in their mouths he put the bright bits of their bridles,

Drew at once the straps through the buckles handsomely plated,
Then, the long broad reins to the bridle fastening securely,
Led the horses out to the yard, where the quick willing servant,
Guiding it well by the pole, the coach had already drawn forward.
Then with ropes so clean, and fitted exactly in measure,
Fastened they to the bar the might of the swift-drawing horses.
Hermann took the whip, sat down, and drove to the gateway,
And as soon as the friends their roomy places had taken
Speedily rolled on the carriage, and left the pavement behind them,
Left behind them the walls of the town and the towers whitely shining.
Thus drove Hermann on to the causeway now so familiar,
Quickly, and did not loiter, but still drove up hill and down-hill.
But when once again he descried the tower of the village,
And at no distance once more lay the houses garden-surrounded;
Then he thought with himself it was time to pull in the horses.

Shaded by linden-trees, which, in worthy pride high-exalted,
Had for hundreds of years on the spot already been rooted,
There was a wide-spreading space of green sward in front of the village,

Where the peasants and burghers from neighbouring towns met for pleasure.
There, beneath the trees, was a well at slight depth from the surface.
As one went down the steps, the eye did light on stone benches,
Placed all round the spring, which still welled forth living waters,
Pure, and enclosed in low walls, for the comfort of those who were drawing.
There, beneath the trees, to stay with the carriage and horses
Hermann now determined, and thus addressed his companions:
"Step now forth, my friends, and go and gain information,
Whether, indeed, the maid be worthy the hand which I offer.
Truly I think it, and so ye would bring me no new and strange tidings.
Had I to act for myself, I would go straight on to the village,
And with words short and few the good girl should decide on my fortune.
And amongst all the rest you will soon be able to know her;
For it were hard, indeed, for any to match her in figure.
But I will give you, further, some marks from her dress clean and simple.
Red is the bodice that gives support to the swell of her bosom,
Well laced up; and black is the jacket that tightly lies o'er it;
Neat the chemise's border is plaited in form of a collar,
Which encircles her chin, so round with the charms of its whiteness;

Freely and fairly her head displays its elegant oval;
Twisted strongly and oft are her plaits round hairpins of silver;
Full and blue is the skirt which beneath the bodice commences,
And, as she walks along, flaps round her neatly-shaped ankles.
One thing still will I say, and from you expressly request it:
Do not speak to the maiden, nor let your purpose be noticed;
But you must question the others, and listen to all they may tell you.
When you get tidings sufficient to quiet my father and mother,
Then come back to me, and we'll think of our further proceedings.
This is what I planned on the way, as we drove along hither."

Thus he spake. But his friends forthwith went on to the village,
Where in gardens, and barns, and houses the mass of people
Crowded, while cart upon cart along the wide road was standing.
There to the lowing cattle and teams the men gave attention;
On all the hedges the women their clothes were busily drying;
And in the brook's shallow water the children delighted to dabble.
Thus they went pressing on through wagons, through men, and through cattle,
Looking about right and left, as spies despatched for the purpose,

Whether they might not descry the form of the girl they had heard of;
But not one of them all seemed to be that excellent maiden.
Soon they found the crush become greater. There, round the wagons,
Threatening men were at strife, while the women mixed with them screaming.
Quickly then an elder, with steps full of dignity walking,
Up to the brawlers came, and at once the hubbub was silenced,
As he commanded peace, and with fatherly earnestness threatened.
"Hath not misfortune," he cried, "e'en yet so tamed our fierce spirits,
That we should understand at length, and bear with each other,
Living in peace, — though not each one by this rule metes out his conduct?
Careless of peace, to be sure, is the prosperous man; but shall trouble
Fail to teach us, no more, as erst with our brother to quarrel.
Nay, to each other give place on the stranger's soil, and together
Share what ye have, that so ye may meet with compassion from others."

Such were the words of the man, and they all in silence and concord,
Thus appeased once more, arranged their cattle and wagons.
When now the clergyman heard the speech which the elder had spoken,
And the pacific views of the stranger judge had discovered,

Straight up to him he went, and addressed him with words full of meaning:
"Father, 'tis true that when men live in prosperous days in their country,
Gaining their food from the earth, which far and wide opes her bosom,
And through years and months renews the gifts that they wish for,
All then comes of itself, and each in his own eyes is wisest,
Ay, and best; and this is their standing, one with another,
And the most sensible man is esteemed but the same as his neighbour;
Since in quiet proceeds, as if of itself, all that happens.
But should distress disturb the usual modes of existence,
Tear the buildings down, and root up the garden and corn-field,
Drive the man and his wife from the site of their dwelling familiar,
And, as wanderers, drag them through days and nights full of anguish;
Ah! then look they around for the man of the best understanding,
And no longer he utters his excellent words to no purpose.
Tell me, father; you are, no doubt, the judge of these exiles,
Who so quickly did shed the calm of peace o'er their spirits;
Yes, you appear to me as one of those leaders of old-time,
Who the exiled people through deserts and wanderings guided;
Surely, methinks I am talking with Joshua, if not with Moses."

Then with earnest look the judge addressed him in answer,
"Truly, our times may compare with those of rarest occurrence
Noted in history's page, alike the profane and the sacred.
He who in days like these his life but from yesterday reckons,
Hath already lived years: so crowd the events in each story.
If but a short way back I travel in thought, on my head seems
Gray-haired age to be lying; and yet my strength is still lively.
Oh, we may well compare ourselves with those others so famous,
Who, in solemn hour, in the fiery bush saw appearing
God, the Lord; to us, too, in clouds and fire He appeareth."

While now the vicar was fain the discourse still further to lengthen,
Longing to hear from the man his own and his countrymen's fortunes,
Quickly with whispered words in his ear observed his companion:
"Talk on still with the judge, and turn the discourse on the maiden,
While I am walking about to look for her; and I will come back,
Soon as I find her." The vicar, with nod, expressed his approval,
And through the hedges, and gardens, and sheds the spy began seeking.

THE AGE.

When the clergyman thus to the stranger judge put his questions,
What were his people's woes, and how long from their land they were driven;
Then the man replied: "Of no short date are our troubles;
For of continuous years the bitter dregs we have drunken,
All the more dreadful, because our fairest hopes were then blasted.
For, indeed, who can deny that his heart was highly elated,
And in his freer bosom far clearer pulses were beating,
When first rose o'er the world that new-born sun in its splendour,
When we heard of the rights of man, which to all were now common,
Heard how freedom inspired, and equality won the world's praises?
Then did each man hope to live for himself; and the fetters,
Deemed to be loosed, which had thrown their links over many a country,
And in the land of sloth and selfishness long were held tightly.
Did not each man look, in those days of pressing excitement,
Toward the city which long the world its capital reckoned,
And which now more than ever deserved the magnificent title?
Were not, too, those men who first proclaimed the good tidings

Equal in name to the highest beneath the stars up in heaven?
Did not every man's mind, and spirit, and language, grow greater?

And, as their neighbours, we first were fired with lively emotion.
Then the war began, and the columns of newly-armed Frenchmen
Nearer drew; but they seemed to bring with them nothing but friendship.
Ay, and they brought it, too; for the souls of them all were elated,
And for all with pleasure they planted the gay tree of freedom,
Promising each man his own, and that each should be his own ruler.
Great was then the enjoyment of youth, and great that of old age.
And the gay merry dance began around the new standard.
Thus did they quickly win — those Frenchmen surpassing in talent —
First the souls of our men by their fiery reckless adventure,
Then our women's hearts by their irresistible graces.
Light we deemed e'en the pressure of war, with its wants great and many;
Since, before our eyes, bright hope hovered over the distance,
And allured on and on our look to the new-opened courses.

Oh! how glad is the time, when along with his bride the gay bridegroom
Lightly trips in the dance, his longed-for marriage awaiting!

But more glorious still was the time, when the loftiest objects
Man can think of appeared nigh at hand, and of easy attainment.
Then was every one's tongue untied, and loudly they uttered,
Graybeards, and men, and youths, their high intentions and feelings.

But the heavens were clouded too soon; for the prize of dominion,
Strove a corrupted race, unmeet to produce what was noble.
Then they slew one another, and crushed with the yoke of oppression,
Then new neighbours and brothers, and sent forth the self-seeking masses.
And amongst us the high were debauching and robbing by wholesale,
And the low were debauching and robbing, e'en down to the lowest;
Each man seemed not to care, if but something were left for the morrow.
Great, indeed, was our need; and greatly increased our oppression;
No one heeded our cry; of the day they were absolute masters.
Then fell vexation and rage upon even the tranquillest spirit;
Each one but thought and swore for all his wrongs to take vengeance,
And for the bitter loss of his hope thus doubly defrauded.
Fortune changed at length to the side of the suffering Germans,
And with hasty marches the Frenchman fled back tow'rd his country.

Ah! but never till then did we feel the sad doom of warfare!
Great, and generous, too, is the victor, — at least he appears so, —
And he doth spare, as one of his own, the man he has vanquished,
When he is daily of use, and with all his property serves him.
But the fugitive knows no law, if but death he may ward off;
And without any regard he quickly destroys what is precious,
Since his spirit is heated, and desperation brings forward
Out of the depth of his heart each lurking villainous purpose.
Nought thinks he sacred now, but he robs it. His wildness of passion
Rushes by force upon woman, and takes a delight in all horrors.
All around he sees death, and in cruelty spends his last moments,
Finding enjoyment in blood, and in misery's loud lamentations.

Wrathful then in our men rose up the spirit of daring,
Both to avenge the lost, and to save their remaining possessions.
All then seized on their arms, allured by the haste of the flying,
And by their faces so pale, and their looks so timid and doubtful.
Ceaselessly now rang out the sound of the sullen alarm-bell,
Nor did the danger before them repress their furious courage.

Quickly into weapons the peaceful tools of the farmer
Now were turned; with blood the fork and scythe were all dripping.
None showed grace to the foe in his fall, and none showed forbearance.
Everywhere raved courage or weakness malignant as timid.
O may I never again in such contemptuous madness
Look upon man! The beast in his rage is a pleasanter object.
Ne'er let him speak of freedom as though himself he could govern!
Loosed from their bands appear, when the checks are gone that restrained them,
All bad things, which the law into holes and corners had driven."

"Excellent sir," replied the vicar, with emphasis speaking,
"If you have misjudged man, I cannot on that account blame you.
Evil enough, to be sure, have you borne from that wild undertaking.
Still, if you would but look once more through the days of your sorrow,
You would yourself confess, how often you saw what was good, too,
Many an excellent thing, which remains in the heart deeply hidden,
Should not danger incite it, and man by need be pressed forward
E'en as an angel, or guardian-god, to seem to his neighbour."

Smiling then replied the judge so aged and worthy:
"Sensibly do you remind me, as oft, when a house has been burnt down,

Men to the owner recall in his sadness the gold and the silver,
Which, though molten and scattered, lies still preserved in the rubbish;
Little it is, to be sure, but even that little is precious,
And the poor man digs for it, and when he has found it rejoices.
And just so am I glad to turn my thoughts, full of brightness,
Back to those few good deeds which memory still loves to cherish.
Yes, I have seen, I will not deny it, foes joining in concord,
That they might save the town from threatening evil! seen friends, too,
And dear parents and children on what was impossible venture;
Seen the stripling at once grow up into manhood, — the gray-beard
Young once more, — and e'en the child into stripling develop;
Ay, and the weaker sex, as 'tis our custom to call it,
Show itself valiant and strong, and for presence of mind justly famous.
Thus let me now relate, above all, that action most noble,
Which with high soul a maiden performed, — the excellent virgin —
Who in the large farmhouse stayed behind along with the young girls;
Since the men had all gone, like the rest, to fight with the strangers.
Then came into the yard a troop of wandering rabble,
Bent upon plunder, and quickly rushed into the women's apartment.

There they marked the form of the well-grown beautiful maiden
And those lovely girls, — or, to call them more properly, children.
Then, with wild passion possessed, they made an assault without feeling,
On that trembling band and on the magnanimous maiden.
But from the side of one she instantly tore the bright sabre,
Brought it down with might, and before her feet he fell bleeding.
Then with manly strokes the girl she valiantly rescued,
Wounding four more of the robbers, though these escaped death by flying;
Then she secured the yard, and with weapon in hand waited succour."

When the clergyman thus had heard the praise of the maiden,
Hope for the friend he loved at once mounted high in his bosom;
And he was on the point of asking her subsequent fortunes,
Whether along with the people she now were in sorrowful exile.

But with hasty steps just then the druggist came to them,
Pulled the clergyman's arm, and with whispered words thus addressed him:
"Surely at last I have found the maid out of many a hundred,
As the description ran! So come yourself to behold her,

And bring with you the judge to tell us still further about her."
Purposing this they turned; but the judge meanwhile had been summoned
By his own people away, who, in want of counsel, required him.
But the vicar at once prepared to follow the druggist,
Up to the gap in the hedge; and the latter, cunningly pointing,
Said: "Do you see her, — the maiden? The doll she has swaddled already,
And well enough do I know, now I see it again, the old satin,
And the old cushion-cover, which Hermann brought in the bundle.
These are significant marks, and the rest are all in accordance.
For the red bodice affords support to the swell of her bosom,
Well laced up; and there lies the jacket of black tightly o'er it;
Neat the chemise's border is plaited in form of a collar,
Which encircles her chin so round with the charms of its whiteness;
Free and fairly her head displays its elegant oval;
And the thick plaits are twisted and fastened round hairpins of silver.
Though she is sitting, we still can see the height of her stature,
And the blue skirt, which in full and numerous folds from the bosom
Gracefully waves below, and extends to her neatly-shaped ankle.
Without doubt it is she. So come that we may examine
Whether she virtuous be and good, — a maiden domestic."

Then the vicar replied as he looked at the sitting girl keenly,
"That she enchanted the youth is to me, most surely, no wonder;
For she stands proof to the eye of the man of finest perception.
Happy to whom mother-nature a pleasing person hath given!
It doth commend him always, and nowhere is he a stranger;
Each one likes to be near him, and each one would gladly detain him,
If but the grace of his manner to that of his person be suited.
Be well assured the youth has succeeded in finding a maiden
Who o'er the future days of his life will shed glorious lustre,
And with the truth and vigour of woman at all times support him.
Thus, sure, perfection of body the soul also keepeth in brightness,
And thus a vigorous youth of a happy old age still gives promise."

But to that made reply the druggist, inclined to be doubtful:
"Yet doth appearance more often deceive; I trust not the outside;
Since in times past so oft I have proved the truth of the proverb,
'Ere thou hast eaten a bushel of salt with thy new-made acquaintance,
Lightly thou must not trust him; 'tis time alone can assure thee,
What thy position is with him, and what thy friendship's endurance.'

Let us, then, first address to honest people some questions,
Who both know the maid, and will give us intelligence of her."

"I, too, approve of foresight," the pastor replied, as he followed,
"Nor do we woo for ourselves; and wooing for others is ticklish."
And upon that they went to meet the good judge, who was coming
Back again up the road, intent, as before, on his business.
Then the vicar at once addressed him with words of precaution:
"Say! we have seen a maiden, who, in the garden close by here,
Under the apple-tree sits, and makes up clothing for children
Out of some worn-out satin, received, I suppose, as a present.
We were well pleased with her form; she seems one of those full of spirit.
What, then, you know of her, tell us; we ask from a laudable motive."

When now the judge straightway went into the garden to see her,
"Nay, ye know her," he said, "already; for when I related
Of the most noble deed which that young maiden accomplished,
When she seized the sword, and herself and those with her defended,
This was she! You may see by her look that robust is her nature
But as good as strong; for she nursed her aged relation

Up to the day of his death, when torn away by affliction
For the distress of the town, and fear for his threatened possessions.
Ay, and with silent courage she bore her heart's bitter anguish
At her bridegroom's death, who, a youth of generous feeling, —
In the first glow of high thoughts, for precious freedom to struggle,
Even departed to Paris, and terrible death soon encountered;
For, as at home, so there he opposed the tyrant and plotter."
Thus, then, spake the judge. With thanks both were going to leave him,
When the pastor drew forth a gold piece (the silver already
Had, some hours before, left his purse in kind distribution,
When he saw the poor exiles in sorrowful crowds passing by him),
And to the judge he held it out, and said: "This poor farthing
Share thou amongst the needy, and God to the gifts grant an increase!"
Yet did the man refuse, and said: "Nay, but many a dollar
And much clothing and stuff from the wreck of our fortunes we rescued,
And shall again, I trust, go back before all is exhausted."

Then replied the vicar, and into his hand pressed the money,
"No one should wait to give in these days of trouble, and no one

Should refuse to accept what to him in kindness is offered.
No one knows how long he may hold his peaceful possessions,
No one how long still in foreign lands he may wander,
And be without the field and the garden, which ought to maintain him."

"Ay, indeed," then observed the druggist, that keen man of business,
"Did now my pocket but hold any money, you quickly should have it,
Large coin or small alike; for your people's wants must be many.
Yet will I not let you go without a gift; that my wishes
Still may be seen, however the deed may fall short of the wishes."
Thus he spake, and forward the leathern pouch well embroidered
Drew by the string, in which was kept his tobacco, and opening,
Nicely shared it with him; and many a pipeful was found there.
"Small is the gift," he added; to which the judge quickly answered,
"Nay, but good tobacco to travellers ever is welcome."
And upon that the druggist began to praise his Kanaster.

But the good vicar then drew him away, and the judge they now quitted.
"Haste we," said the man of good sense; "the youngster is waiting
Painfully; let him then hear with all possible speed the good tidings."

So they hastened and came, and found their young friend on the carriage
Leaning there beneath the lindens. The horses were stamping
Wildly upon the turf, and he held them in check, and stood thoughtful,
Silently looking before him, nor saw his friends till the moment
When they came to him with shouts and signs of their gladly returning,
Even when still at a distance the druggist began to address him;
Yet still they approached unperceived. Then his hand the good vicar
Seized, and said, thus snatching away the word from his comrade:
"Joy to thee now, young man! Thine eye and thy heart truly guided
Rightly have chosen. Good luck to thee and thy youth's blooming partner.
Worthy is she of thee! Then come and turn round the carriage,
That we may drive with all speed, till we come to the end of the village,
And, having wooed her, at once may take to your house the good maiden."

Yet did the youth stand still, and without any tokens of pleasure
Heard the messenger's word, though of heavenly power to give comfort.
Then with a deep sigh he said: "We came with hurrying carriage,
And we shall drive back home, perhaps, with shame and full slowly.
For, while waiting here, a load of care hath come o'er me,

Doubt and suspicion, and all that afflicts a lover's heart only.
Think ye, that if we but go, the maiden will surely come with us,
Since we are rich, and she a poor and wandering exile?
Poverty, undeserved, e'en makes men prouder. Contented
Seems the maiden and active, and so has the world at her summons.
Think ye there ever grew up a woman of beauty and feeling
Such as hers, without luring some good youth on to adore her?
Think ye she hath not yet her heart to love ever opened?
Go not thither so fast; we might, to our shame and confusion,
Turn back slowly home our horses. The fear doth possess me
That some youth owns her heart, and the excellent maiden already
Hath both plighted her hand and her true love breathed to that blessed one.
Ah! then, indeed, shall I stand before her ashamed of my offer."

To console him the vicar his mouth already had opened,
But, in his talkative way, his companion did thus interrupt him:
"Surely in former times we should not have thus been embarrassed,
When in its own proper way each business was brought to completion.
Then, if e'er for their son a bride the parents had chosen,

First a friend of the house in whom they trusted was summoned.
He, then, as wooer was sent, and begged to confer with the parents
Of the selected bride; and, dressed in his finest apparel,
After dinner on Sunday he paid the good burgher a visit,
Interchanging with him at first on general topics
Friendly words, and well skilled to direct and lead round the subject.
After much beating about, the daughter was at length commended,
And the man and his house from whom he received his commission.
Sensible people perceived his object; the sensible envoy
Soon perceived their wishes, and might explain himself further.
If they disliked the offer, there then was no painful refusal.
But if it proved successful, the wooer was then ever after
First to be seen in the house at each domestic rejoicing:
For the good married couple their whole life through did remember
That the first knots were tied by the hands commissioned to tie them.
But all that is now, with other such excellent customs,
Quite gone out of fashion, and each for himself is the wooer.
Wherefore let each himself in person receive the refusal
Destined for him, and stand with shame before the proud maiden,"

"Be it e'en as it may!" replied the youth, who had scarcely
Heard all the words, and in silence had formed his own resolution.
"I will in person go, and in person learn what my doom is,
Out of the maiden's mouth, in whom my trust is the greatest
Man ever yet toward woman within his bosom did cherish.
What she says must be true, and according to reason; I know it.
If for the last time now I must see her, yet once, and once only,
Will I the open gaze of that black eye go to encounter.
Though to my heart she may ne'er be pressed, yet that breast and those shoulders
Will I yet once more see, which my arm so longs to encircle;
Once more will see that mouth, from which one kiss and one 'Yes' would
Make me happy for ever, — one 'No' for ever undo me.
But now leave me alone; you must not wait, but returning,
Go to my father and mother, that they may learn from your story
That their son did not err, and that there is worth in the maiden.
And so leave me alone. By the foot-path over the hillside
Will I go back by a nearer way. And, oh, that my dear one
I may with joy and speed lead home! But perhaps by that foot-path
I may slink lonely home, and never again tread it gladly."

Thus he spake, and put the reins in the hand of the vicar,
Who received them with skill and command o'er the foam-covered horses,
Quickly mounted the carriage, and sat in the seat of the driver.
But thou still didst tarry, thou prudent neighbour, and saidest:
"Gladly, my friend, with soul, and mind, and heart, would I trust thee;
But thy body and limbs are not preserved most securely,
When to the secular rein the ghostly hand makes pretension."

But thou didst smile at that, thou sensible vicar, and saidest:
"Take but your seat, and your body commit to me, e'en as your spirit.
Long ago has this hand been trained to wield the reins deftly,
And this eye is well skilled to hit the turn most artistic.
For 'twas our custom at Strasburg to drive full oft in the carriage,
When I accompanied thither our good young barons; and daily
Rolled through the sounding gateway our carriage, with me as the driver,
Out on the dusty roads, far away to the meadows and lime-trees,
Right through the midst of the crowds who the live-long day spend in walking."

Half assured, upon that, the druggist mounted the carriage,
Sitting as one who prepared a prudent leap to accomplish;

And the steeds galloped home, with thoughts intent on the stable.
Under their powerful hoofs were clouds of dust streaming upward.
Long stood the youth there yet, and watching the dust as it mounted,
Watched it still as it fell, and stood devoid of reflection.

DOROTHEA.

As the traveller, ere the sun sank below the horizon,
Fixed once more his eyes on the orb now fast disappearing,
Then in darkling copse and along the side of the mountain
Sees its hovering form, and where'er his glance he now turneth,
There it speeds on, and shines, and wavers in glorious colours;
So before Hermann's eyes did the lovely form of the maiden
Softly move on, and seemed in the path to the cornfield to follow.
But from his dream of rapture he woke, and slowly proceeded
Toward the village, and then was enraptured again, for again came,
Meeting him there in the way, the glorious maiden's tall figure.
Closely he marked her, — it was no ghost, but her own very person,
Bearing in either hand her larger jug by the handle,
And a smaller one, thus she walked to the well, full of business.
Joyfully went he up to meet her; the sight of her gave
him

Courage and strength; and thus he spake to his wondering dear one:
"Do I then find thee here, brave maiden, so soon again busy,
Helping others, and gladly still comforting all that is human?
Say, why comest thou alone to the spring, which lies at such distance,
While with the village water the others all are contented?
This, I suppose, must be of particular virtue and flavour.
Perhaps to that sick woman, so faithfully rescued, thou bearest it."

Then the good maiden at once, with friendly greeting, thus answered:
"Surely my coming thus here to the well is already rewarded,
Since I find the good youth who before with so much supplied us;
For, as the gifts themselves, the sight of the giver is pleasant.
Come now, and see for yourself who hath reaped the fruits of your kindness;
And receive the calm thanks of all to whom you gave comfort.
But, that you now may learn at once my object in coming
Here to draw, where the spring flows pure and ever increasing,
This is the reason I give. Our thoughtless men in the village
Everywhere have disturbed the water, with horses and oxen,
Trampling right through the spring which supplied the whole population.

Just in the same way, too, have they soiled, with washing and cleaning,
All the troughs in the village, and all the wells have corrupted;
For to provide with all speed for himself and the want next before him,
This alone each man studies, and thinks not of what may come after."

Thus she spake, and then at once to the broad steps descended
With her companion, and there they sat them both on the low wall,
Down to the spring. To draw the water she then did lean over;
And of the other jug he laid hold, and leant over likewise;
And their mirrored forms they saw in the bright blue of heaven,
Hov'ring with nods to each other, and greeting, like friends, in the mirror.
"Let me drink," then said the youth in the joy of his feelings;
And she held him the jug. Then both of them trustingly rested,
Leaning over the vessels; and then her friend she thus questioned:
"Say, how find I thee here, without the carriage and horses,
Far away from the spot where I saw thee at first? What has brought thee?"

Thoughtfully Hermann looked on the ground, then raised up his glances
Quickly tow'rds the girl, and with friendly gaze in her dark eye
Felt himself calm and assured. Yet to speak of love to her now was

Put quite out of his power; her eye not love was now looking,
But clear sense, and demanded such sense in their whole conversation.
Thus he was soon collected, and said with confidence to her:
"Let me speak, my child, and give a reply to your question.
It was for you I came here; and why should I wish to conceal it?
For with both my parents, who love me, I live and am happy.
Faithfully helping them manage their house and other possessions,
As their only son; and manifold are our employments.
All the fields are my care, — the house my diligent father's, —
And my active mother gives life to the whole of the business.
But thou hast doubtless, like others, observed how sorely the servants,
Whether through lack of thought, or of honesty, trouble the mistress,
Ever compelled to change, and take one fault for another.
Wherefore my mother long wished in her house to keep such a servant
As not with hand alone, but also with heart would assist her,
In the place of the daughter she lost long ago, to her sorrow.
Now, when I saw thee to-day by the wagon so joyously active,
Saw the strength of thine arm and thy limb's perfection of soundness,
When to thy words I listened, so full of good sense, it all struck me,

And I hastened back home, to my parents and friends for that service
To commend the stranger. But now I am come to inform thee
Of their wishes and mine. Forgive me my faltering language."

"Shrink not," then she said, "from speaking what yet should be spoken;
No offence do you give, but with grateful feelings I've listened.
Speak it then plainly out; your words can never affright me.
You would like to engage me as maid to your father and mother,
Over your well-furnished house entrusted with full supervision;
And you believe that in me you would find a capable maiden,
Well adapted for work, and not of a rough disposition.
Briefly your offer was made, — as brief shall be, too, my answer;
Yes, I will go with you, and follow where destiny leads me,
Here my duty is done; the new-born infant's poor mother
I have restored to her own, and they all rejoice in their rescue,
Most of them here already, the rest soon hoping to join them.
All of them think, indeed, in a few short days they shall hasten
Back to their home; for so is the exile ever self-flattered.
But with hopes light as this I dare not cheat my own bosom

In these sorrowful days which still portend days of sorrow.
For the bands of the world are loosened, and what shall rebind them,
But the most urgent need, such as that which o'er us is hanging?
If in the worthy man's house I can gain my bread as servant,
Under the eye of his wife so industrious, gladly I'll do it;
Since the wandering maiden hath still a repute that is doubtful.
Yes, I will go with you, so soon as the jugs of the strangers
I have restored, and, further, have asked from those good friends a blessing.
Come, you must see them yourself, and straight from their hands receive me."

Glad was the youth to hear the willing maiden's decision,
Doubting whether he now should not own the truth fully to her;
But it appeared to him best to leave her still to her fancy,
And to conduct her home, and there first woo her affection.
Ah! and he marked the gold ring, which the maiden wore on her finger,
And he let her still speak on, while he paid to her words deep attention.

"Let us now hasten back," she thus continued; "the maidens
Always fall into blame who linger too long at the fountain.
Yet by the running spring to chat is still so delicious!"

Thus they arose, and looked yet once more, standing together,
Into the well; and sweet was the longing that seized on their bosoms.

Silently, then, the maid, taking hold of both jugs by the handles,
Mounted again the steps, while Hermann followed his loved one,
Wishing to take a jug, and bear his share of the burden.
"Nay, let it be," she said, "all loads are lightest when even;
And I must not be served by the master who soon will command me.
Look not so serious at me, as though my fortune were doubtful;
Woman should learn in time to serve, — 'tis her natural calling;
For through serving only attains she at length to commanding,
And to what well-earned power she wields by right in the household.
Gladly the sister serves her brother, the daughter her parents;
And so her life is still a continual coming and going,
Still a lifting and bearing, arranging and doing for others.
Well for her, if her habits be such that no path is too irksome;
That the hours of the night are to her as the hours of the daytime;
That her work never seems too fine, or her needle too tiny;
But that herself she entirely forgets, and can live but in others.
Then, as a mother, in truth she needs one and all of the virtues,

When in her sickness the babe awakes her, for nourishment craving,
Weak as she is, and care to her pains is abundantly added,
Twenty men together would not endure so much trouble;
Nor are they bound; but they're bound, when they see it, to show themselves thankful."

Thus she spake, and now, with her thoughtful, silent companion,
Passing on through the gardens she came to the site of the barn-floor,
Where the poor mother lay, whom she left so glad with her daughters,
Those very girls she had saved, — the pictures of innocent beauty.
Both of them then walked in, and soon, in the other direction,
Leading a child in each hand, the honoured judge also entered.
These had been hitherto lost to the eyes of their sorrowing mother,
But by the worthy elder had now in the crowd been discovered;
And they eagerly sprang to kiss their dearly-loved mother,
And to rejoice in their brother, their yet unknown little playmate.
On Dorothea next they sprang, and kissed her right friendly,
Asking for bread and fruit, and for something to drink, above all things.
Then she handed the water round, and of it the children
Drank, and so did the mother and daughters, and so did the elder.

All were pleased with their draught, and praised the excellent water,
Which a slight mineral taste for man made refreshing and wholesome.

Then with serious looks the maid replied, and addressed them,
"This is perhaps the last time, my friends, that I ever shall carry
Round to your mouths the jug, and moisten your lips with its water,
But when henceforth ye quaff a draught in the heat of the midday,
And in the shade enjoy your rest and the pure-gushing fountain,
Oh, then think too of me, and my friendly service amongst you,
Which from feelings of love I rendered, even more than of kindred.
Through the rest of my life shall I own all the kindness you showed me.
Truly I grieve to leave you; though now is each to his neighbour
More a burden than comfort; and still in the land of the stranger
Must we all look to die, if return to our home be denied us.
See, here stands the youth to whom we owe thanks for the presents, —
Both for the baby's clothing here, and those viands so welcome.
Hither he comes to beg that in his house he may see me,
Acting as servant there to his rich and excellent parents:
And I have not refused; for a maiden must serve in all cases,

And to sit quiet at home and be waited on she would deem irksome.
Wherefore I follow him gladly; in sense the youth seems not deficient,
Nor will his parents be, — as befits their wealthy condition.
Wherefore now, my dear friend, farewell! and long may the baby
Live to delight your heart, who now in such health looks up to you.
But whenever to your bosom he's pressed in these bright-coloured wrappers,
Oh, then think of the youth so kind, who with them supplied us,
And will henceforth to me, too, your kinsman, give food and clothing.
And do you, excellent sir" (she turned to the judge while thus speaking),
"Take my thanks for having so often been to me a father."

And upon that she kneeled down to the new-born infant's good mother,
Kissed the weeping woman, and took the blessing she whispered.
Meanwhile to Hermann said the judge most worthy of honour:
"Well may'st thou claim, my friend, to be numbered with sensible landlords,
Who with capable persons are anxious to manage their household;
For I have marked full oft, that sheep, and horses, and cattle,
Are with the nicest care by touching and handling examined;
While that human aid, which, if able and good, saveth all things,

But destroys and demolishes all by its wrong interference,
That men take to their house by chance and accident only,
And, when too late, repent of an over-hasty arrangement.
But you seem to know this; for you have chosen a maiden
Who is good, in your house to serve yourself and your parents.
Keep her well, for while she an interest takes in your business
You will not miss the sister you lost, nor your parents their daughter."

Meanwhile many came in, — near relatives of the good mother, —
Bringing many a gift, and news of more suitable lodging.
All heard the maiden's resolve, and gave their blessing to Hermann,
With significant looks, and thoughts of peculiar meaning,
For the poor exiles there were whispering one to another:
"If of the master a bridegroom come, then, indeed, is she rescued."
Then did Hermann take hold of her hand, and said to her, quickly,
"Let us begone; the day is declining, the town is far distant."
Then, with liveliest talk, the women embraced Dorothea;
Hermann drew her away; yet with many a kiss was she greeted.
But all the children still, with screams and terrible weeping,

Clung to her clothes, and would not their second mother relinquish.
But the women thus spake, first one, then another, commanding:
"Silence, children! she's going away to the town, and will bring you
Plenty of good sugar-bread, which your little brother there ordered,
When past the baker's shop by the stork[1] he lately was carried.
And you will soon see her back, with her paper-bags handsomely gilded."
Thus, then, the children released her; and Hermann though not without trouble,
Tore her away from their arms, and their far-off beckoning 'kerchiefs.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

Thus the two went away toward the sun now declining,
Who, storm-threatening, in clouds his form had deeply enveloped,
And from the veil, now here, now there, with fiery glances
Shot forth over the land the gleams of the ominous lightning.
"Oh! may this threatening weather," thus Hermann said, "not soon bring us
Storms of hail and furious rain! for fine is the harvest."

[1] The reader who has not lived in Germany may require to be informed that, according to the nursery belief in that country, all babies are carried to the house and carefully dropped down the chimney by the storks, instead of being brought in the doctor's pocket, as in England.

And they both rejoiced at the sight of the corn high and waving,
Which well-nigh reached up to the tall figures then passing through it.

Then the maiden said to the friend who was guiding her footsteps:
"Kind one, whom first I've to thank for a pleasant, portion-safe shelter,
While 'neath the open sky the storm threatens many exiles,
Tell me now, first of all, and teach me to know both your parents,
Whom to serve in future with all my soul I am anxious.
For, if one knows his master, he better can give satisfaction,
When he thinks of the things which to him seem of greatest importance,
And upon which his mind he sets with most earnest attention.
Wherefore tell me, I pray, how to win your father and mother."

Then replied thereto the good youth of clear understanding:
"Oh, how right do I deem thee, thou good and excellent maiden,
Asking first, as thou hast, concerning the views of my parents!
For in my father's service in vain till now have I striven,
While to his business, as though 'twere my own, myself I devoted,
Early and late to the field and the vineyard giving attention.

But my mother I pleased well enough, for she knew how to prize it.
Ay, and thee, too, no less will she think the most excellent maiden,
If thou take care of the house as though 'twere thine own to attend to.
But with my father not so, for he loves appearances likewise.
Do not take me, good girl, for a son that is cold and unfeeling,
If so soon I unveil my father to thee, quite a stranger.
Nay, but I swear that this is the first time such an expression
E'er hath escaped from my tongue, which is not given to prattling.
But, since thou dost from my bosom elicit each proof of reliance,
There are some graces in life for which my father is anxious, —
Outward marks of love, as well as respect, which he wishes;
And he would be, perhaps, pleased with quite an inferior servant,
Who could make use of this, and would angry be with the better."

Cheerfully then she said, as along the darkening pathway
Now with a quicker step and lighter movement she hurried,
"Surely to both at once I hope to give ample contentment;
Since thy mother's mind accords with my own disposition,
And to external graces from youth I have ne'er been a stranger.

Those French neighbours of ours, in former times, of politeness
Made no little account; to the nobleman and to the burgher,
Ay, and the peasant, 'twas common, and each to his own did commend it.
And just so amongst us, on the German side, e'en the children
Brought with kissings of hand and courtseyings every morning
Wishes of joy to their parents, and all the day long would repeat them.
All which I then did learn, to which from my youth I'm accustomed,
And which comes from my heart, to my elder master I'll practise.
But now who shall tell me to thee what should be my behaviour, —
Thee, their only son, and to me in future a master?"

Thus she spake, and just then they arrived at the foot of the pear-tree.
Glorious shone the moon, at her full, down on them from heaven;
For it was night, and the sun's last gleam was totally hidden.
Thus were spread out before them in masses, the one by the other,
Lights as bright as the day, and shades of the night that are darkest.
And that friendly question was heard with pleasure by Hermann
Under the noble tree, in the spot so dear to his fancy,
And which that selfsame day had witnessed his tears for the exile.
Thus while there beneath it they sat for a short time to rest them,

Seizing the maiden's hand, the enamoured youth said in answer:
"Let thine own heart tell thee, and follow it freely in all things."
But no further word did he risk, though the hour so much favoured;
For he feared that his haste might only bring a refusal.
Ah! and he felt, too, the ring on her finger,—that token so painful.
Thus, then, sat they still and in silence beside one another.
But the maiden began, and said, "How sweet do I find it
Watching the glorious light of the moon! The day is scarce brighter.
Yonder I clearly see in the town the houses and homesteads,
And in the gable or window methinks the panes I can number."

"What thou seest," then replied the youth, restraining his feelings,
"Is the place where we dwell, and down to which I lead thee;
And that window there in the roof belongs to my chamber,
Which will, perhaps, now be thine, for some change we shall make in the household.
These are our fields, now ripe for the harvest beginning to-morrow.
Here in the shade will we rest, and enjoy our meal in the noontide;
But let us now go down, proceeding through vineyard and garden;
For see yonder! the storm is coming on heavily o'er us,
Flashing lightning, and soon will extinguish the full moon so lovely."

So they arose, and pursued their way o'er the fields that lay under,
Through the magnificent corn, in the night's clear splendour rejoicing,
Till to the vineyard next they came, and entered its darkness.

And down its many slabs he thus fain to conduct her,
Which were laid there unhewn, as steps in the leaf-covered pathway.
Slowly walked she down, now resting her hands on his shoulders,
While with wavering lustre the moon through the leaves overlooked them,
Till, in storm-clouds concealed, it left the couple in darkness.
Carefully thus the strong youth the dependent maiden supported;
But not knowing the path, and unused to the rough stones along it,
Missing her step, she twisted her foot, and well-nigh had fallen.
Hastily then stretching out his arm, the youth, quick and clever,
Held his beloved one up, when she gently sank on his shoulder,
Bosom reclining on bosom, and cheek on cheek. Yet he stood there
Stiff as a marble statue, his earnest wishes restraining;
Still not pressing her closer, and still her dear weight supporting.
Thus, then, he felt that glorious burden — the warmth of her young heart,
And the balm of her breath, on his lips exhaling its fragrance,
And with the feeling of man bore woman's heroical greatness.

But she concealed her pain, and said in jocular language:
"That betokens trouble,—so say all scrupulous people,—
When, on entering a house, not far from the threshold a foot twist.
Truly, I well could have wished for myself a happier omen.
But let us wait a short time, that thou be not blamed by thy parents
For the poor limping maid, and be thought an incompetent landlord."

PROSPECT.

Muses, ye who the heart's true love so gladly have favoured,
Who thus far on his way the excellent youth have conducted,
And to his bosom have pressed his maiden before the betrothal,
Help still further to perfect the tie of the love-worthy couple,
Parting at once the clouds which over their happiness gather!
But, before all, relate what within the house is now passing.

There for the third time already the impatient mother returning
Entered the men's room, which first she had left with anxiety, speaking
Of the approaching storm, and the moon's quick veiling in darkness;
Then of her son's remaining abroad, and the dangers of night-time,
While she well chided the friends, who, without a word to the maiden,

Wooing her in his behalf, from the youth so quickly had parted.
"Make not the evil worse," replied the dispirited father,
"For we ourselves, thou seest, tarry here, and abroad do not venture."

But their neighbour began to speak as he sat there so tranquil,
"Truly in hours of disquiet, like these, I always feel grateful
To my departed father, who rooted up all my impatience,
While I was yet a boy, and left not a fibre remaining;
Ay, and not one of the sages so quickly learnt to wait quiet."
"Say," replied the vicar, "what means the old man had recourse to?"
"That will I gladly tell you, since each for himself may well mark it,"
Answered then the neighbour. "I stood one Sunday impatient,
When I was yet a boy, for the carriage eagerly waiting
Which was to take us out to the well 'neath the shade of the lime-trees.
Still it came not, and I, like a weasel, ran backward and forward,
Stepping up and down, and from window to door, without ceasing.
Oh, how my hands did tingle! and how I was scratching the table,
Tramping and stamping about, and ready to burst into crying!
All was seen by the tranquil man; but at length, when I acted

Quite too foolish a part, by the arm he quietly took me,
Leading me up to the window, with words of dubious purport:
'Seest thou, closed for the day, the carpenter's workshop o'er yonder?
It will be opened to-morrow, and plane and saw will be busy;
And so will pass the industrious hours from morning till evening.
But bethinks thee of this: the morrow will one day be coming,
When the master will stir him with all his workmen about him,
Making a coffin for thee, to be quickly and deftly completed;
And over here all so busy that house of planks they will carry,
Which must at last receive the impatient alike and the patient,
And a close-pressing roof very soon to bear is appointed.'
All straightway in my mind I saw thus really happen,
Saw the planks joined together, the sable colours preparing,
And once more sitting patient, in quiet awaited the carriage.
Thus, whenever I now see others in doubtful expectance,
Awkwardly running about, I needs must think of the coffin."

Smiling, the vicar replied: "The picture of death, ever busy,
Strikes not the wise with fear, nor is viewed as an end by the pious;

Back into life it urges the one, for its dealings instructed,
And for the other in sorrow it strengthens the hope of the future.
Death becomes life to both. And so it was wrong in your father
Death to present as death to the eye of sensitive boyhood.
Nay, rather show youth the worth of old age ripe in honours,
And to the old man show youth; that so the ne'er-ending circle
Both may enjoy, and life in life may be fully accomplished."

But now the door was thrown open, and showed the magnificent couple;
And astonishment seized the friends and affectionate parents
At the form of the bride, nearly equalling that of the bridegroom.
Yea, the door seemed too small to allow the tall figures to enter,
Which, as they came on together, were now seen crossing the threshold.
Hermann with hurried words presented her then to his parents:
"Here," he said, "is a maiden brought into your house, my dear father,
Just as you wished; give her welcome, for that she deserves. And, dear mother,
She hath already inquired the whole extent of our business;
So that you see how well henceforth she deserves to be near you.".
Hastily then aside he drew the excellent vicar,
Saying, "Most worthy sir, now help me in this my dilemma

Quickly, and loosen the knots whose entanglement
makes me quite shudder;
For I have not yet dared as my bride to sue for the
maiden,
But as a servant she weens she is come to the house;
and I tremble
Lest she refuse to stay, as soon as we think about mar-
riage.
But let it be quickly decided; no longer in error
Shall she remain; nor can I any longer endure to be
doubtful.
Haste, then, and show in this case the wisdom for
which we revere thee."
Then the pastor at once went away, and returned to
the party.
But already the soul of the maiden was grievously
troubled
Through the father's address, who at once, with
kindly intention,
Words of sprightly purport in joking manner had
spoken:
"Ay, this is pleasant, my child! I am glad to see that
my son is
Blessed with good taste, like his sire, who (as those of
his day knew) did always
Lead the finest girl to the dance, and at length
brought the finest
Into his house as his wife, — and that was my Her-
mann's dear mother.
For by the bride a man chooses it needs not long to
discover
What a spirit he's of, and whether he feels his own
value.
But you required, I suppose, but a short time to form
your conclusion,
For, sure, it seems to me that he's not such a hard one
to follow."

Hermann but slightly caught these words, but his limbs to the marrow
Quivered, and all at once the whole circle was hushed into silence.

But the excellent maiden by words of such cruel mocking,
(As they appeared), being hurt and deeply wounded in spirit,
Stood there, her cheeks to her neck suffused with quick-spreading blushes.
Yet her feelings she checked, and, her self-possession regaining,
Though not entirely concealing her pain, thus spake to the old man:
"Truly, for such a reception your son quite failed to prepare me,
Painting to me the ways of his father, that excellent burgher.
And I am standing, I know, before you, the man of refinement,
Who with judgment behaves to each one, as suits their positions;
But for the poor girl, methinks, you have not sufficient compassion,
Who has now crossed your threshold, and comes prepared for your service;
Else with such bitter mocking you surely would not have shown me
How far my lot from your son, and from yourself is now severed.
Poor, indeed, and with this small bundle, I come to your dwelling,
Which is furnished with all that marks a prosperous owner;
But I well know myself, and thoroughly feel my position.

Is it noble to make me at once the butt of such mocking
As, on the very threshold, well-nigh from your house
drove me backward?"

Much was Hermann alarmed, and made signs to his
good friend the pastor,
That he should interfere, and at once put an end to
the error.
Quickly the prudent man stepped up, and saw in the
maiden
Silent chagrin, and pain subdued, and tears on her
eyelids.
Then his soul urged him on, not at once to end the
confusion,
But still further to test the afflicted heart of the
maiden.
And upon that he addressed her with words of search-
ing intention:
"Surely, thou foreign maiden, thou didst not wisely
consider,
When with all haste thou resolvedst to be a servant
to strangers,
What is it to live with a master, subject to orders;
For, but once strike the hand and thy whole year's
doom is decided,
And the 'yes' but once spoken to much endurance
will bind thee.
Truly, wearisome days are not the worst part of service,
Nor the bitter sweat of work everlastingly pressing;
Since the freeman, if active, will labour as hard as the
bond-slave.
But to endure the whims of the master who blames
without reason,
Wanting now this, now that, with himself still ever
at discord;
Ay, and the pettish mood of the mistress, who soon
waxes angry,

Joined to the children's rough and insolent want of
good manners;
This is hard to bear, and still be performing your duty
Undelaying and prompt, and without any sullen
objections.
Truly, thou seem'st not well-suited for this, since the
jokes of the father
Wound thee so deeply at once; and yet there is
nothing more common
Than to tease a girl about finding a youth to her fancy."

Thus he spake: but his cutting words were felt by
the maiden,
And she no longer refrained, but her feelings displayed
themselves strongly,
Causing her bosom to heave, while groanings burst
their way from it.
And with hot gushing tears she at once addressed him
in answer:
"Oh! the wise man ne'er knows, when he thinks in
pain to advise us,
How little power his cold words can have to release
our poor bosoms
From the woes which the hand of imperious doom
lays upon them.
Happy are ye, and glad; and how should a joke then
e'er wound you?
But by the man who is sick e'en the gentle touch is
felt painful.
No, 'twould avail me nothing, e'en though my disguise
had succeeded.
Let, then, at once be seen, what later had deepened
my sorrow,
And had brought me, perhaps, to misery silently-
wasting.
Let me again begone! In the house no more may I
tarry.

I will away, and go to seek my poor people in exile,
Whom I forsook in their trouble, to choose for my own profit only.
This is my firm resolve; and now I may dare to acknowledge
That which else in my heart full many a year had lain hidden.
Yes, the father's mocking hath deeply wounded me; not that
I am peevish and proud (which would ill become a poor servant),
But that, in truth, I felt in my heart a strong inclination
Tow'rds the youth who to-day had appeared as my saviour from evil.
For when first on the road he had gone and left me, his image
Lingered still in my mind, and I thought of the fortunate maiden,
Whom, perhaps, as his bride in his heart he already might cherish.
And when I found him again at the well, the sight of him pleased me
Not at all less than if I had seen an angel from heaven;
And my consent was so glad, when he asked me to come as a servant!
Yet my heart, it is true, on the way (I will freely confess it),
Flattered me with the thought that I might perhaps earn his affection,
If I should some day prove a stay the house could not dispense with.
Oh! but now for the first time I see the risk I encountered,
When I would dwell so near to an object of silent devotion.
Now for the first time I feel how far a poor maiden is severed

From the youth who is rich, although she were never so prudent.
All this now have I told, that you may not my heart misinterpret,
Hurt as it was by a chance which has brought me back to my senses.
For, while my silent wishes were hid, I must needs have expected
That I should next see him bring his bride to her home here conducted,
And how then had I borne my unseen burden of sorrow?
Happily have I been warned, and happily now from my bosom
Has the secret escaped, while yet there were cures for the evil.
But I have spoken enough. And now no more shall aught keep me
Here in the house where I stand in shame alone and in anguish,
Freely confessing my love and the hope which sprang from my folly, —
Not the night, far and wide in brooding clouds now enveloped,
Nor the roaring thunder (I hear it) shall keep me from going;
No, nor the gush of the rain, which abroad drives down with such fury,
Nor the whistling storm. All this ere now have I suffered
In our sorrowful flight, with the enemy closely pursuing;
And I will now go forth again, as I've long been accustomed,
Caught by the whirlwind of time, to part from all I could cherish.
Fare ye well! I can stay no longer, but all is now over."

Thus she spoke, and again to the door was quickly returning,
Still keeping under her arm the little bundle brought with her.
But with both her arms the mother laid hold of the maiden,
Clinging round her waist, and cried in wondering amazement:
"Say, what meanest thou by this, and these tears now shed to no purpose?
No, I will not permit thee, — thou art my son's own betrothed one."
But the father stood there displeased with what was before him,
Eying the weeping women, and spoke with the words of vexation:
"This, then, befalls me at last, as the greatest test of forbearance,
That at the close of the day what is most unpleasant should happen!
For I find nothing so hard to bear as the weeping of women,
And the passionate scream, that with eager confusion commences, —
Scenes which a little good sense might soften down with more comfort.
Irksome is it to me still to look on this wondrous beginning;
Ye must conclude it yourselves, for I to my bed am now going."

And he quickly turned round, and hastened to go to the chamber
Where his marriage bed stood, and where he was still wont to rest him.
But his son held him back, and said with words of entreaty:

"Father, make not such haste, nor be angry because of the maiden.
I alone have to bear the blame for all this confusion,
Which our friend, by dissembling, made unexpectedly greater.
Speak, then, worthy sir, for to you is the matter confided.
Heap not up trouble and grief, but rather bring all to good issue;
For, in truth, I might never in future so highly respect you,
If but pleasure in mischief you practised for glorious wisdom."

Speaking then with a smile, the worthy vicar made answer:
"Say, what cleverness, then, could have won so fair a confession
From the good maiden here, and her heart before us uncovered?
Has not thy sorrow at once been turned into bliss and rejoicing?
Wherefore but speak for yourself: what need of a stranger's explaining?"
Hermann now coming forward with joyful words thus addressed her:
"Do not repent of thy tears, nor of pains so fleeting as these are,
For they but bring my joy, and thine, too, I hope, to perfection.
Not to hire as a servant the stranger, the excellent maiden,
Came I up to the well; — I came thy dear love to sue for.
Oh, but out on my bashful glance! which thy heart's inclination

Was not able to see, but saw in thine eye nought but friendship,
When in the calm well's mirror thou gavest me there such kind greeting.
Merely to bring thee home the half of my happiness gave me,
And thou art now completing it quite; my blessing be on thee!"
Then did the maiden look at the youth with deepest emotion,
And refused not the embrace and kiss, — the crown of rejoicing,
When they at length afford to lovers the long-wished assurance
Of their life's future joy, which now seems of endless duration.

All meanwhile to the rest had been explained by the vicar,
But the maiden came with vows of hearty affection
Gracefully made to the father; and kissing his hand, though retracted,
Said: "It is surely but right that you pardon a poor surprised maiden,
First for her tears of pain, and now for her tears of rejoicing.
Oh! forgive me that feeling, forgive me this present one also;
And let me comprehend my happiness newly imparted.
Yes, let the first annoyance which in my confusion I caused you
Be now at once the last! That service of faithful affection
Which was your maid's bounden duty, your daughter shall equally render."

Hiding then his tears, the father quickly embraced her;
And the mother came up with kisses familiar and hearty,
Shaking her hand in her own, while the weeping women were silent.
Speedily then laid hold the good and intelligent vicar
First, of the father's hand, and drew the wedding-ring off it
(Not so easily, though; for the plump round finger detained it),
Then the mother's ring he took, and affianced the children;
Saying: "Once more let the rings of gold discharge their glad office,
Closely securing a tie which exactly resembles the old one.
Deeply this youth is pierced through and through with love of the maiden,
And the maiden hath owned that the youth, too, hath called forth her wishes.
Wherefore I here betroth you, and bless you for ever hereafter,
With your parents' consent, and with this true friend to bear witness."

And the neighbour at once bowed his head, with wishes for blessings.
But when the reverend man the golden ring was now placing
On the maiden's finger, he saw with amazement the other,
Which before, at the well, had been viewed with sorrow by Hermann:
And he said thereupon with words of friendly jocoseness:

"What! for the second time art thou now betrothed?
May the first youth
Not appear at the altar, with words forbidding the marriage!"

But she said in reply: "Oh, let me to this dear memento
Consecrate one short moment; for well did the good man deserve it,
Who, when departing, gave it, and never came back for the nuptials.
All was foreseen by him at the time when his longing for freedom,
And his desire to act in the scenes of a novel existence,
Urged him quickly to Paris, where dungeon and death he encountered.
'Live, and be happy,' said he, 'I go; for all that is earthly
Now is changing at once, and all seems doomed to be severed.
In the most settled states the primary laws are departing;
Property is departing from even the oldest possessor;
Friend is departing from friend, and love from love, in like manner.
I now leave thee here, and where I may e'er again find thee,
Who can tell? Perhaps this may be our last conversation.
Man, it is rightly said, on earth is only a stranger;
More a stranger than ever has each one in these days been rendered.
Even our soil is ours no longer; our treasures are wandering;
Gold and silver are melted from forms which time had made sacred.

All is moving, as though the world, long formed, would dissolve back
Into chaos and night, and be formed anew for the future.
Thou wilt for me keep thy heart; and if we meet again hereafter,
Over the wreck of the world, we both shall then be new creatures,
Quite transformed and free, and no longer dependent on fortune;
For what fetters could bind the man who survived such an epoch?
But if it is not to be, that happily freed from these dangers
We should one day again with joy return to each other,
Oh, then, keep in thy thoughts my image still hovering before thee,
That thou with equal courage for joy and grief mayest be ready,
Should a new home appear, and new connections invite thee;
Then enjoy thou with thanks whate'er by thy fate is provided:
Love them well that love thee, and for kindness show thyself grateful;
Yet, e'en then set thy foot but lightly, where all is so changeful;
For the redoubled pain of new loss still near thee is lurking.
Holy be that thy day! Yet esteem not life of more value
Than aught else that is good: and all that is good is deceitful.'
Thus he spake, and before me the noble one ne'er reappearèd.
All meantime have I lost, and a thousand times thought of his warning;

And now I think of his words, when so splendidly love is preparing
Joy for me here, and disclosing most glorious hopes for the future.
Oh! forgive me, my excellent friend, if I tremble while leaning
E'en on thine arm! So deems the sailor, at length safely landed,
That the firmly set base of the solid ground is still rocking."

Thus she spoke, and placed the rings, one close to the other.
But the bridegroom said, with noble and manly emotion:
"All the firmer be, in this shaking of all things around us,
Dorothea, this tie! Yes, we will continue still holding,
Firmly holding ourselves and the good things we have in possession;
For in wavering times the man whose views also waver
Does but increase the evil and spread it further and further;
While he who firmly stands to his views moves the world to his wishes.
Ill becomes it the German the fear-inspiring commotion
Still to prolong, and still to be staggering hither and thither.
'This is ours!' so let us assert, and maintain our assertion!
Men of resolute minds are still ever valued the highest,
Who for God and the law, for parents, for wives and for children
Battled, against the foe together standing till vanquished.
Thou art mine, and now what is mine is more mine than ever.

Not with vexation of heart will I keep, and with sorrow enjoy it,
But with courage and might. And should our foes threaten at present,
Or in future, equip me thyself, and hand me my weapons
Knowing that thou wilt attend to my house, and affectionate parents.
Oh! I shall then 'gainst the foe stand with breast of fearless assurance,
And if but each man thought as I think, then quickly would stand up
Might against might, and of peace we all should share the enjoyment."

WEST-EASTERN DIVAN.

Who the song would understand,
Needs must seek the song's own land.
Who the minstrel understand,
Needs must seek the minstrel's land.

The poems comprised in this collection are written in the Persian style, and are greatly admired by Oriental scholars, for the truthfulness with which the Eastern spirit of poetry is reproduced by the Western minstrel. They were chiefly composed between the years 1814 and 1819, and first given to the world in the latter year. Of the twelve books into which they are divided, that of Suleika will probably be considered the best, from the many graceful love-songs which it contains. The following is Heine's account of the "Divan," and may well serve as a substitute for anything I could say respecting it:

"It contains opinions and sentiments on the East, expressed in a series of rich cantos and stanzas full of sweetness and spirit, and all this as enchanting as a harem emitting the most delicious and rare perfumes, and blooming with exquisitely lovely nymphs with eyebrows painted black, eyes piercing as those of the antelope, arms white as alabaster, and of the most graceful and perfectly formed shapes, while the heart of the reader beats and grows faint, as did that of the happy Gaspard Debaran, the clown, who, when on the highest step of his ladder, was enabled to peep into the Seraglio of Constantinople — that recess concealed from the inspection of man. Sometimes, also, the reader may imagine himself indolently stretched on a carpet of Persian softness, luxuriously smoking the yellow tobacco of Turkistan through a long tube of jessamine and amber, while a black slave fans him with a fan of peacock's feathers, and a little boy presents him with a cup of genuine Mocha. Goethe has put these enchanting and voluptuous customs into poetry, and his verses are so perfect, so harmonious, so tasteful, so soft, that it seems really surprising that he should ever have been able to have brought the German language to this state of suppleness. The charm of the book is inexplicable; it is a votive nosegay sent from the West to the East, composed of the most precious and curious plants: red roses, hortensias like the breast of a spotless maiden, purple digitales like the long finger of a man, fantastically formed ranunculi, and in the midst of all, silent and tastefully concealed, a tuft of German violets. This nosegay signifies that the West is tired of thin and icy-cold spirituality, and seeks warmth in the strong and healthy bosom of the East."

Translations are here given of upwards of sixty of the best poems embraced in the "Divan," the number in the original exceeding two hundred.

I. MORGANNI NAMEH.

BOOK OF THE MINSTREL.

TALISMANS.

GOD is of the east possessed,
God is ruler of the west;
North and south alike, each land
Rests within His gentle hand.

HE, the only righteous one,
Wills that right to each be done.
'Mongst His hundred titles, then,
Highest praised be this! — Amen.

ERROR seeketh to deceive me,
Thou art able to retrieve me;
Both in action and in song
Keep my course from going wrong.

THE FOUR FAVOURS.

THAT Arabs through the realms of space
May wander on, light-hearted,
Great Allah hath, to all their race,
Four favours meet imparted.

The turban first — that ornament
All regal crowns excelling;
A light and ever-shifting tent,
Wherein to make our dwelling,

A sword, which, more than rocks and walls
Doth shield us, brightly glistening;
A song that profits and enthrals,
For which the maids are listening.

DISCORD.

When by the brook his strain
  Cupid is fluting,
And on the neighbouring plain
  Mavors disputing,
There turns the ear ere long,
  Loving and tender,
Yet to the noise the song
  Soon must surrender.
Loud then the flute-notes glad
  Sound 'mid war's thunder;
If I grow raving mad,
  Is it a wonder?
Flutes sing and trumpets bray,
  Waxing yet stronger;
If, then, my senses stray,
  Wonder no longer.

SONG AND STRUCTURE.

Let the Greek his plastic clay
  Mould in human fashion,
While his own creation may
  Wake his glowing passion;

But it is our joy to court
  Great Euphrates' torrent,
Here and there at will to sport
  In the watery current.

Quenched I thus my spirit's flame,
  Songs had soon resounded;
Water drawn by bards whose fame
  Pure is, may be rounded. [1]

[1] This Oriental belief in the power of the pure to roll up water into a crystal ball is made the foundation of the interesting "Pariah Legend" that will be found elsewhere amongst the "Ballads."

II. HAFIS NAMEH.

BOOK OF HAFIS.

Spirit let us bridegroom call,
And the Word the bride;
Known this wedding is to all
Who have Hafis tried.

THE UNLIMITED.

THAT thou canst never end, doth make thee great
And that thou ne'er beginnest, is thy fate.
Thy song is changeful as yon starry frame,
End and beginning evermore the same;
And what the middle bringeth, but contains
What was at first, and what at last remains.
Thou art of joy the true and minstrel-source,
From thee pours wave on wave with ceaseless force
A mouth that's aye prepared to kiss,
A breast whence flows a loving song,
A throat that finds no draught amiss,
An open heart that knows no wrong.

And what though all the world should sink!
Hafis, with thee, alone with thee
Will I contend! joy, misery,
The portion of us twain shall be;
Like thee to love, like thee to drink, —
This be my pride, — this, life to me!

Now, Song, with thine own fire be sung, —
For thou art older, thou more young!

TO HAFIS.

HAFIS, straight to equal thee,
One would strive in vain;
Though a ship with majesty
Cleaves the foaming main,
Feels its sails swell haughtily
As it onward hies,
Crushed by ocean's stern decree,
Wrecked it straightway lies.

Tow'rd thee, songs, light, graceful, free,
Mount with cooling gush;
Then their glow consumeth me,
As like fire they rush.
Yet a thought with ecstasy
Hath my courage moved;
In the land of melody
I have lived and loved.

III. USCHK NAMEH.

BOOK OF LOVE.

THE TYPES.

LIST, and in memory bear
These six fond loving pair.
Love, when aroused, kept true
Rustan and Rodawu!
Strangers approach from afar
Jussuf and Suleika;
Love, void of hope, is in
Ferhad and Schirin.

Born for each other are
Medschun and Leila;
Loving, though old and gray,
Dschemil saw Boteinah.
Love's sweet caprice anon,
Brown maid[1] and Solomon!
If thou dost mark them well,
Stronger thy love will swell.

ONE PAIR MORE.

Love is, indeed, a glorious prize!
What fairer guerdon meets our eyes? —
Though neither wealth nor power are thine,
A very hero thou dost shine.
As of the prophet they will tell,
Wamik and Asra's tale as well. —
They'll tell not of them, — they'll but give
Their names, which now are all that live.
The deeds they did, the toils they proved,
No mortal knows! But that they loved,
This know we. Here's the story true
Of Wamik and of Asra, too.

Love's torments sought a place of rest,
Where all might drear and lonely be;
They found ere long my desert breast,
And nestled in its vacancy.

[1] The Queen of Sheba.

IV. TEFKIR NAMEH.

BOOK OF CONTEMPLATION.

FIVE THINGS.

WHAT makes time short to me?
Activity!
What makes it long and spiritless?
'Tis idleness!
What brings us to debt?
To delay and forget!
What makes us succeed?
Decision with speed!
How to fame to ascend?
Oneself to defend!

FOR woman due allowance make!
Formed of a crooked rib was she. —
By Heaven she could not straightened be.
Attempt to bend her, and she'll break;
If left alone, more crooked grows madam;
What well could be worse, my good friend Adam? —
For woman due allowance make;
'Twere grievous, if thy rib should break!

FIRDUSI (*speaks*).

O WORLD, with what baseness and guilt thou art rife!
Thou nurturest, trainest, and killest the while.
He only whom Allah doth bless with his smile
Is trained and is nurtured with riches and life.

SULEIKA (*speaks*).

THE mirror tells me I am fair!
Thou sayest, to grow old my fate will be.
Nought in God's presence changeth e'er, —
Love Him, for this one moment, then, in me.

V. RENDSCH NAMEH.

BOOK OF GLOOM.

IT is a fault oneself to praise,
And yet 'tis done by each whose deeds are kind;
And if there's no deceit in what he says,
The good we still as good shall find.

Let, then, ye fools, that wise man taste
Of joy, who fancies that he's wise;
That he, a fool like you, may waste
The insipid thanks the world supplies.

VI. HIKMET NAMEH.

BOOK OF PROVERBS.

CALL on the present day and night for nought,
Save what by yesterday was brought.

THE sea is flowing ever,
The land retains it never.

BE stirring, man, while yet the day is clear;
The night when none can work fast draweth near [1]

WHEN the heavy-laden sigh,
Deeming help and hope gone by,
Oft with healing power is heard,
Comfort-fraught, a kindly word.

How vast is mine inheritance, how glorious and sublime!
For time mine own possession is, the land I till is time!

ENWERI saith, — ne'er lived a man more true;
The deepest heart, the highest head, he knew, —
"In every place and time thou'lt find availing
Uprightness, judgment, kindliness unfailing."

THOUGH the bards whom the Orient sun hath blessed
Are greater than we who dwell in the west,
Yet in hatred of those whom our equals we find,
In *this* we're not in the least behind

WOULD we let our envy burst,
Feed its hunger fully first!
To keep our proper place,
We'll show our bristles more;
With hawks men all things chase
Except the savage boar.

BY those who themselves more bravely have fought
A hero's praise will be joyfully told.
The worth of man can only be taught
By those who have suffered both heat and cold.

[1] This fine couplet is given as the motto to an early edition of "Wilhelm Meister."

"WHEREFORE is truth so far from our eyes,
Buried as though in a distant land?"
None at the proper moment are wise!
Could they properly understand,
Truth would appear in her own sweet guise,
Beauteous, gentle, and close at hand.

WHY these inquiries make,
Where charity may flow?
Cast in the flood thy cake, —
Its eater, who will know?

ONCE when I a spider had killed,
Then methought: was't right or wrong?
That we both to these times should belong,
This had God in His goodness willed.

MOTLEY this congregation is, for, lo!
At the communion kneel both friend and foe.

IF the country I'm to show,
Thou must on the housetop go.

A MAN with households twain
Ne'er finds attention meet;
A house wherein two women reign
Is ne'er kept clean and neat.

BLESS, thou dread Creator,
Bless this humble fane;
Man may build them *greater*, —
More they'll not contain.

LET this house's glory rise,
Handed to far ages down,
And the son his honour prize,
As the father his renown.

O'ER the Mediterranean sea
Proudly hath the Orient sprung;
Who loves Hafis and knows him, he
Knows what Calderon hath sung.

IF the ass that bore the Saviour
Were to Mecca driven, he
Would not alter, but would be
Still an ass in his behaviour.

THE flood of passion storms with fruitless strife
'Gainst the unvanquished solid land —
It throws poetic pearls upon the strand,
And thus is gained the prize of life.

WHEN so many minstrels there are,
How it pains me, alas, to know it!
Who from the earth drives poetry far?
Who but the poet!

VII. TIMUR NAMEH.

BOOK OF TIMUR.

THE WINTER AND TIMUR.

So the winter now closed round them
With resistless fury. Scattering
Over all his breath so icy,
He inflamed each wind that bloweth
To assail them angrily.
Over them he gave dominion
To his frost-ensharpened tempests;
Down to Timur's council went he,

And with threatening voice addressed him —
"Softly, slowly, wretched being!
Live, the tyrant of injustice;
But shall hearts be scorched much longer
By thy flames, — consume before them?
If amongst the evil spirits
Thou art gone, — good! I'm another.
Thou a graybeard art — so *I* am;
Land and men we make to stiffen.
Thou art Mars! And I Saturnus, —
Both are evil-working planets,
When united, horror-fraught.
Thou dost kill the soul, thou freezest
E'en the atmosphere; still colder
Is my breath than thine was ever.
Thy wild armies vex the faithful
With a thousand varying torments!
Well! God grant that I discover
Even worse, before I perish!
And, by God, I'll give thee none.
Let God hear what now I tell thee!
Yes, by God! from Death's cold clutches
Nought, O graybeard, shall protect thee,
Not the hearth's broad coal-fire's ardour,
Not December's brightest flame."

TO SULEIKA.

FITTING perfumes to prepare,
And to raise thy rapture high,
Must a thousand rosebuds fair,
First in fiery torments die.

One small flask's contents to glean,
Whose sweet fragrance aye may live,
Slender as thy finger e'en,
Must a world its treasures give;

Yes, a world where life is moving
  Which, with impulse full and strong,
Could forbode the Bulbul's loving,
  Sweet and spirit-stirring song.

Since they thus have swelled our joy,
  Should such torments grieve us, then?
Does not Timur's rule destroy
  Myriad souls of living men?

VIII. SULEIKA NAMEH.

BOOK OF SULEIKA.

Once, methought, in the night hours cold,
  That I saw the moon in my sleep;
But as soon as I wakened, behold
  Unawares rose the sun from the deep.

THAT Suleika's love was so strong
  For Jussuf, need cause no surprise;
  He was young, youth pleaseth the eyes, —
  He was fair, they say, beyond measure,
  Fair was she, and so great was their pleasure.
But that thou, who awaitedst me long,
Youthful glances of fire dost throw me,
Soon will bless me, thy love now dost show me,
This shall my joyous numbers proclaim,
Thee I for ever Suleika shall name.

HATEM.

NOT occasion *makes* the thief;
  She's the greatest of the whole;
For Love's relics, to my grief,
  From my aching heart she stole.

She hath given it to thee, —
All the joy my life had known,
So that, in my poverty,
Life I seek from thee alone.

Yet compassion greets me straight
In the lustre of thine eye,
And I bless my new-born fate,
As within thine arms I lie.

SULEIKA.

THE sun appears! A glorious sight!
The crescent-moon clings round him now.
What could this wondrous pair unite?
How to explain this riddle? How?

HATEM.

May this our joy's foreboder prove!
In it I view myself and thee;
Thou callest me thy sun, my love, —
Come, my sweet moon, cling thou round me!

LOVE for love, and moments sweet,
Lips returning kiss for kiss,
Word for word, and eyes that meet;
Breath for breath, and bliss for bliss.
Thus at eve, and thus the morrow!
Yet thou feelest, at my lay,
Ever some half-hidden sorrow;
Could I Jussuf's graces borrow,
All thy beauty I'd repay!

HATEM.

O SAY, 'neath what celestial sign
The day doth lie,
When ne'er again this heart of mine
Away will fly?
And e'en though fled (what thought divine!)
Would near me lie? —
On the soft couch, on whose sweet shrine
My heart near hers will lie!

HATEM.

HOLD me, locks, securely caught
In the circle of her face!
Dear brown serpents, I have nought
To repay this act of grace,

Save a heart whose love ne'er dies,
Throbbing with aye-youthful glow;
For a raging Etna lies
Neath its veil of mist and snow.

Yonder mountain's stately brow
Thou, like morning beams, dost shame;
Once again feels Hatem now
Spring's soft breath and summer's flame.

One more bumper! Fill the glass;
This last cup I pledge to thee! —
By mine ashes if she pass,
"He consumed," she'll say, "for me."

THE LOVING ONE SPEAKS.

AND wherefore sends not
The horseman captain
His heralds hither
Each day, unfailing?
Yet hath he horses,
He writeth well.

He writeth Talik,
And Neski knows he
To write with beauty
On silken tablets.
I'd deem him present,
Had I his words.

The sick one *will* not,
Will not recover
From her sweet sorrow;
She when she heareth
That her true lover
Grows well, falls sick.

THE LOVING ONE AGAIN.

WRITES he in Neski,
Faithfully speaks he;
Writes he in Talik,
Joy to give seeks he;
Writes he in either,
Good! — for he loves!

THESE tufted branches fair
Observe, my loved one, well!
And see the fruits they bear
In green and prickly shell.

They've hung rolled up, till now,
Unconsciously and still;
A loosely-waving bough
Doth rock them at its will.

Yet, ripening from within,
The kernel brown swells fast;
It seeks the air to win,
It seeks the sun at last.

With joy it bursts its thrall,
The shell must needs give way;
'Tis thus my numbers fall
Before thy feet, each day.

SULEIKA.

WHAT is by this stir revealed?
Doth the East glad tidings bring?
For my heart's deep wounds are healed
By his mild and cooling wing.

He the dust with sports doth meet,
And in gentle cloudlets chase;
To the vine-leaf's safe retreat
Drives the insects' happy race,

Cools these burning cheeks of mine,
Checks the sun's fierce glow amain,
Kisses, as he flies, the vine,
Flaunting over hill and plain.

And his whispers soft convey
Thousand greetings from my friend;
Ere these hills own night's dark sway,
Kisses greet me without end.

Thus canst thou still onward go,
Serving friend and mourner, too!
There, where lofty ramparts glow,
Soon the loved one shall I view.

Ah, what makes the heart's truth know, —
Love's sweet breath, — a new-born life, —
Learn I from *his* mouth alone,
In *his* breath alone is rife!

THE SUBLIME TYPE.

THE sun, whom Grecians Helios call,
His heavenly path with pride doth tread,
And, to subdue the world's wide all
Looks round, beneath him, high o'erhead.

He sees the fairest goddess pine,
Heaven's child, the daughter of the clouds, —
For her alone he seems to shine;
In trembling grief his form he shrouds.

Careless for all the realms of bliss, —
Her streaming tears more swiftly flow:
For every pearl he gives a kiss,
And changeth into joy her woe.

She gazeth upward fixedly,
And deeply feels his glance of might,
While, stamped with his own effigy
Each pearl would range itself aright.

Thus wreathed with bows, with hues thus graced,
With gladness beams her face so fair
While he, to meet her, maketh haste,
And yet, alas! can reach her ne'er.

So, by the harsh decree of Fate,
Thou movest from me, dearest one;
And were I Helios, e'en, the Great,
What would avail his chariot throne?

SULEIKA.

ZEHPYR, for thy humid wing,
Oh, how much I envy thee!
Thou to *him* canst tidings bring,
How our parting saddens me!

In my breast, a yearning still,
As thy pinions wave, appears:
Flowers and eyes, and wood, and hill
At thy breath are steeped in tears.

Yet thy mild wing gives relief,
Soothes the aching eyelids' pain;
Ah, I else had died for grief,
Him ne'er hoped to see again.

To my love, then, quick repair,
Whisper softly to his heart;
Yet, to give him pain, beware,
Nor my bosom's pangs impart.

Tell him, but in accents coy,
That his love must be my life;
Both, with feelings fraught with joy,
In his presence will be rife.

THE REUNION.

CAN it be! of stars the star,
Do I press thee to my heart?
In the night of distance far,
What deep gulf, what bitter smart!
Yes, 'tis thou, indeed at last,
Of my joys the partner dear!
Mindful, though, of sorrows past,
I the present needs must fear.

When the still unfashioned earth
Lay on God's eternal breast,
He ordained its hour of birth,
With creative joy possessed.
Then a heavy sigh arose,
When He spake the sentence:—"Be!"
And the All, with mighty throes,
Burst into reality.

And when thus was born the light,
Darkness near it feared to stay,
And the elements with might
Fled on every side away;
Each on some far-distant trace,
Each with visions wild employed,
Numb, in boundless realms of space,
Harmony and feeling-void.

Dumb was all, all still and dead,
For the first time, God alone!
Then He formed the morning-red,
Which soon made its kindness known:
It unravelled from the waste
Bright and glowing harmony,
And once more with love was graced
What contended formerly.

And with earnest, noble strife,
Each its own peculiar sought;
Back to full, unbounded life,
Sight and feeling soon were brought.
Wherefore, if 'tis done, explore
How? why give the manner, name?
Allah need create no more,
We his world ourselves can frame.

So, with morning pinions bright,
To thy mouth was I impelled;
Stamped with thousand seals by night,
Star-clear is the bond fast held.
Paragons on earth are we
Both of grief and joy sublime,
And a second sentence: — "Be!"
Parts us not a second time.

SULEIKA.

WITH what inward joy, sweet lay,
I thy meaning have descried!
Lovingly thou seemest to say
That I'm ever by his side;

That he ever thinks of me,
That he to the absent gives
All his love's sweet ecstasy,
While for him alone she lives.

Yes, the mirror which reveals
Thee, my loved one, is my breast;
This is the bosom, where thy seals
Endless kisses have impressed.

Numbers sweet, unsullied truth,
Chain me down in sympathy!
Love's embodied radiant youth,
In the garb of Poesy!

In thousand forms mayst thou attempt surprise,
Yet, all-belovèd one, straight know I thee;
Thou mayst with magic veils thy face disguise,
And yet, all-present one, straight know I thee.

Upon the cypress' purest, youthful bud,
All-beauteous-growing one, straight know I thee;
In the canal's unsullied, living flood,
All-captivating one, well know I thee!

When spreads the water-column, rising proud,
All-sportive one, how gladly know I thee;
When, e'en in forming, is transformed the cloud,
All-figure-changing one, there know I thee.

Veiled in the meadow-carpet's flowery charms,
All-chequered starry fair one, know I thee;
And if a plant extend its thousand arms,
Oh, all-embracing one, there know I thee.

When on the mount is kindled morn's sweet light,
Straightway, all-gladdening one, salute I thee;
The arch of heaven o'er head grows pure and bright,—
All-heart-expanding one, then breathe I thee.

That which my inward, outward sense proclaims,
Thou all-instructing one, I know through thee;
And if I utter Allah's hundred names,
A name with each one echoes, meant for thee.

IX. SAKI NAMEH.

THE CONVIVIAL BOOK.

CAN the Koran from eternity be?
'Tis worth not a thought!
Can the Koran a creation, then, be?
Of that I know nought!
Yet, that the book of all books it must be,
I believe as a Mussulman ought.
That from eternity wine, though, must be,
I ever have thought;
That 'twas ordained, ere the angels, to be,
As a truth may be taught.
Drinkers, however these matters may be,
Gaze on God's face, fearing nought.

YE'VE often, for our drunkenness,
Blamed us in every way,
And, in abuse of drunkenness,
Enough can never say.
Men, overcome by drunkenness,
Are wont to lie till day;
And yet I find *my* drunkenness
All night-time make me stray;
For, oh! 'tis Love's sweet drunkenness
That maketh me its prey,
Which, night and day, and day and night,
My heart must needs obey,—
A heart that in its drunkenness,
Pours forth full many a lay,
So that no trifling drunkenness
Can dare assert its sway.
Love, song, and wine's sweet drunkenness,
By night-time and by day,—
How god-like is the drunkenness
That maketh me its prey!

X. MATHAL NAMEH.

BOOK OF PARABLES.

FROM heaven there fell upon the foaming wave
A timid drop; the flood with anger roared, —
But God, its modest boldness to reward,
Strength to the drop and firm endurance gave.
Its form the mussel captive took.
And to its lasting glory and renown,
The pearl now glistens in our monarch's crown,
With gentle gleam and loving look.

BULBUL'S song, through night hours cold,
Rose to Allah's throne on high;
To reward her melody,
Giveth he a cage of gold.
Such a cage are limbs of men, —
Though at first she feels confined,
Yet when all she brings to mind,
Straight the spirit sings again.

IN the Koran with strange delight
A peacock's feather met my sight:
Thou'rt welcome in this holy place,
The highest prize on earth's wide face!
As in the stars of heaven, in thee,
God's greatness in the small we see:
For he whose gaze whole worlds hath blessed,
His eye hath even here impressed,
And the light down in beauty dressed,
So that e'en monarchs cannot hope
In splendour with the bird to cope.
Meekly enjoy thy happy lot,
And so deserve that holy spot!

All kinds of men, both small and great,
A fine-spun web delight to create,
And in the middle they take their place,
And wield their scissors with wondrous grace.
But if a besom should sweep that way:
"What a most shameful thing," they say,—
"They've crushed a mighty palace to-day."

IT IS GOOD.

In Paradise while moonbeams played,
Jehovah found, in slumber deep,
Adam fast sunk; He gently laid
Eve near him, — she, too, fell asleep.
There lay they now, on earth's fair shrine,
God's two most beauteous thoughts divine —
When this He saw, He cried: 'Tis good!
And scarce could move from where He stood.

No wonder, that our joy's complete
While eye and eye responsive meet,
When this blest thought of rapture moves us —
That we're with Him who truly loves us,
And if He cries: — Good, let it be!
'Tis so for both, it seems to me.
Thou'rt clasped within these arms of mine,
Dearest of all God's thoughts divine!

XI. PARSI NAMEH.

BOOK OF THE PARSEES.

THE BEQUEST OF THE ANCIENT PERSIAN FAITH.

BRETHREN, what bequest to you should come
From the lowly poor man, going home,
Whom ye younger ones with patience tended,
Whose last days ye honoured and defended?

When we oft have seen the monarch ride,
Gold upon him, gold on every side,
Jewels on him, on his courtiers all,
Thickly strewed as hailstones when they fall,

Have ye e'er known envy at the sight?
And not felt your gaze become more bright,
When the sun was, on the wings of morning,
Darnawend's numbered peaks adorning,

As he, bow-like, rose? How each eye dwelt
On the glorious scene! I felt, I felt,
Thousand times, as life's days fleeted by,
Borne with him, the coming one, on high.

God upon His throne then to proclaim,
Him, the life-fount's mighty Lord, to name,
Worthily to prize that glorious sight,
And to wander on beneath His light.

When the fiery orb was all defined,
There I stood, as though in darkness, blind,
Beat my breast, my quickened members threw
On the earth, brow-foremost, at the view.

Let this holy, great bequest reward.
Brotherly good-will and kind regard:
SOLEMN DUTY'S DAILY OBSERVATION. —
More than this, it needs no revelation.

If its gentle hands a new-born one
Move, then straightway turn it toward the sun, —
Soul and body dip in bath of fire!
Then each morning's favour 'twill acquire.

To the living one, commit the dead,
O'er the beast let earth and dust be spread,
And, so far as may extend your might,
What ye deem impure, conceal from sight.

Till your plains to graceful purity,
That the sun with joy your labours see;
When ye plant, your trees in rows contrive,
For he makes the regular to thrive.

Even the floods that through the channel rush
Must not fail in fulness or in gush;
And as Senderud, from mountain high,
Rises pure, in pureness must it die.

Not to weaken water's gentle fall,
Carefully cleanse out the channels all;
Salamander, snake, and rush, and reed, —
All destroy, — each monster and each weed.

If thus pure ye earth and water keep,
Through the air the sun will gladly peep,
Where he, worthily enshrined in space,
Worketh life, to life gives holy grace.

Ye, by toil on toil so sorely tried,
Comfort take, the All is purified;

And now man, as priest, may boldly dare
From the stone God's image to prepare.

When the flame burns joyously and bright,
Limbs are supple, radiant is the night;
On the hearth when fire with ardour glows,
Ripe the sap of plants and creatures grows.

Dragging wood, with rapture be it done,
'Tis the seed of many an earthly sun:
Plucking Pambeh, gladly may ye say:—
This, as wick, the Holy will convey.

If ye meekly, in each burning lamp,
See the nobler light's resplendent stamp,
Ne'er will Fate prevent you, void of feeling,
At God's throne at morning-tide from kneeling.

This is Being's mighty signet, then,
God's pure glass to angels and to men;
Each word lisped the Highest praise to sound,
Ring in ring, united there is found.

From the shore of Senderud ascendeth,
Up to Darnawend its pinions bendeth,
As He dawns, with joy to greet His light,
You with endless blessings to requite.

XII. CHULD NAMEH.

BOOK OF PARADISE.

THE PRIVILEGED MAN.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF BEDR, BENEATH THE CANOPY OF HEAVEN.

[This battle was fought in the second year of the Hegira (A. D. 623), between the followers of Mahomet, who numbered three hundred and thirteen, possessing two horses and seventy camels, and the "idolaters," or Meccans, whose forces amounted to nine hundred and fifty, including two hundred cavalry. The victory remained with Mahomet, who lost fourteen men, while seventy of the enemy were slain. A great accession of strength ensued in consequence to the Prophet, who pretended that miracles were wrought in his behalf in the battle, God having sent angels to fight on his side, and having also made his army to appear larger to the enemy than it really was. — See the Koran, chapter viii., and Abulfeda's "Life of Mahomet."]

MAHOMET (*speaks*).

LET the foeman sorrow o'er his dead,
Ne'er will they return again to light;
O'er our brethren let no tear be shed,
For they dwell above yon spheres so bright.

All the seven planets open throw
All their metal doors with mighty shock,
And the forms of those we loved below
At the gates of Eden boldly knock.

There they find, with bliss ne'er dreamed before,
Glories that my flight first showed to eye,
When the wondrous steed my person bore
In one second through the realms on high.

Wisdom's trees, in cyprus-order growing,
High uphold the golden apples sweet;

Trees of life, their spreading shadows throwing,
Shade each blossoming plant, each flowery seat.

Now a balmy zephyr from the east
Brings the heavenly maidens to thy view;
With the eye thou now dost taste the feast,
Soon the sight pervades thee through and through.

There they stand, to ask thee thy career;
Mighty plans? or dangerous bloody rout?
Thou art a hero, know they, — for thou art here,
What a hero? — This they'll fathom out.

By thy wounds soon clearly this is shown,
Wounds that write thy fame's undying story;
Wounds the true believer mark alone,
When have perished joy and earthly glory.

To chiosks and arbours thou art brought,
Filled with checkered marble columns bright;
To the noble grape-juice, solace-fraught,
They the guest with kindly sips invite.

Youth! Thou'rt welcome more than ever was youth,
All alike are radiant and serene;
When thou takest one to thine heart with truth,
Of the band she'll be the friend and queen.

So prepare thee for this place of rest,
Never can it now be changed again;
Maids like these will ever make thee blest,
Wines like these will never harm thy brain.

THE FAVOURED BEASTS.

Of beasts there have been chosen four
To come to Paradise,
And there with saints for evermore
They dwell in happy wise.

Amongst them all the Ass stands first;
He comes with joyous stride,
For to the Prophet-City erst
Did Jesus on him ride.

Half timid next a Wolf doth creep,
To whom Mahomet spake: —
"Spoil not the poor man of his sheep,
The rich man's thou mayest take."

And then the brave and faithful Hound,
Who by his master kept,
And slept with him the slumbers sound
The seven sleepers slept.

Abuherrira's Cat, too, here,
Purrs round his master blest,
For holy must the beast appear
The Prophet hath caressed.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

Six young men of Cæsar's household
Fled before their master's anger;
As a god he claimed their worship,
Though a sorry god was he.
For an insect, ever buzzing,
Still annoyed him at the banquet,

Still disturbed his rest and pleasure.
All the chasing of his servants
Could not drive away the torment.
Ever round the head of Cæsar
Did the angry creature hover,
Threatening with its poisoned sting
Still it flew, and swiftly circling,
Made confusion at the table,
Messenger of Baalzebub,
The infernal Lord of flies.

"Ha!" — so spake the youths together,
"He a god that fears an insect!
Can a god be thus molested?
Does a god, like wretched mortals,
Feast and revel at the banquet?
Nay! to Him, the one, the only,
Who the sun and moon created,
Who hath made the stars in glory,
Shall we henceforth bend the knee!"

So they spake, and left the palace,
Left it in their trim apparel;
By a shepherd led, they hastened
To a cave was in the mountain,
And they all went gliding in.
And the shepherd's dog came after,
Though they strove to drive him from them;
Thrust himself toward his master,
Licked their hands in dumb entreaty,
That he might remain their fellow;
And lay down with them to sleep.

But the wrath of Cæsar kindled,
When he knew that they had left him;
All his former love departed,
All his thought was vengeance only.

Out in quest he sent his people,
Traced them to the mountain hollow.
Not to fire nor sword he doomed them;
But he bade great stones be lifted
To the entrance of the cavern;
Saw it fastened up with mortar;
And so left them in their tomb.

But the youths lay calmly sleeping;
And the angel, their protector,
Spake before the throne of glory:
"I have watched beside the sleepers,
Made them turn in slumber ever,
That the damps of yonder cavern,
Should not cramp their youthful limbs;
And the rocks around I've opened,
That the sun at rising, setting,
May give freshness to their cheeks.
So they lie in rest and quiet,
In the bliss of happy dreams."
So they lay; and still beside them,
Lay the dog in peaceful slumber,
Never whimpering in his sleep.

Years came on and years departed;
Till at last the young men wakened;
And the wall, so strongly fastened,
Now had fallen into ruin,
Crumbled by the touch of ages.
Then Iamblichus, the youngest,
And the goodliest of them all,
Seeing that the shepherd trembled,
Said, "I pray you now, my brothers,
Let me go to seek provision;
I have gold, my life I'll venture,
Tarry till I bring you bread."

Ephesus, that noble city,
Then, for many a year, had yielded
To the faith of the Redeemer,
Jesus. (Glory to his name!)

And he ran unto the city;
At the gate were many warders,
Armed men on tower and turret,
But he passed them all unchallenged;
To the nearest baker's went he,
And in haste demanded bread.

"Ha! young rogue," exclaimed the baker,
"Surely thou hast found a treasure;
That old piece of gold betrays thee!
Give me, or I shall denounce thee,
Half the treasure thou hast found."

And Iamblichus denied it.
But the baker would not listen;
Brawling till the watch came forward,
To the king they both were taken;
And the monarch, like the baker,
But a higher right asserting,
Claimed to share the treasure too.

But at last the wondrous story,
Which the young man told the monarch,
Proved itself by many tokens
Lord was he of that same palace,
Whither he was brought for judgment;
For he showed to them a pillar,
In the which a stone when loosened
Led unto a treasure chamber,
Heaped with gold and costly jewels.
Straightway came in haste his kindred,
All his clan came thronging round him,

Eager to advance their claim ;
Each was nearer than the other.

And Iamblichus, the blooming,
Young in face, and form, and feature,
Stood an ancestor among them.
All bewildered heard he legends
Of his sons and of his grandsons,
Fathers of the men before him.
So amazed he stood and listened,
Patriarch in his early manhood ;
While the crowd around him gathered,
Stalwart men, and mighty captains,
Him, the youngest, to acknowledge
As the founder of their race !
And one token with another
Made assurance doubly certain ;
None can doubt the wondrous story
Of himself and of his comrades.

Shortly, to the cave returning,
King and people all go with him,
And they saw him enter in.
But no more to king or people,
Did the Chosen reappear.
For the Seven, who long had tarried —
Nay, but they were eight in number,
For the faithful dog was with them —
Thenceforth from the world were sundered.
The most blessed Angel Gabriel,
By the will of God Almighty,
Walling up the cave for ever,
Led them unto Paradise.

Reynard the Fox

Preface

ALTHOUGH so much in the way of commentary and criticism has been written about this renowned apologue, yet is its origin still enveloped in an apparently impenetrable fog. Many investigators, noted for learning and persevering research, have laboured to clear this away; yet, with every new effort, the only result seems to be a further recession of the date of its birth. The probability of reliable discovery has vanished and nought seems left but to relegate it, as one painstaking inquirer has suggested, to prehistoric times.

By some it is regarded as unquestionably a European production; others look upon the fundamental stories as the common property of various Aryan branches of the human family, and as having been brought from their Asiatic homes by Teutonic migrants. It has certainly been traced back to the tenth century, and Jacob Grimm arrives at the conclusion that it was then known under three forms, with the independent episodes in each so related as to furnish unmistakable hints of the groundwork of their later blending into one continuous narrative.

As with the date, so with the place of its birth. We have no clear idea of where the narrative first saw the light or of the form in which it was brought into being. The claims of France, Germany, and the Netherlands have all been plausibly and forcibly advanced, and it has been likewise maintained that Latin ought to be regarded as the medium through which

will be found the earliest account of the adventures of our famous Reynard. It seems, indeed, to have been demonstrated that the oldest extant version is in Latin, still the editor of that version has no apparent hesitation, after a very thorough investigation, in ascribing the origin of the poem to Flanders and in considering the material of the Flemish copy to be derived from some earlier source.

But, leaving these particulars as of secondary importance, except as an impetus to the pleasures of antiquarian research, which are not to be despised, let us cast a glance at the substance of the famous beast-epic, as it has been aptly called. The motive of its inspiration is thought by some to have been satire. By these it is regarded as a satirical exposure of the foibles and vices of humanity, with a view to their improvement. There are others, however, who consider the romance as nothing but the expression of a general interest in animal life and habits, and as having no satirical basis or educational purpose. With our meagre knowledge of the original it is hard to form a valid judgment upon this question. Nor is it a matter of moment. Whatever the primal intent, it certainly contains, as we have it to-day, an abundance of satirical allusions to the general imbecility of mankind, as well as to the vices and iniquities prevalent in times past, and not yet altogether extinct, among officers and dignitaries of the church and the state.

The recital of these adventures, of which Reynard is the hero, has always been held in high esteem among German scholars, but it was not until the genius of Goethe had gathered them into his delightfully written hexameters that the allegory gained a general reception. Now it is so highly appreciated among his fellow countrymen that the story is to be found in almost every household of the land. It would be well

if the same thing could be said of the English speaking peoples of the world, for no one can read it without receiving thereby a benefit whose value will be in direct ratio to the earnestness of the study bestowed upon it. Yet among these peoples it has never been widely known. Hence this new dress. If I shall have succeeded in extending the area of its appreciation, my recompense will be ample; if not, I shall rest contented with the pleasure and the profit that I have myself derived from the attempt.

J. S. C.

Argumenta

CANTO I.

THE Pentecostal days have come,
And Leo now resolves with some
Of his good lords to hold a feast,
At which the greatest and the least
Shall be commanded to attend.
The fox, however, keeps away;
He knows what they of him will say,
For he has badly injured all;
So, loudly though they may him call,
He will not e'en excuses send.

He there is charged with all the crimes
That have been known from olden times,
And only one dares him defend.
This does not much his matters mend,
For all the cases are too clear,
The council then is summoned forth,
Which thinks that, be he south or north,
To be compelled to come he ought.
The king declares he shall be brought,
And sends to summon him the bear.

CANTO II.

FORTH Bruin goes upon his task,
Assured if he but Reynard ask
To go with him as bidden, back,
He'll find him nothing loth or slack.
But Reynard is of other mind;
He pleasant greeting gives the bear
And asks what he with him can share;
Then, finding honey's to his taste,

He takes him to a place in haste
Where he a good supply shall find.

To get the honey Bruin sticks,
Through one of Reynard's scurvy tricks,
His head within a gaping tree;
And if you read you'll surely see
How the peasants, learning that,
Find him in a sorry plight,
And beat him till, in sheer affright,
He makes escape and gets again
Back to court in grief and pain;
And in his place is sent the cat.

CANTO III.

Now Tybert meets an omen bad,
But still pursues his way, though sad.
He finds the fox, his message gives;
Then Reynard asks him how he thrives
And what he would prefer to eat.
When mice he finds that he would like,
He plays him, too, a dirty trick.
With eye knocked out and wounded sore
The cat gets back to court once more,
Like Bruin lamed in head and feet.

The Badger now essays to do
What bear and cat have let fall through.
A third time does the fox not dare
To disregard, or he will fare
Full badly at his monarch's hand.
With Grimbart he at length sets out,
Beset with many an anxious doubt;
He finally begins to pray,
So Grimbart shrives him on the way
And warns him evil to withstand.

CANTO IV.

Excitement's high when it is known
That Reynard now draws near the throne.
No sooner there than he begins
To shift on others all his sins

And boast of service to the king.
This, howe'er, doth not avail,
For all the beasts do him assail
And bring complaints, by anger moved.
Their charges are considered proved,
And he condemned for them to swing.

But now he talks of treasures vast,
Which he discovered in the past;
And tells of crimes that then were rife,
And plots to take the monarch's life
And set up Bruin in his place.
These words the king do greatly rouse,
And likewise much excite his spouse;
So he is ordered to descend
And tell them all from end to end,
Without evasion, face to face.

CANTO V.

Reynard now the plot sets forth,
And shows the treasure's princely worth;
Maligns his father, scores the bear,
And makes the badger out as clear
A traitor as was ever found.
He tells what he himself has done,
For firmer friend the king has none,
To frustrate all their base designs.
Of how he's treated then he whines,
As if in loyalty not sound.

The king and queen his lies believe,
And promise that he shall receive
Forgiveness full for all mistakes
That he has made, or ever makes,
If only now he change his life.
He, too, before returning home,
Permission gets to visit Rome,
To get release from papal ban,
Which Leo thinks a worthy plan,
As also does the queen, his wife.

CANTO VI.

Now Reynard to the wolves' dismay,
From both their hides has cut away
A slice, to make him sack and shoes,
And then upon his journey goes;
But first he by the priest is blest.
A cavalcade of nobles go
With him some steps, respect to show;
But ram and hare induces he
To travel on, his home to see,
And there before return to rest.

Inside the house he takes the hare,
And slaughters him as soon as there;
His head he puts within the sack,
Which by the ram he sendeth back,
As if it bore a king's despatch.
The head is found, the ram's condemned,
And with the captives matters mend;
Once more to honour they are brought,
And Reynard's life again is sought,
Who deed so dastardly could hatch.

CANTO VII.

A FEAST of such display and size
Is seldom seen by mortal eyes
As now is carried on because
The wolves and bear, against just laws,
Have been to punishment condemned.
Before its close, complaints anew
Against the fox are brought to view;
The rabbit and the crow lament
That he on them his spite hath spent,
And urge the king such things to end.

An expedition now is formed,
And Reynard's fort is to be stormed;
Each one desires that he be sent,
For they his acts do all resent,
And would chastise him out of hand.
The badger runs the fox to find,

And tell him what they have in mind;
Then him induces back to go,
As he will have much better show
If there on his defence he stand.

CANTO VIII.

The fox again that journey takes,
A second time confession makes,
And as before he tries to shift
His sins to others' backs, and lift
The burden thus from off his own.
The clergy now he takes in hand,
The king and courtiers of the land:
These all can do whate'er they will,
But should a poor man fall, they'll fill
The air with shrieks and hunt him down.

The ape now comes upon the two,
And tells the fox bold front to show;
To Rome he goes, and there he will
Make slander's tongue keep very still
And Reynard's matters straighten out.
He knows them all at court of Rome,
With all their tactics is at home;
His kinsmen are in numbers there,
With them he'll manage this affair,
And Reynard need not give it thought.

CANTO IX.

With Grimbart Reynard comes to court,
Begins a discourse far from short,
In which he labours hard to show
That his accusers, as they know,
Dare nought against him bring point-blank.
He challenges to mortal strife
Each one of those who seek his life
And equals are with him in birth;
For thus is settled, o'er the earth,
Disputes 'tween gentlemen of rank.

The king in fury seeks his room,
And there he finds the queen, with whom

Dame Rückenau, old Martin's wife,
In converse is about this strife.
She Reynard's cause begins to plead,
Shows how in court his father shone,
How Reynard, too, had often done
Most worthy deeds where others failed.
The king his anger then bewailed,
And let the fox again proceed.

CANTO X.

The fox describes those treasures vast
Mentioned in some cantos past:
I meant them all for queen and king,
And now the ram has everything,
Which nought can e'er replace, purloined;
Those things I sent by ram and hare,
And thus am caught within a snare,
For Bellyn has poor Lampen killed;
A comrade's blood he's foully spilled,
With whom he was as envoy joined.

And I am charged with this base crime;
You think me guilty every time
Some wicked handicraft is done,
Though I am ever on the run
My king to serve, whom I adore.
His speech is clever, well designed,
The king's induced to change his mind,
Extends to Reynard leave to go
And seek those treasures high and low;
But Isengrim feels very sore.

CANTO XI.

The wolf in ferment seeks the king,
The air with caustic words doth ring;
The king hears all he has to say,
And then decides that Reynard may
His version of the matter give.
The fox once more, with tricks of speech,
Makes out himself a saint, who'd teach
All beasts how proper lives to lead;

Yet they through spite, he says, proceed
To claim that he's not fit to live.

The furious wolf throws down his glove,
To signify that he will prove,
In combat, all his charges true.
Poor Reynard now can nothing do
But take the challenge up and fight.
The she-ape comes and proffers aid
And Reynard soon by her is made
All ready for the coming strife,
In which is wagered life for life,
To manifest where dwells the right.

CANTO XII.

The fox and wolf within the ring
Their duel fight before the king;
And never have elsewhere before
Sly Reynard's tricks availed him more.
With body shorn and laved with oil
Evades he all the wolf's attacks;
And then with subtle twists and knacks
He conquers Isengrim outright.
Low cunning better serves than might,
In folly's strife or reason's toil.

The wolf from off the field is borne,
Defeated, wounded, and forlorn;
His wife and friends about him grieve,
And think that he can hardly live.
But Reynard is exalted high;
Success has brought a change of front;
The king and all who him were wont
To vilify are now his friends.
And thus it is this fable ends;
Its moral you can now supply.

Reynard the Fox

CANTO ONE.

WHITSUN, that fairest of feasts, had arrived; the forest and field
Rejoiced in new life; on hillock and knoll, in thicket and hedge,
The newly inspirited birds were singing their jubilant song;
The meads were all sprouting with flowers, infilling with fragrance the dales,
The heavens resplendently clear, and blushing the earth like a bride.

King Leo assembles his court; the vassals and lords of the realm,
Called hither, make haste with the greatest of pomp. Among them arrive
Great numbers of arrogant peers from the length and the breadth of the land,
Lord Grusly the crane, Sir Pica the jay, and all of the chiefs.
Then makes up the monarch his mind, with all of his barons, at once
In splendour and state to hold court, and bids to be thither convoked

Together regardless of caste the little as well as the great.
Of all not a soul should be missed; but absent, however, was one,
Sly Reynard, that rascal and knave, who, because of his many misdeeds,
Himself kept away from the court. As shuns the conscience depraved
The light of the day, so avoided the fox this assembly of lords,
For each of them had to complain that harm he had done to them all,
And Grimbart the badger alone, the son of his brother, had spared.
Wolf, Isengrim, opened the case, and with him in court there appeared
His kinsmen, adherents, and friends; escorted and succoured by these,
He stepped up in front of the king and began with the following speech:
Most worshipful monarch and lord, give ear to my grievances, pray;
Thou art noble and great and renowned, and to each of us all dost accord
Justice and mercy and grace; compassion then show for the wrongs
That I, with such boundless reproach, have suffered from Reynard, the fox;
And bear well in mind, above all, that times without number he has,
In malice, made sport of my wife, and my children most basely ill-used.
Yes, he has them with foulness defiled, with pestilent, virulent filth,
Whereby I have still three at home with harrowing blindness distressed.

These offences were all, it is true, discussed by us both long ago,
And a day, indeed, was ordained to settle the things in dispute;
He plighted his word under oath, but soon his intention he changed,
And then to his fortress he nimbly escaped. Too well is this known
By those who are here in the court and now all about me I see.
My lord, the vexation and grief the villain has caused me I could
Not attempt to relate with hurrying words in multiplied weeks.
Were all of the linen from Ghent, whatever the quantity made,
At once into parchment reduced, the story it would not contain,
And I will be silent thereon, yet my wife's defamation and shame
Eats into my heart, and I would it avenge, let happen what may.

Now when in this sorrowful mood Isengrim thus had declaimed,
A puppy, named Nidget, stepped up, and, timidly speaking in French,
Told the monarch how poor he'd become, so that nothing at all had been left
For his use but a morsel of sausage laid up in a winter retreat;
And Reynard had robbed him of that. Then hurriedly sprang forth the cat,
Mad Tybert, with fury, and said: Commander, distinguished and high,

No one has cause to complain that the scoundrel may do him a wrong
Any more than our sovereign himself. In this convocation I say
There is none, be he aged or young, but dreads more intensely the scamp
Than even yourself. There's nothing, however, to Nidget's lament;
A number of years have gone by since the acts that he mentions occurred,
And seeing the sausage was mine, 'twas I who complaint should have made.
I went to take part in a hunt, and, while thus engaged, I ran through
A mill in the night; the miller's wife slept, and I quietly seized
A sausage quite small; I will it confess. Now, pray, to the same
Had Nidget a shadow of right, then he owed it to labour of mine.

And the panther began: What use are these wordy complaints?
They little achieve; be content, the evil's as clear as the day;
A thief and a cutthroat he is, this at least I will boldly assert;
Indeed you, my lords, are aware that he perpetrates all the known crimes.
Should all of the nobles, indeed or you, our most worshipful king,
Of goods and of honour be robbed, he would laugh could he get for himself,
By chance, but a morsel thereby of a capon well fattened and plump.

Let me bring to your knowledge what he so wickedly
did yestermorn
To Lampen, the hare; here he stands, the man who
has never done wrong.
Reynard assumed the devout, and would in all kinds
of device
Him shortly instruction impart, including a chaplain's
pursuits;
So facing each other they sat and their task with the
Credo began.
But abandon old tricks and their use, was Reynard
not able to do;
Within the safe conduct and peace bestowed and as-
sured by our king
He Lampen held fast in his fangs, and worried with
malice and spite
The good honest man like a fiend. I wended my way
through the street
And heard the low chant of the two, which, almost as
soon as begun,
Was brought to an end. I listened surprised but,
when I drew near,
I recognised Reynard forthwith; he Lampen held fast
by the throat,
And surely had taken his life if I, by good luck, in
my walk,
Had not then arrived on the scene. Here now in
your presence he stands;
Just look at the wounds he received, that innocent
person whom none
Would ever attempt to molest. And should our good
master permit,
Or ever your lordships endure, that thus may the
peace of the king,
His warrant and license, be mocked and made of no
worth by a thief,

I fear me that yet will the king be forced with his offspring to hear
A tardy reproach from the folk, who reverence justice and right.

Isengrim said in reply: You say what is true, and, alas!
The fox never will any good to us do, and I heartily wish
The fellow were dead long ago; that for peace-loving folk had been best,
And if we him pardon again, then will he, before very long,
Some of us boldly entrap, who at present imagine it least.
Reynard's nephew, the badger, now spoke, and with courage and force
In Reynard's behalf he held forth, depraved as the latter was known.
The maxim, though old, he remarked, is true, my Lord Isengrim, proved:
There is little that's good in an enemy's words. Thus my uncle, in truth,
Small comfort will find in your speech; yet is that of but little account.
Were he at the court to reply to your words, and enjoyed he with you
The favour and grace of the king, then might it you surely repent
That you had so spoken in spite, and all this old tattle revived.
The evil, however, that you to Reynard himself have produced
You are silent about, and yet to my lords in great number 'tis known

How together a compact you made, and each to the other engaged
As two equal colleagues to live. Here's something I ought to relate:
How once in the winter himself he put to the greatest of risks
Altogether for you. A man with a wagon full laden with fish
Was pacing the street; you scented him out and willingly would
Have feasted yourself on his goods; but alas, you no money possessed,
So persuaded my uncle to help; and himself he with craftiness laid
At once in the road as if dead. By heavens, that venture was bold!
Yet notice what species of fish he got for the risk that he took.
The carrier came to the spot, my uncle perceived in the road,
And hastily drew out his sword to evict him forthwith, but he lay
As if dead; he made not a motion or sign, and the wagoner then
Threw him up on the top of his cart, glad of the skin in advance.
Yes! that dared my uncle for Isengrim's sake; the cartman at once
Continued his way, and Reynard threw some of the fish to the ground;
Then Isengrim came sneaking in from afar, and ate it all up.
Reynard thought it not well any longer to ride, so lifted himself
And sprang from the cart; and now he himself on the booty would feed,

But gobbled had Isengrim all; indeed so completely had he
Himself overgorged, he was ready to burst; the bones cleanly picked
Were the only things he had left, which remnants he offered his friend.
One more little trick I will tell, which also is nought but the truth:
To Reynard it known had become, on a nail at a countryman's house
Hung a well fattened swine, but yesterday killed; of this he informed
With frankness the wolf; they went to the place, the profit and risk
To fairly divide; but the danger and toil bore Reynard alone.
Right in at the window he crept, and then with great labour he threw
The booty for both below to the wolf; just now, by ill luck,
Not far from the place were some dogs, who scented him out in the house
And stalwartly tugged at his skin. Sore wounded he made his escape,
And Isengrim quickly sought out, to him made complaint of his woes,
Demanding his share of the meat. And Isengrim thereupon said:
For you a fine morsel I've saved; now earnestly set you to work
And heartily gnaw at it well; how much you will relish the fat.
He brought the delicious piece forth; 'twas nought but the crook upon which
The butcher had hung up the hog. The savoury flesh and the fat

Had been gulped by the covetous wolf, that base and iniquitous beast.
Now Reynard, from rage, was unable to speak; but the turn of his thoughts
You can think for yourself. Great king, of a truth, in a hundred and more
Of matters like this has the wolf to my uncle behaved like a knave.
But not a word more about that; were Reynard himself summoned here,
His case he would better defend. Meanwhile, most beneficent king,
Most noble of masters and lords, I here beg to notice that you
And all of these lords will have heard how stupidly Isengrim's speech
Hath damaged the wife of his choice, and tarnished her honour, which he
With limb and with life should defend. Now these are the facts of the case:
Years seven and more have arrived and gone by since my uncle bestowed,
Without any thought of reserve, his love and allegiance upon
Dame Greedimund's beauty and charms. This happened one night at a dance
Which Isengrim failed to attend; I say what I know to be true.
Most friendly and pleasantly oft has she his advances received.
Now what is there more to be said? She never has made any charge;
Moreover she lives and is well, so why does he make such a fuss?
He silence would keep were he wise; it brings to him only disgrace.

The badger then further remarked: Now comes this
romance of the hare!
Detestable, vacuous talk! Should not a good master,
forsooth,
His pupil correct, if he be not attentive and evil with-
stand?
If never we punished our boys, and put not a potent
restraint
On frivolous habits and bad, into what would develop
our youth?
Young Nidget next comes and complains, how a sau-
sage, one winter, he lost
Aback of the hedge; but this should he rather in
silence endure,
For certainly hear we it said that some one had stolen
the thing.
Goes lightly what lightly is got; and who can my
uncle reproach
For easing a thief of his stolen effects? It surely is
right
That men of high station and birth, themselves to
rascals and thieves
Should hateful and dangerous show. Why! had he
him thereupon hanged,
Excuse there had been; yet he set him at large to
honour the king,
For penance by death to inflict has no one the right
but the king.
The requital, however, is poor, on which can my uncle
rely,
How guileless so e'er he may be and deeds that are
evil impede.
As matter of fact, ever since the peace of the king
was proclaimed,
Conducts himself no one as he. He has altered com-
pletely his life;

Eats but one meal a day, like an anchoret lives, chastises himself,
Wears raiment of hair on unsheltered skin, and has also for long
Desisted entirely from flesh of all kinds, both domestic and wild.
As yesterday I was informed by one who had stayed at his house,
He has left Malepartus, his fort, and built a small hut for himself,
In which as a hermit to live. How lately so thin he's become,
So pallid from hunger and thirst and other like penances sharp,
That he in repentance endures, yourselves into that will inquire.
Then what can it matter to him if all who are here him accuse?
Should he but arrive, his rights he'd uphold and them put to shame.

When Grimbart had drawn to a close, to the wonder of all there appeared
Henning, the cock, with the whole of his brood. On a sorrowful bier,
Despoiled of her neck and her head, was a hen carried slowly within;
Poor Scraper it turned out to be, most prolific of egg-laying hens;
Alas, how her blood trickled down! and Reynard had caused it to flow.
This now must be brought to the ear of the king. When Henning, the brave,
Presented himself to the king with sad and most grief-stricken face,

Came with him still other two cocks, who also lamented their loss.
The one of them Kreyant was called, and no better cock could be found
If Holland and France were explored; the other who stood by his side,
Was known by the name of Kantart, a fellow straightforward and stout.
Each carried a candle alight, and it happened that brothers were both
Of the massacred hen they brought in; and over the murder they cried
For trouble and pain. Two younger cocks were supporting the bier,
And the wailing they made as they came could plainly be heard afar off.
At length Henning spake: That loss we bewail which none can repair,
Benevolent master and king! Oh, pity the wrong we endure,
My children as well as myself! Here look you on Reynard's foul deed.
When winter had from us gone by, and leaves and blossoms and flowers
Invited us all to be glad, I much in my offspring rejoiced,
That spent the delectable days so blithely and gaily with me.
Ten juvenile sons with daughters fourteen, and all of them full
Of relish and pleasure in life; my wife, that most excellent hen,
Together had brought them all up in a summer as happy as long:
They all were robust and content with their lot, and provided themselves

Each day with the food they required at a spot that was thought to be safe.
The courtyard belonged to rich monks, and its walls were a shelter to us
And six immense dogs. These partners, so noble and brave, of our home
Were much to my children attached and sharply watched over their lives;
But Reynard, that thief, it annoyed that we, in contentment and peace,
Such gay, happy days should enjoy, and meantime escape from his wiles;
By night he would sneak round the walls, and waiting would lie at the gate;
But the dogs found it out, so he took to his heels; yet boldly, at length,
They managed to collar him once, and then they made holes in his fur;
Yet out of their hands he escaped, and left us in peace for awhile.
Now give me your ear; this lasted not long; he soon came again
As a monk, and brought me a writing and seal; 'twas one that I knew;
Your signet I saw on the deed, in which I found clearly inscribed
That you a firm peace had proclaimed, as well with the birds as the beasts.
To me the announcement he made that he a good monk had become,
Had taken the solemnest vow atonement to make for his crimes,
Of which he acknowledged his guilt. From that time should no one from him
Have anything further to fear. He had sacredly taken an oath

That meat never more would he taste. He directed
my eyes to his cowl
And his scapular showed. In addition to this, he a
symbol displayed,
Which the prior upon him had placed; and, in order
me more to assure,
Beneath showed a garment of hair. Then taking de-
parture he said:
Farewell, in the name of the Lord. I have still a
great number of things
To do before close of the day. The sexts I must read
and the nones,
With vespers appended thereto. He read as he
walked, and devised
Numerous schemes that were base; to effect our de-
struction he planned.
With a heart full of gladness and joy I soon to my
children made known
Your letter's good message of cheer. They all were
entranced at the news!
Since Reynard a monk had become, for us not a thing
was there left
Any further to care for or fear. I strutted together
with them,
On the outermost side of the walls, and we all in our
freedom rejoiced.
But alas! matters went with us ill; in ambush he
craftily hid,
And thence springing suddenly forth, he barred up our
way to the gate;
The fairest he seized of my sons, and dragged him
away to devour;
And now not a thing could we do; when once he had
tasted their flesh
He ever was trying again, and neither the hunters nor
hounds

Could make us secure from his snares, not either by day or by night.
And thus nearly all of my children he took, till now from a score
Their number to five is reduced; of the rest he has carried off all.
Oh, pity my woful distress! But a day has gone by since he slew
This daughter of mine that is here, whose body was saved by the dogs.
Observe! Here she lies! That deed he has done; oh, take it to heart.

Then answered the monarch and said: Grimbart, come nearer, and look!
In this way abstains our recluse, and thus he his penitence shows!
From now should I live but a year, be sure that he shall it repent.
But what is the use of our words? Thou heart-broken Henning, give heed;
Thy daughter for nothing shall want, whatever it be, that belongs
By custom or right to the dead. I will see that her vigil be sung,
That she with all honour be laid in the earth; when that has been done,
We council will take with these lords on the penalty due to the crime.
Then issued the king a command that service be held for the dead.
Domino placebo the people assembled began, and they sang
Each stanza composing it through. I also could further relate

By whom was the service intoned, by whom the responses as well,
But that too much time would employ, and therefore I leave it alone.
Her body was laid in a grave, over which was erected a fair
Marble stone, polished up like a glass, and cut in the form of a square,
Quite bulky and tall, and upon it, above, could plainly be read:
Here Scraper, the daughter of Henning, doth lie, most faithful of hens,
Laid numerous eggs in her nest, and prudently knew how to scratch.
Alas, here she lies! from her family torn by the murderous fox.
All in the world shall be taught how wicked and vile he behaved,
And bemoan the deceased. Thus ran the inscription engraven thereon.

This having been done, the king had the wisest convoked
To counsel with him and advise as to how should be punished the crime
That now had so clearly been brought to the knowledge of him and his lords;
At length their opinion they gave, that unto the mischievous scamp
An envoy at once be despatched, that, willy or nilly, he dare
Not refuse to obey; that he at the court of the king shall appear
On the day when the judges next time together assemble therein.

And chosen was Bruin, the bear, the summons to take; and the king
Thus spake unto Bruin, the bear: As master I give you advice
Your errand with zeal to perform; yet prudence and caution I charge,
For Reynard's malicious and mean; devices and tricks of all kinds
He surely will bring into play; will flatter and stuff you with lies,
And all that is possible cheat. Twice will he think about that,
Replied, with assurance, the bear. Let nought you disturb, for if he
Misjudge by the breadth of a hair and venture his scorn upon me,
Then by the eternal I swear, that his vengeance upon me may fall
If I do not so pay it him back, that know where he is he will not.

CANTO TWO.

THUS ordered, Sir Bruin pursued his way to the mountainous ridge,
With haughty and confident heart, through a wilderness sterile and vast,
Long and sandy and broad; and, when this at length he had passed,
He came very close to the hills where wonted was Reynard to hunt;
Indeed, in the days that were gone, he pleasure had sought there himself.
But the bear further went, Malepartus towards, where Reynard had long
Fine buildings in number possessed. Of all his strong castles and burgs,
Of which to him many belonged, he thought Malepartus the best.
In this Reynard made his abode whenever a danger he sniffed.
When Bruin the castle attained, the gate of admittance he found
Fast bolted and locked, so before it he walked and reflected somewhat.
He finally shouted and said: Are you, my dear uncle, at home?
Bruin, the bear, has arrived, judicially sent by the king.
Our monarch has taken an oath that now at the bar of his court
Yourself you shall place upon trial, and I am your escort to be;

That justice you shall not refuse to render to all and accept;
If not it will cost you your life, for if you shall tarry behind,
With rack you are threatened and wheel. I advise you to choose for the best,
And come with me back to the court, it else will you evil betide.

This speech, from beginning to end, Reynard did perfectly hear;
In silence he listened and thought: How would it, I wonder, result,
If I the unmannerly churl should pay for his arrogant words?
Let us upon it reflect. To the depths of his dwelling he went,
Into its corners and nooks, for built was the castle with skill;
Caverns and dungeons there were, and many dark corridors too,
Both narrow and long, and doors of all kinds to be opened and shut
As time and necessity called. When sought for he found that he was,
Because of some rascally deed, here found he the best of defence.
Through simplicity too had he oft in these labyrinthian ways
Poor animals cheated and caught, acceptable prey to the thief.
Now Reynard the words had well heard, but yet did he cunningly fear
That near to the messenger still might others in ambush be couched.

But when he himself had assured that the bear had
arrived all alone,
He went slyly out and exclaimed: My dearest of
uncles, you are
Very welcome, I'm sure! Your pardon I beg! I
vespers have read,
And thus have I caused you to wait: my thanks for
this visit accept,
It surely will help me in court; at least so permit me
to hope.
You are welcome, my uncle, whatever the hour; how-
ever, I think
That censure must rest upon him who you on this
journey has sent,
For long and fatiguing it is. Oh, heavens, how heated
you are!
You've not a dry hair in your head, your breathing
anxiety shows.
Had this mighty monarch of ours no messenger other
to send
Than the noblest of men at his court, exalted by him
above all?
Yet thus it must be of great service to me; and now
I entreat
Your help at the court of the king, where I am so
badly defamed.
To-morrow I'd made up my mind, in spite of the risk
that I run,
Unbidden to go to the court, and such my intention
remains;
I'm not in condition, to-day, to try such a journey to
take:
I've eaten too freely, alas, of a dish that I relish not
much,
And one that agrees with me not; it causes my belly
great pain.

Bruin responded to this: What was it, my uncle? The fox
Replied in his turn; What good would it do, if you I should tell?
With sorrow prolong I my life, but still I'm resigned to my fate.
The poor cannot ever be lords, and if at odd times can be found
No food that is better for us and for ours, then truly we must
Some combs of sweet honey devour, which always with ease can be had;
Yet eat it I only from need; and swollen at present I am.
The stuff I reluctantly ate, how then could it nourishment give?
If without it I ever can do, it rests far enough from my tongue.

Heigh-ho, responded the bear, what is it, my uncle, you say!
Do you in reality scorn the nectar that so many crave?
Good honey, I must you inform, surpasses all dishes there are,
At least to my taste; oh, help me to some! You shall it not rue!
The favour I will you return. You are mocking, the other replied.
Protested the bear: I am not; indeed I mean just what I say.
If that is the case, then you I can serve, the red one replied.
The husbandman, Rüsteviel, lives below at the foot of the hill,
And plenty of honey has he. Indeed, among all of your race

Saw you never collected so much. Then lusted the bear overmuch
To eat of his favourite food. Oh, take me, my uncle, he cried,
Without losing time, to the place; your kindness I'll never forget;
Supply me with honey, I beg, even though not enough can be got.
Come on, said the fox in reply, of honey no lack shall we find;
To-day, it is true, I am bad on the feet, yet shall the regard,
Which long I have cherished for you, encourage my wearisome steps;
For I know not a soul among those who to me are connected by blood
Whom I honour, my uncle, as you! So come, and you will, in return,
Me serve at the court of the king, when there I shall have to appear,
That I to confusion may put the charges and strength of my foes.
With honey I'll fill you to-day, as much as you ever could wish.
He was thinking, the scamp, of the blows the peasants would give in their wrath.
Reynard in front hurried off and Bruin came blindly behind.
If I but succeed, thought the fox, I yet shall conduct you to-day
To a market in which unto you bitter honey apportioned will be.
They came up to Rüsteviel's yard, which greatly elated the bear;
But in vain, as fools very often themselves with hopes lead astray.

Eve had already set in, and Reynard quite well was aware
That Rüsteviel lay, as a rule, just now in his chamber in bed.
He a carpenter was, a craftsman of skill, and down in his yard
Was lying the trunk of an oak, in order to split which he had
Two good solid wedges inserted therein, so far that on top
Gaped open the tree near the width of an ell. This Reynard observed
And said to the bear: Dear uncle, inside of this tree will be found
More honey than you would suspect, now thrust in it quickly your snout
As far as you possibly can. I merely would risk the advice
That in greed you take not too much; it might with you badly agree.
Do you, said the bear, for a glutton me take? Why no, not at all,
But temperance always is good, whatever it be that you do.
Thus was outwitted the bear! his head he stuck into the crack,
Yea, even right up to his ears, and furthermore both his front paws.
Then earnestly Reynard fell to, with many strong pulls and good tugs,
And both of the wedges tore out. Now was the brown fellow caught,
Held fast by his head and his feet, nor scolding nor coaxing availed.
Bruin now had a-plenty to do, for all of his boldness and strength;

And thus kept the nephew with craft his uncle encaged in the tree.
With howls now lamented the bear, and tore, with his hindermost claws,
So fiercely and raised such a row that Rüsteviel sprang out of bed
And wondered whatever was up; he took along with him his axe,
So as weaponless not to be found, should any one try him to harm.

Bruin was now in a terrible fix; for the narrowing crack
Was pinching him hard; he struggled and pulled and roared with his pain;
His efforts, however, were all of no use; he fully believed
That never therefrom should he come; so Reynard, too, joyfully thought.
When he in the distance observed Rüsteviel coming, he cried:
Bruin, how do you feel? Be thrifty and eat not the honey all up!
Does it taste very good? Rüsteviel comes and will give you a treat;
He brings you a sip for your meal; I hope it will with you agree.
Then Reynard pursued his way back, Malepartus, his fortress to gain;
But Rüsteviel came in his stead and, when he put eyes on the bear,
He ran all the peasants to call, who in company still at the inn
Were over their cups. Come on, he cried out, in my yard there is caught

A bear in a trap; that really is so. They followed in haste,
Each arming himself with despatch as well as the time would allow.
The first took a fork in his hand, another brought with him his rake,
And likewise a third and a fourth, provided with hatchet and spear,
Came bounding with vigorous strides; a fifth was equipped with a pole.
The sexton and even the priest came on with the tools of their trade.
And also the clergyman's cook (of whom was Dame Yulock the name,
And who as none other a porridge could serve) remained not behind,
But ran with her distaff in hand, at which all the day she had sat,
To curry the skin of the luckless bear. Bruin heard, as they came,
The increasing and deafening din with all its most horrible notes,
And forcibly tore out his head from the cleft; but yet there remained
The hair and skin of his face, as far as his ears, in the tree.
Indeed, not a wretcheder beast has any one seen, for the blood
Trickled over his ears. But what did he gain by releasing his head?
For still were his paws firmly held in the tree; now backing he tore
Them hastily out with a jerk; he raved as if out of his mind,
His claws and the skin from his feet being left in the narrowing crack.

No taste of sweet honey had this; alas, it was not such as that
Which Reynard him led to expect. The outing was wickedly planned,
A sorrowful trip to the bear it had proved; his beard and his paws
Were covered all over with blood; he was wholly unable to stand,
Unable to walk or to crawl. Now Rüsteviel hastened to strike;
He was fallen upon by them all who had with the master arrived;
Their aim was to put him to death. The priest for preparedness brought
A staff of some length in his hand, and waled him therewith from afar.
Now hither and thither in sadness he turned, hemmed in by the crowd;
Some here bearing pikes, others with axes out there, while the smith
Brought hammer and tongs to the fray, and others with shovels arrived,
Some also with spades, and shouting they pummelled at random and struck,
Till he, out of harrowing fear, wallowed in foulness his own.
In the onset they all took a hand; not one of them all stayed away.
And Hulyn, the bow-legged clown, with Ludolph, the flat-nozzled rogue,
By far were the worst; and Gerold aloft swung the hard wooden flail
His long crooked fingers between; his brother-in-law at his side,
The burly old Korkoran, stood; these two struck him worst of them all.

Dames Yulock and Abelquack too had also their part in the strife,
The latter, the worse of the two, struck the poor thing with her tub.
And those above named were not all; the women as well as the men
All ran to the spot, determined to have the life of the bear.
Old Korkoran made the most noise, regarding himself as the chief;
For Poggy of Chafport was known his mother to be very well,
And that by the sinister bar, but his father was never revealed;
The peasants, however, believed that Sander was probably he,
The dark-featured gleaner of straw, a fellow robust and superb
When he by himself was alone. Stones also came flying with force,
And harrassed the desperate bear, as they from all sides were received.
Now Rüsteviel's brother jumped up and struck, with a long sturdy club,
The bear on the top of his head, so hard that both hearing and sight
Were wholly destroyed; yet started he up from the vigorous stroke
And, enraged, at the women he rushed, who into confusion were thrown,
And tottered and tumbled and yelled, and into the water some fell;
And the water was deep. Then out cried the father and said: Look out!
Down there is Dame Yulock, my cook, floating below in her furs;

Her distaff is here on the bank; come help her, you men! I will give
Two barrels of beer as reward, with ample indulgence and grace.
The bear they all left lying there as if dead, and hurried away
To the water the women to save, and drew out the five to the land.
The bear waddled slowly away while the men were engaged at the shore,
And into the water he crawled in arrant distress, and he roared
In horrible anguish and pain; he rather would much have been drowned,
Than blows so disgraceful endure. To swim he had never essayed,
And now in his misery hoped that his life he might end on the spot.
Against expectation he found that he swam, and was luckily borne
By the water a distance below. Then him all the peasants observed,
And exclaimed: To us this will certainly prove an eternal disgrace!
They all out of humour became, and began at the women to scold:
'Twere better had they stayed at home; just look now and see how he swims
Down there on his way. Then close they approached to examine the log,
And in it remaining they found the skin and the hair from his head,
And also his feet, and chuckled thereover and cried: You will come
To us surely again; meanwhile we accept your ears as a pledge.

And thus to his injuries added they jeers, yet happy was he
The evil like this to escape. The peasants he roundly reviled,
Who him had chastised, lamented the pain in his ears and his feet,
And Reynard denounced, who him had betrayed. With prayers like these
He swam further off, urged on by the stream, which was rapid and large,
Within but a short space of time, below very nearly a mile,
And then on the very same bank, all breathless he waded ashore.
No beast in a bitterer plight till then had the sun ever seen.
The morning he thought that he never should see; he fully believed
He must instantly die, and cried: Oh, Reynard, you villainous wretch!
You dissolute scamp! He was thinking besides of the pummelling boors;
And also he thought of the tree, and Reynard's deception he cursed.

Reynard, however, the fox, when he, with precaution so good,
His uncle to market had led, with honey him there to supply,
Went after some fowls, whose dwelling he knew, and pounced upon one,
Then rapidly ran to the stream, dragging his booty along;
There he despatched it at once and hastened to other affairs,

The river still keeping close by; he drank of the water and thought:
How happy and joyous I feel, at having the dull-witted bear
Thus led to the carpenter's yard! I'll wager that Rüsteviel let
Him have a good taste of his axe. Always the bear has displayed
Malevolent feelings to me; and now I have paid it him back.
My uncle I've always him dubbed, and now in the cleft of a tree
He lifeless remains; and for that I'll rejoice so long as I live.
No more will he render his damaging plaints! And, roaming along,
He looked at the river below, and saw the bear rolling about;
To the core of his heart he was vexed that Bruin had living escaped.
He Rüsteviel cried, You indolent wight, you blundering fool,
Fat meat such as this you disdain, so tender and good to the taste,
Which any sane man might desire, and which, with such infinite ease,
Fell unawares into your hands! But still, for your welcome so kind
Has the innocent bear left behind him a pledge. Thus were his thoughts
As he upon Bruin set eyes, downcast, bloody, and faint.
He finally called to the bear: Do I find you, sir uncle, again?
Have you anything lost in Rüsteviel's yard? Tell me and I'll let

Him know where you make your abode. I also
should tell him, I think,
That doubtless you have from the man a good lot of
honey purloined.
Or have you him honestly paid? How was it that
this came about?
Dear me! Who has painted you so? You have a
deplorable look.
Your taste did the honey not suit? At the same
identical price
Can more of it yet be obtained. Now, uncle, do tell
me at once
The name of the order to which you have lately
devoted yourself,
That you on your head have begun a red-coloured
bonnet to wear!
Is it true that you now are a monk? The barber
assuredly has,
In trying your tonsure to shave, made a very bad snip
at your ears;
I see you are losing your hair and also the skin from
your cheeks,
And even your gauntlets as well. Where did you
leave them to hang?
And thus the poor bear was compelled his numerous
bantering words
One after the other to hear; while he, in his pain,
could not speak;
Was indeed at his very wits' end; and so as not fur-
ther to hear,
Back into the water he crept, and swam with the
swift-flowing tide,
Lower down, till a shore that was level he found; he
landed and lay
Disheartened and sick; lamented aloud and remarked
to himself:

Oh, that some one would kill me outright! I'm unable
to walk, and I ought
My journey to make to the court of the king; yet here
I remain,
So shamefully injured, behind, and all through Rey-
nard's vile tricks.
If I only get through with my life, he verily shall it
repent.
Then got he himself on his feet and, racked with
unbearable pain,
Limped on for the space of four days, and finally came
to the court.

The king, setting eyes on the bear as in his distress he
approached,
Cried: Merciful God! Is it Bruin I see! How is it he
comes
Maltreated like this? And Bruin replied: Alas, it is sad,
The evil on which you now look! Thus me has the
mischievous knave,
Reynard, most basely betrayed! Then spake in his
anger the king:
This outrage I certainly will, without any mercy, avenge.
Such a noble as Bruin, in faith, would Reynard defy
and abuse?
Indeed, by my honour, my crown, I now with so-
lemnity swear
That Reynard all things shall endure that Bruin by
law can demand.
If I keep not my word, no sword any more will I
wear; that I vow!

The king then a mandate sent forth, his council together
should come,
Consider at once the affair, and a penalty fix for the
crime.

They all recommended thereon, provided the king thought it fit,
That Reynard be summoned anew himself to present at the court,
His rights to defend against charge and complaint; and Tybert the cat
Forthwith as the herald be sent the order to Reynard to take,
Because he is wise and adroit. So counselled they all in accord.
His gracious assent gave the king to that which the council advised;
And to Tybert he said: Pay attention to all that my lords have in view!
Should he for a third time have to be called, then shall it to him
And every one of his race for damage eternal be held.
He will, if he's wise, come in time. And let your monition have point;
Others he only contemns; he listens, however, to you.

Tybert, however, replied: Whether to weal or to woe
It tend, when I come where he is, how shall I the matter begin?
For me he may do it or not, but still unto me it appears
That another could better be sent, for I am so little and weak.
Bruin the bear is lusty and strong, yet to master him failed,
What chance of success then have I? Oh, let me, I pray, be excused!

Your pleading convinces me not, responded the king; one may find
Many a man that is small full of wisdom and craft, which are strange

To many a one that is big. To a giant you may not have grown,
But still you are learned and wise. Then yielded the cat and replied :
Myself I resign to your will, and if I can meet with a sign
To my right as I go on the road, my journey will be a success.

CANTO THREE.

WHEN Tybert, the cat, had advanced a short way along on his road,
In the distance a ringtail he saw, and soon as he spied him he cried:
God speed you, illustrious bird! Oh, turn now your pinions and fly
Down here at my right hand side! The bird took his flight and disposed
Himself at the left of the cat, to sing on the bough of a tree.
Now Tybert was greatly distressed, for ill-luck it portended he thought,
But cheered himself up for all that, as many are customed to do.
Still towards Malepartus he went, and arriving, Sir Reynard he found
Sitting in front of the house, to whom he thus paid his respects:
May God, the indulgent and good, a prosperous eve to you grant;
Our monarch has threatened your life if you shall refuse any more
With me to proceed to the court; he further directs me to say
That you your accusers must meet, or your friends due atonement shall make.
To this did Sir Reynard reply: Dear nephew, I welcome you here;
That you the protection of God may enjoy to the full is my wish.

But different far were the thoughts that invaded his
treacherous heart;
New tricks were engaging his mind; this messenger
too he would send
Again to the court in disgrace. This notwithstanding
the cat
His nephew he styled, and he said: My nephew, what
can I provide
For you in the matter of food? One always sleeps
better when filled;
I am for the present your host; we will travel to-
morrow at dawn
Together to court; this I think will be well. Of my
relatives all,
To me is not anyone known upon whom I so fully
rely.
The brutal and gluttonous bear with insolence me did
approach;
Ill-tempered and strong he is both, and therefore I
would not for much
The journey have risked at his side. But now, as a
matter of course,
With you I shall cheerfully go. In the morning we'll
early set out
On the way, for to me this appears by far the best
thing we can do.
Then Tybert responded to this: Far better for us it
would be
To depart straight away for the court without more
ado, as we are,
For over the forest is shining the moon and the roads
are all dry.
To this Reynard said: A journey by night I regard as
unsafe;
By day there are many who'll greet us as friends and
yet, in the dark

To fall in our way should they chance, it might not turn out for the best.
Now Tybert responded in turn: Just tell me, my uncle, I pray,
If here I remain, what then shall we eat? And Reynard remarked:
But poor is our store, yet, if you remain, before you I'll set
Good honey all fresh in the comb; I'll pick out the clearest there is.
Such stuff I could never endure, ungraciously answered the cat.
If nought in the house can be found, then give me, I beg you, a mouse;
Of food this to me is the best, your honey for others pray keep.
Can mice be so toothsome to you? Reynard asked; let me honestly know.
I surely can serve you with them. My neighbour, the priest, hath a barn
Below in his yard, and within it are mice; such numbers, indeed,
That hold them a wagon could not; and the priest have I frequently heard
Complain that, by day and by night, to him a worse pest they become.
The cat then imprudently said: Oh, do me the favour, I beg,
Of leading me straight to the mice! For to game and all else of the kind
The flavour of mice I prefer. And Reynard then slyly rejoined:
In truth you with me shall enjoy a meal that is fit for a lord,
And now that I know what for you I can get, let us make no delay.

Tybert trustingly followed the fox and came to the barn of the priest,
To its wall which was made out of clay. This Reynard had yesterday dug
Judiciously through and, by means of the hole, from the slumbering priest
Had stolen the best of his cocks; and the clergyman's dear little son,
Young Martin, as he had been named, was wishing the theft to avenge;
For which he in front of the hole had fastened a cord with a loop;
Thus hoping his bird to avenge on the thief when again he should come.
Aware was Reynard of this and with it in mind he remarked:
My nephew, now crawl through the hole, and I will keep guard at the front.
Meanwhile look you after the mice, for there you will find them in swarms,
And readily catch in the dark. Oh, listen, how gaily they squeak!
When enough you have had, then come again back, and join me once more.
We must not from each other this evening depart, for to-morrow, you know,
We early set out, and will shorten our way with frolicsome talk.
Do you feel assured, said the cat, that here it is safe to crawl in?
For sometimes have parsons been found a little un-Christlike in mind.
Here answered that scoundrel, the fox: However could that be found out?
Is it timid you are? Then let us return; my dear little wife

Will you with all honour receive, and furnish a savoury
meal;
If in it no mice can be found, still let us it joyfully eat.
But Tybert the cat sprang in through the hole, for he
felt quite abashed
By the bantering words of the fox, and straight he fell
into the snare.
In this way the guests of Sir Reynard a bad entertain-
ment received.
Now Tybert, as soon as he felt the tightening cord at
his throat,
Made a start apprehensively back, and flurried became
through alarm.
Then made a more vigorous jump, and tighter the cord
was thus drawn.
To Reynard he plaintively called, who then with his
ear at the hole
Was listing with rancorous joy, and thus through the
opening spake:
Dear Tybert, how like you the mice? You find them,
I hope, good and fat;
If only young Martin but knew that you were con-
suming his game
He mustard had certainly brought, for he is a well-
mannered boy.
At court do they sing so at meals? Suspicious it
sounds to my ears.
If could I but Isengrim have just now in the hole, as I you
To ruin have managed to bring, he surely should pay
me for all
The harm that to me he hath done; and Reynard thus
went on his way.
He went not, however, alone to practise his thievish
designs;
Adultery, murder, and treason, and theft, to him were
no sins,

And now he had something on hand for himself. To
the lovely and fair
Dame Greedimund sought he a visit to pay, with a
twofold intent:
He hoped from her first to find out exactly what
Isengrim charged,
And second the villain desired his old escapades to
renew;
To court had Sir Isengrim gone, advantage of which he
would take;
For none had the shade of a doubt that the all too
apparent regard
Of his wife for the villainous fox had excited the wrath
of the wolf.
Reynard entered his mistress's house, but failed to find
her at home.
God bless you, my little stepchildren, he said, no more
and no less,
Gave an affable nod to the lads and on to his errand he
sped.
At morning Dame Greedimund came, as day was
beginning to break,
And she asked: Has nobody been to inquire after
me? And they said:
Our godfather Reynard is hardly away, and you he
would see;
His little stepchildren he called us all whom he found
in the house.
Then shouted Dame Greedimund out: For that he
shall pay! And ran off
This offence to avenge the very same hour. She had
reason to know
Where he was accustomed to walk. She reached him
and fiercely began:
Pray, what kind of language is this? What sort of
outrageous remarks

Have you, without scruple or shame, in the ears of my children pronounced?
For this you shall certainly pay. Thus fiercely she spake and displayed
A furious face; laid hold of his beard; and then let him feel
The sharpness and strength of her teeth. He tried to run out of her way;
She suddenly after him rushed and then followed stirring events.
Not a very long distance away had a castle in ruins its place,
Into which they both hurriedly ran; now, by reason of age and decay,
In the wall at one side of a tower a crack could by fortune be seen.
Through this Reynard managed to slip, but not without having to squeeze,
For narrow and small was the rift; then, bulky and plump as she was,
The wolf stuck her head in the cleft; and there having gotten she pressed
And hustled and rooted and shoved, and tried to go after the fox,
But only stuck faster within; she could neither go on nor retreat.
When Reynard took notice of this, he ran to the furthermost side,
By the tortuous path within, and tried her once more to molest.
But she was not wanting for words, she rated him well; you behave,
She cried, like a knave and a thief; and Reynard responded thereto:
As never has happened before, so may it just now come to pass.

Small credit or honour it brings your wife through another to spare,
As Reynard was doing just now. To the scoundrel no matter was this.
When now, in due process of time, the wolf herself freed from the crack,
Was Reynard already away, having gone his own path to pursue.
And this made her ladyship think that the law she herself would enforce,
Her honour to guard and preserve, which doubly at present was lost.

At Tybert now let us once more take a look. The poor forlorn chap,
As soon as he felt himself caught, bewailed in the way of a cat
His distress. This reached little Martin's quick ears, and he sprang out of bed.
Thank God, he exclaimed, the lasso I have at a fortunate time
Suspended in front of the hole, for the robber is caught, and I think
He will have to pay well for the cock. Thus did young Martin rejoice,
Set light to a candle in haste (the folks in the house were asleep),
His father and mother he woke and all the domestics as well,
And cried: We have captured the fox, so let us upon him now wait.
All came, both the little and big; yea, even the parson got up
And wrapped in a mantle himself; and posted ahead of them all

His cook with a couple of lights; and Martin had hurriedly seized
A good solid cudgel, with which he devoted himself to the cat,
Dealt blows both on body and head, and knocked out in fury an eye.
And into him all of them pitched; there came with a sharp pointed fork
The priest in great haste to the fray, expecting to settle the thief.
Tybert now thought he should die; then raving with madness he sprang
Between the bare legs of the priest, and savagely bit him and scratched;
He terribly injured the man and avenged without mercy his eye.
The priest with a scream made a rush and fell in a faint to the ground.
Unadvisedly chattered the cook, that the very old devil himself
Had managed the matter to play her a trick; and doubly she swore,
Yea, threefold indeed, how joyfully she would have lost, if this harm
Had not to her master been done, her entire little bit of effects.
Yea, swore that the loss of a treasure of gold, if one she possessed,
She certainly would not regret; she without it could very well do.
Thus bemoaned she her master's disgrace and the terrible wounds he'd received.
At length with full many laments, they laid him again on his bed,
And Tybert they left in the cord where him they completely forgot.

When Tybert, the cat, now himself found all alone in his woe,
So grievously beaten and covered with wounds, and so near unto death,
He seized, out of sheer love of life, the cord and began it to gnaw.
Is there no way to get myself out of this horrible scrape? So he thought,
And carried his point; the cord snapped in two. How happy he felt
As he hastened to flee from the place where he so much pain had endured.
He nimbly escaped from the hole and then in a trice made his way
With speed to the court of the king, and on the next morning arrived.
He angrily chided himself: So the devil has yet been obliged
You, through Reynard's deceit, that traitor most vile, to subdue.
You come again back in disgrace, an eye having lost from your head,
And bitterly laden with stripes, how completely ashamed you must be.

The wrath of the king waxed heavy and hot; with threats he ordained
That death to the traitor be dealt, without any favour or grace;
Then ordered his council convoked. His nobles and legal adepts
Arrived in response to his call, and he asked how the miscreant should
Be finally brought to account, who now had so guilty been shown.

As increasing complaints about Reynard were constantly being received,
Thus Grimbart the badger held forth: In this court of justice there are,
No doubt, a great number of lords who of Reynard but evil can think;
But still to a freeman's just rights must violence never be done.
A third time he summoned must be; when this has been legally done,
If he fail his appearance to make, the law may him guilty pronounce.
The monarch responded to this: I fear that of all there's not one
Who would a third summons convey to the crafty and treacherous knave;
For who has more eyes than he wants? And who is foolhardy enough
To endanger his limbs and his life, on account of this mutinous scamp?
To put to such hazard his health, and nevertheless at the end
Reynard fail to arrest? I can think not of one who would make the attempt.

The badger replied very loud: Lord King, if it please you to make
A demand such as this upon me, I at once will the errand perform,
Let it be whatsoever it may. Officially will you me send,
Or go I as if of myself? You have nothing to do but command.
The king thus assigned him the task: You may go! All the charges you've heard,

As they have together been brought; but go you with wisdom to work,
For he is a dangerous man. And Grimbart then said in reply:
This once I will venture the task, and hope that I yet shall him bring.
Thus started he off on the road towards Malepartus, the fort.
Reynard he found in the place with wife and with children, and said:
Uncle Reynard, I wish you good day! Full of learning and wisdom you are,
And judicious regarded as well: we are all with astonishment filled
That you the behest of the king disregard, I may say, even mock.
To you seems it not that the time has arrived? Received from all sides
Are constantly growing complaints and evil reports. I advise
That you with me come to the court; delay will no longer avail.
Already have many complaints been brought to the ears of the king,
And the summons I bring you to-day is the third that to you has been sent.
Surrender you not, condemned you will be; and then will the king
Hither his vassals conduct, and you will besiege, and reduce
Malepartus, this stronghold of yours; and thus will to ruin be brought
Your wife and your children and goods, and life you will certainly lose.
The king you can never elude, so the very best thing you can do

Is to travel with me to the court. Of cunning devices and turns
You never will want; you have them on hand yourself to get free.
For you have assuredly oft, yea, even when present in court,
Adventures encountered far greater than this, and always contrived
To come from them all with éclat, and leave your opponents disgraced.

Thus ended Sir Grimbart his speech and Reynard responded thereto:
Dear uncle, you counsel me well, that I put in appearance at court
In person my rights to defend. I earnestly hope that the king
Will grant me his grace; he knows of what service to him I can be,
And also is fully aware how much I am hated for this.
No court can be held without me. And had I yet ten times as much
Done amiss, still without hesitation I know that if I can succeed
Him to meet to his face and before him to plead, he will certainly find
The ire in his breast overcome. There are many, indeed, who attend
Our monarch day in and day out, and have in his council a seat,
But nought about these does he care; among the whole lot can be found
Neither reason nor sense. At every session, however, of court,

Wherever it is I may be the decree to my wisdom is left.
When monarch and nobles convene, in critical matters of state
To formulate prudent advice, it is Reynard who has it to find.
There are many who envy me this; and, alas, I must be on my guard,
For they've sworn to encompass my death, and the wickedest far of them all
Just now are together at court, which certainly gives me concern.
Over ten can I count, and mighty ones too, then how by myself
Can I such a number withstand? For this have I made such delay.
I think it, however, now well to accompany you to the court,
My suit at the bar to defend; this me greater honour will bring
Than through any slackness of mine my wife and my offspring to plunge
Into dangers and griefs without end; we every one should be lost,
For the king is too mighty for me, and be it whatever it may,
The same must I do so soon as commanded by him; we can try
To make with our enemies there some useful arrangement, perhaps.
Reynard then said to his wife: Look after the children I beg!
And more than of even the rest, take care of the youngest, Reinhart,
With his fine set of teeth in his dear little mouth; I hope that he will

His father's true image become; and here's Rossell, the
arch little rogue,
Who is just as endeared to my heart. For both of
the children, I beg,
Do the best that you can while I'm gone! I will it
you amply repay
Should I luckily come again back, and you to my
counsel give heed.
With this he departed from thence, attended by Grim-
bart, his friend;
Left Ermelyn there with both of her sons and hurried
away;
He left ill-provided his house, which made very anx-
ious his wife.

Not yet a short hour on the road had proceeded to-
gether the two
When Reynard to Grimbart thus spake: Dear nephew,
most worthy of friends,
To you I'm compelled to avow that I tremble all over
with fear;
I cannot myself get away from the bitter and terrible
thought
That verily I am pursuing the road to my death.
Thus I see
My sins all before me displayed, all ever committed
by me.
You cannot imagine the dread with which I now find
myself filled.
Pray let me confess, give ear to my words, for no other
priest
Can be hereabouts found, and if a clean breast I now
make of them all,
No worse on account of the same shall I stand in the
mind of my king.

Grimbart then said: First you must robbing and stealing give up,
All scandalous breaches of faith and other accustomed deceits,
Or confession will do you no good. I know it, responded the fox,
So let me begin on the spot, and you with attention give ear.

Confiteor tibi, Pater et Mater, that I on the cat,
The otter, and many besides right numerous antics have played,
I confess it and freely submit myself to the penance entailed.
Speak English, the badger replied, whereby I may know what you mean.
At this Reynard said: I cannot deny that I certainly have
Transgressed against all of the beasts at present existing on earth;
For instance, my uncle the bear, whom I caught in the limb of a tree,
Whose head was all covered with blood, and who was so wounded with blows.
Then Tybert I led after mice, but yet held him fast in a cord.
Very much he was forced to endure, and met with the loss of an eye.
So Henning with reason complained, for him of his children I robbed,
Both little and big as they came, and found them quite good to the taste.
I excepted not even the king, and manifold capers and tricks
With boldness I've played upon him, and too on his consort, the queen,

From which she but lately got well. And further I'm
bound to confess
That Isengrim have I, the wolf, with industry greatly
disgraced;
But time have I not the whole to relate. I always
him called
My uncle, but only in jest, for between us no kinship
exists.
Now once on a time, nearly six years ago, he came to
Elkmar,
When there in the convent I lived, to see me and ask
me for help,
Because he a notion had formed of becoming a monk;
he thought
It might be a profession for him; so gave a good pull
at the bell,
And greatly the ringing enjoyed. Thereon his front
paws I made fast
In the rope that was tied to the bell. He did not
demur, and, thus fixed,
He pulled and diverted himself, and seemed to be
learning the bells;
Yet could not, however, the art but a bad reputation
him bring,
For as stupid and crazy he rang, till all of the people
around
Collected with haste in dismay from every alley and
street,
For certain they felt that a grievous disaster had come
to the town.
They came and discovered him there, and before he
could even explain
His wish to embrace the clerical life, he was suddenly
caught
By the surging and furious crowd, and almost was
beaten to death.

Yet still did the fool in his purpose persist, and even implored
That I with due honour would see that a tonsure for him was procured;
I therefore had cut the hair on his crown and so thoroughly singed
That frizzled with heat was the skin and parched as a pea that is baked.
Thus often for him I prepared hard cuffs, severe kicks, and disgrace.
And I taught him the way to catch fish, which never do with him agree.
He followed me once to the border of France, when jointly we stole
To the house where a parson abode, the richest of all thereabouts.
This parson a storehouse possessed with a number of savoury hams;
Of bacon some long tender sides he kept there for curing as well,
And likewise a tubful of meat but recently placed in the brine.
Now Isengrim managed, at length, in the wall, which of stone was composed,
A hole of some measure to scratch, through which he might easily go.
I jogged him along at the work, his avarice also him urged;
But amid the profusion he found he could not restrain his desires,
But stuffed without measure himself, by reason of which did the cleft
Put a powerful curb on his much swollen frame and checked his return.
Oh! how he denounced the perfidious thing, that allowed him to pass

When hungry within, but would not permit him when
filled to go back!
Thereon in the village I raised a hubbub and outcry
so great
That soon I excited the folk to look for the trail of
the wolf;
Then ran to the clergyman's house, and came on him
having a meal,
Just as before him was placed a capon, young, tender,
and cooked
To a T, so upon it I swooped and carried it off in my
mouth.
Up jumped the good priest with a scream, and after me
tried to pursue,
And the table knocked over with all that was on it
to eat and to drink.
Catch and belabour him well; kick him out, cried the
furious priest,
Then cooled off his wrath in a pool that lay unobserved
in his way,
Wherein he now floundered full length; and people
rushed in crying: Strike!
At this I ran off from the place and after me all in
a crowd
Who to me the most venomous felt. The parson was
heard above all:
The bold and audacious thief! he took from my table
the fowl!
Then ran I as fast as I could until I arrived at the
barn,
And there, much against my desire, I let the bird slip
to the earth,
As I, to my grief, too heavy it found; and thus to the
crowd
I was lost, but the fowl was regained, and as the priest
raised it aloft

Became he aware of the wolf in the barn, and the crowd saw him too.
The father now called to them all: Come quickly and pummel him well;
To our hands has a different thief, a wolf, been delivered instead;
Away should he get, disgraced we should be, and truly would all
Be laughing at our expense from the east to the west of the land.
The wolf some hard thinking now did; upon him fell blows like the rain,
On his body in every part, and inflicted most torturing wounds.
All shouted as loud as they could, and the men who behind had been left
In a body together rushed up and felled him for dead to the earth.
He never, so long as he'd lived, had met with affliction so great;
If one should on canvas it paint, it very astounding would be
To notice how he the good priest repaid for his bacon and hams.
They bundled him out on the road and seized him and dragged him pell-mell
Through hedges and ditches and mud, till in him no life could be traced;
He made himself dirty and foul, and hence, with abhorrence and hate,
He out of the village was cast, and left in a deep filthy pool,
They thinking at last he was dead. In such ignominious swoon
I know not how long he remained, ere he conscious became of his woe;

And how after all he got off, that too have I never found out.
And yet not long since (it may be a year) he swore that to me
Ever faithful and true he would be, but this did not last very long.
Now why he did thus to me swear I was able with ease to conceive.
I came on him once when he wished his fill of some fowls to procure;
And, so as to play him a trick, I pictured with clearness and care
A beam upon which, as a rule, a cock in the evening would roost,
With seven fat hens at his side. I guided him then to the place,
In stillness and darkness of night, as twelve by the clock had been struck;
The sash of the window, I knew, was raised with a thin piece of wood,
And stood ready open for use, so in I pretended to go,
But then I surrendered my place, and my uncle I asked to go first,
And said: Proceed boldly within; on well-fattened hens you will come.
If you your fair lady would win, you must never faint-hearted become.
Very cautiously crawled he inside and groped with the greatest of care
Hither and thither about, and at length he indignantly said:
Oh, how you have led me astray! Of fowls, in good truth, I can find
Not a feather. I said: The birds that in front were accustomed to sit

Myself I have carried away, the others are further behind;
Without hesitation go on and mind that with caution you step.
The beam was undoubtedly small on which we so carefully walked,
Yet I kept him in front and myself well behind; then backwards I made
My way through the window again, and gave a good tug at the wood;
Down came the sash with a bang, and the wolf made a start of alarm;
In shaking he fell from the beam and came in a heap to the ground.
Now, affrighted, the people awoke, who all were asleep by the fire.
What fell in the window? they cried, in direst confusion and fear;
Without loss of time they arose; and, speedily lighting the lamp,
Him down in the corner they found, and struck him and polished his skin
To the fullest extent of their strength; it surprises me how he escaped.

Still further to you I confess, that I to Dame Greedimund oft
In secret have gone, and openly too. Now certainly that
Ought not to have ever occurred, and I wish I had left it undone,
For, live she as long as she may, her shame she will scarcely repair.

I now have confessed to you all that, endeavour as much as I may,
I am able to bring to my mind, and it heavily weighs on my soul.

Absolve me, I pray you, therefrom, and meekly be sure that I will
All penance perform to its end, no matter how much you impose.

Already to Grimbart 'twas known how he in such case should proceed;
He broke off a twig on the way, and said: Strike, uncle, yourself
Three times on the back with this twig, and then put it carefully down,
In the manner I show, on the earth, and as many times over it jump;
With meekness then kissing the twig yourself fitly dutiful show;
Such is the penance I lay upon you, and pronounce you from all
Your sins and all chastisements free and discharged. I fully forgive
You all in the name of the Lord, whatever it be you have done.

When Reynard the penance enjoined had duly performed to the end,
Then Grimbart most solemnly said: My uncle, let now in good works
Be clear your repentance to all; the psalms also read, and attend
The churches with zeal, and fast on the days appointed by law.
To him who may ask show clearly the way, and give to the poor
Without stint, and unto me swear your infamous life to forsake;
All plundering, robbing, and theft, seduction and treason avoid,

For certain it is that by this you alone will to mercy attain.
Then Reynard replied: I will do as you say, I pledge you my word.

Thus was the shrift at an end, and then they continued their way
To palace and court of the king; the saintly Grimbart and he
Then threaded a blackish and fertile expanse, where a convent they saw
On the right-hand side of the road, in which holy women engaged
In serving of God from morning to night, and kept in their yard
Of cocks a great number and hens and many fine capons as well,
Who wandered at times for their food a distance outside of the wall,
Where Reynard had called on them oft. So now unto Grimbart he said:
Our speediest way is to pass along by the side of this wall.
But set were his thoughts on the fowls, how they were out taking the air.
So there his confessor he led, till near to the birds they approached;
Then the scamp to and fro in his head set rolling his covetous eyes.
He was pleased above all with a cock, in splendid condition and young,
Which firmly he fixed in his eye, as he strutted astern of the rest;
Behind him he hastily sprang, and the feathers a-flying began.

Indignantly Grimbart reproved the shameful relapse of the fox:
Base nephew, behave you like this, and would you already again
Make a sinful attack on a fowl so soon after you have been shrived?
Such penitence seems to me fine! And Reynard to Grimbart replied:
Dear uncle, if even in thought I any such thing can have done,
Then pray unto God that he may in mercy forgive me the sin.
I gladly forbear and never will do so again. Then they went
Round about by the convent again to their road, and thus were obliged
To cross a diminutive bridge, and Reynard behind him cast eyes
A second time after the fowls; he could not himself keep in check;
Had any one cut off his head, without any question it would
Have flown in pursuit of the birds, so vehement was his desire.

Grimbart observed this and cried: Where let you, my nephew, your eyes
Again wend their way? Of a truth, an odious glutton you are!
Said Reynard, much pained, in reply: My uncle, you do me a wrong;
Do not so excited become, and disturb not, I beg you, my prayers,
But a paternoster allow me to say, for the souls of the fowls

And geese are in need of the same, as many as I fro
the nuns,
Those heaven-born women, have filched, by use of m
prudence and skill.
Grimbart said not a word, and the fox turned his hea
not away from the fowls
So long as in sight they remained. They manage
however, at length,
The road they had left to regain and began to dra
near to the court;
And as Reynard the castle observed, in which dwe
his master the king,
He inwardly troubled became, for the charges again
him were grave.

CANTO FOUR.

WHEN rumour got spread at the court that Reynard was coming indeed,
To see him all hurried outside, both noble and common alike,
And few of them friendly disposed; nearly all had complaints to prefer.
But Reynard undoubtedly thought that this no significance had;
At least so he carried himself, as with Grimbart the badger he came,
This moment, with boldness and grace, along through the principal street.
Courageous and calm, he advanced, as if, of a truth, he had been
Own son and true heir of the king, and free and devoid of all fault;
Yea! thus before Leo he stepped, and took in the palace his place
Right up in the midst of the lords; he knew how to feign unconcern.
Illustrious king and worshipful lord, he began to declaim,
Most noble and mighty you are, foremost in merit and rank;
I therefore you humbly entreat to hear me with justice to-day.
Of your Majesty's servitors all, not a soul more devoted than I
Has ever been found; this without hesitation I dare to maintain;

And many I know at the court, who would gladly
oppress me for that.
To me would your friendship be lost, if now, as my
enemies wish,
The lies they disseminate should, perchance, to you
credible seem.
But you, as is lucky for me, investigate every com-
plaint.
As fully accused as accusers you hear; and, though
they have told
Many falsehoods behind my back, yet tranquil I rest
and reflect
That well you my loyalty know, which brings persecu-
tion on me.
Be silent! responded the king, no prattle or fawning
will help;
Your iniquities din in our ears, and punishment now
you awaits.
Regard have you had for the peace, that I to the
beasts have proclaimed
And sworn to maintain? There stands the cock!
His children have you,
Malicious and treacherous thief, one after another
destroyed!
And for me the depth of your love, you wish, I pre-
sume, to evince
When you my authority spurn, and my servants so
grossly abuse!
The health of poor Tybert's destroyed, and by slow and
distressing degrees
Will the suffering bear get well of the wounds inflicted
by you.
But I will you not further reproach, for here are
accusers enough,
And acts that are proved to the hilt; you hardly this
time can escape.

Am I, most benevolent sire, for this to be guilty adjudged?
Reynard said. Do I incur blame if Bruin, with blood-covered crown,
Came limping again to you back? If he took the risk, and presumed
On Rüsteviel's honey to feed, and the half-witted peasants against
Him lifted their hands, yet still is he strong and enormous of limb.
If they blows and abuse on him cast, ere into the water he ran,
He could, as a vigorous man, the onset with ease have repelled.
And also, if Tybert the cat, whom I with due honour received
And treated as well as I could, from stealing could not himself keep,
But into the house of the priest, although I him faithfully warned,
Went sneaking when night had set in, and there made acquaintance with grief,
Have I retribution deserved because he behaved like a fool?
Too near to your princely crown, indeed, would the consequence lie!
With me, to be sure, you can deal in accord with your sovereign will,
And, clear as the case may appear, may give what decision you please,
Whether be it to weal or be it to woe the matter may tend.
If I'm to be roasted or boiled, if I'm to be blinded or hanged,
Or beheaded indeed, I am perfectly willing that so it be done.

We are all in the grasp of your power, completely are
we in your hands;
For you are majestic and strong; how then can the
helpless resist?
If you put me to death, by that, of a truth, very little
you gain.
Let happen, however, what may, I loyally yield to the
law.

Then Bellyn the ram began to remark: The time has
arrived
To advance our complaints. And then with his rela-
tives, Tybert the cat
And Bruin the bear, and a legion of beasts, Lord Isen-
grim came;
Also Baldwin the ass and Lampen the hare presented
themselves;
And Nidget the puppy appeared, with the bulldog
Rhyn and the doe,
Named Metke, with Herman the buck; and squirrel
and weasel, as well
As the ermine, were added thereto. Nor did either the
ox or the horse
Neglect to be there. Near by could be seen the beasts
of the chase,
Among them the stag and the roe; and Bockert the
beaver came too,
With marten and rabbit and boar; together they all
crowded in;
Bartolt the stork aud Pica the jay and Grusley the
crane
Came flying across with Tibke the duck and Alheid the
goose;
And others besides came hurrying in with their
troubles and woes.

Henning, the grief-stricken cock, with his children, now but a few,
Made bitter complaint; and hither there came without number the birds,
And a concourse so great of the beasts that no one could mention their names.
All made an attack on the fox, and hoped that his many misdeeds
They now into question might bring, and inflicted his punishment see.
In front of the monarch they pressed, with vehement, furious speech;
Charges on charges they heaped, and narratives ancient and new
Introduced. In one single sitting of court there never had been
Brought up to the throne of the king, so many complaints to be heard.
His place Reynard took and proceeded with skill his defence to conduct.
He began his address, and forth from his mouth the eloquent words
Of his justification outflowed, as if they were obvious truth.
He was master of what to present and what to say nothing about;
And his auditors all were amazed, and thought he was innocent shown.
He even had claims of his own to put in, and charges to make.
At length there rose up to their feet some genuine, trustworthy men,
Who posted themselves by the fox, against him their evidence gave,
And all of his wickedness clearly made known. That settled the case,

For then, with unanimous voice, the court of the king resolved
That Reynard the fox was worthy of death; that he should be seized,
Imprisoned and hanged by the neck, in order that he be compelled
For his infamous crimes to atone with an ignominious death.

Just now did Reynard himself consider the game as all up.
Not very much good had been done by his cunning harangue. The king
Pronounced sentence himself: and then was the criminal's pitiful end,
As him they imprisoned and bound, paraded in sight of his eyes.

As Reynard there stood, shackled according to sentence and law,
His foes were bestirring themselves to lead him at once to his death;
But his friends stood about in dismay, quite overcome with their grief,
Grimbart and Martin the ape, with others of kin to the fox.
The sentence with umbrage they heard, and all were more filled with regret
Than expected might be; for Reynard of barons was one of the chief:
And there he now stood, of all of his honours and offices stripped
And doomed to a shameful death. How now must the scene they surveyed

His kinsmen have cut to the quick! In a body together they took
Their leave of the king, and withdrew from the court, to the last that was there.

The monarch, however, it vexed, that so many knights should depart
From him thus. It now could be seen how great was the crowd of his kin
Who had gone, in their great discontent at Reynard's impending doom.
And thus did his Majesty speak to one of his trustiest friends:
Undoubtedly Reynard is vile; we must, for all that, bear in mind
That many relations he has, who cannot be spared from the court.

But Isengrim, Bruin, and Tybert the cat, all three of them were
About the poor captive at work; impatient the infamous death,
As awarded had been by the king, to execute now on their foe;
So hurriedly dragged him outside, and the gallows beheld from afar.
And now the tom-cat to the wolf began, in his fury, to speak:
Consider, Lord Isengrim, well, how Reynard once schemed in all ways,
And everything did that he could, and succeeded, too, in his hate,
On the gallows your brother to see. How joyously marched he along
With him to the place of his doom! Neglect not to pay him the debt.

And remember, Sir Bruin as well, how shamefully you
he betrayed,
Below there in Rüsteviel's yard, to the boorish and
furious clowns,
Male and female alike, and scurvily left you to wounds
and to blows,
And the shame thereupon that ensued, which now in
all regions is known.
Take care and your efforts unite, for if he escape us
to-day,
And freedom contrive to procure, by his wit and
insidious arts,
A time for our precious revenge will never be granted
again;
So let us make haste and avenge the wrongs he has
done to us all.

Then Isengrim said: What use are your words? Go,
bring me at once
A reliable cord; with that we will soon put him out
of his pain!
Thus spake they ill of the fox and journeyed along on
the road.

In silence heard Reynard their words; at length he,
however, began:
Since me you so bitterly hate, and thirst for a deadly
revenge,
I am greatly surprised that you seem not to know
how to bring it about!
Your Tybert is fully informed where a good trusty
rope may be found,
For he did it most carefully test, when into the house
of the priest
He thrust himself in after mice, and did not with
honour return.

But, Isengrim, you and the bear are making such terrible haste
Your uncle to bring to his end, of course you intend to succeed.

The monarch arose from his seat, with all the noblesse of his court,
The sentence to see carried out; and also was present the queen,
Who with the procession had come, by her ladies escorted in state;
And behind them a multitude flocked, composed of the poor and the rich,
All wishing for Reynard's decease, and hoping to see it take place.
Isengrim uttered meanwhile a word to his kinsmen and friends,
Exhorting them all to be sure compactly together to hold,
And keep on the manacled fox a steady and vigilant eye;
For they were in constant dread of the shrewd fellow's getting away.
The wolf, above all, commanded his wife: If you set any store
On your life, take heed to my words and help us the rascal to hold!
If he manage to get himself free, we all are involved in disgrace.
And further to Bruin he said: Bethink how he held you in scorn!
With usury now can you pay the whole of your debt to him back.
Tybert is able to climb, and above shall he fasten the rope.

You hold him and give me your help, and I will the ladder remove;
Then all, in a minute or two, with this knave will be brought to an end.
Said the bear: Put the ladder in place, and I will him certainly hold.

See now, Reynard said when they'd done, how exceedingly busy you are
In leading your uncle to death! I should think you would rather him guard
And protect; and, in his distress, would some little pity display;
I gladly for mercy would beg, but what should I profit by that?
Isengrim hates me o'ermuch; yea, even his wife he has told
To hold me and see to it well that the way of escape is cut off.
Should she but reflect on the past, then could she not injure me now;
But if I am doomed to be slain, I earnestly wish that it might
Be speedily done. My father too came into frightful distress,
But yet at the last it was quick. There attended, I know, at his death
Not quite such a number as here. If longer, however, you mean
Me to keep in suspense, then must it in truth redound to your shame.
Do you hear, said Bruin the bear, how boldly the vagabond talks?
Come on! String him up out of hand! The time for his end has arrived.

Earnestly now did Reynard reflect: Oh! could I but think,
At once, of some artifice new, to aid me in this urgent need,
Whereby might the king, in his grace, with clemency grant me my life,
And these, my implacable foes, all three, into shame might be thrown!
Of all let me think, and then must things shift for themselves, for here
Is in question my neck! Not a moment to lose! How shall I escape?
Evils of all kinds upon me are heaped. The king is displeased,
My friends are all melted away, and matters controlled by my foes.
I have rarely done anything good, and even the might of the king,
As well as his council's advice, have I truly but little esteemed.
I am guilty of much that is wrong, and yet my ill-luck have I hoped,
Each time, to avert. Had I but the chance to say a few words,
I surely should then not be hanged; I will not abandon the hope.

His back to the ladder he turned, with face to the people below,
And cried: Before me I see the grim figure of death, and can him
Not escape. And now from you all, as many as hear me, I beg
But a little extension of time, before I depart from the earth.

Indeed I should very much like to you my confession sincere
To publicly make for the last time on earth, and truly disclose
Whatever of harm I have done, so that to another, perchance,
May not, in the future, be laid this criminal action or that,
Till now unsuspected by you, but done under cover by me;
That I may thereby, at the last, much evil prevent, and may hope
That God, in his fulness of grace, will remember me now in my need.

A number to pity were moved, and one to another they said:
Small is the favour and short the reprieve. They petitioned the king,
And the king conceded their prayer. Then again did Reynard become
A little more lightsome of heart, and hoped for a happy result;
The granted occasion he turned to account, and as follows he spake:
Spiritus Domini, come to my aid! Not one do I see,
In all the vast concourse that's here, whom I have not sometime ill-used.
First, I was yet but a youngster small, and the breast of my dam
Had hardly forgotten to suck, when my passions I followed unchecked
Among the young lambs and the goats that, a distance apart from the flock,

At play were dispersed in the fields; their dear bleating voices I heard
Too gladly by far, as a craving I got for more delicate food,
And soon their acquaintance I made. One lambkin I slew with my teeth,
And drank up its blood; it tasted so good that I killed and devoured
Also four of the youngest goats, and thus further training obtained.
I exempted no kind of a bird, not a fowl, nor a duck nor a goose,
On which I might light, and have in the sand full many entombed,
When all that I harried to death I did not desire to consume.
It afterwards happened one winter to me, on the banks of the Rhine,
That Isengrim came I to know, who was lurking aback of the trees.
He assured me, without losing time, that I was a kinsman of his;
Indeed on his fingers he could the precise degrees of the tie
Call over to me. I gave my assent, an alliance we formed,
And each to the other engaged as trusty companions to roam.
Ah, many an evil thereby was I doomed to prepare for myself!
Together we went through the land; while he stole the big on our way,
And I stole the small. Whate'er we obtained was common to be;
But common indeed it was not, he parted it just as he chose;

A half I have never received. Yea, worse have I suffered than this;
If he managed a calf to purloin, or get for his booty a ram,
If I found him at table with more than enough, or consuming a goat
Just recently done to its death; if a buck in the grasp of his claws,
Despite of its struggles, was held, at me he would grin and look sour,
Till growling, he drove me away, my share to retain for himself.
It always turned out with me thus, no matter the size of the joint
He had got. Indeed, if to pass it should come that, in company, we
Should manage to capture an ox, or ourselves possess of a cow,
At once made appearance his wife and seven young cubs on the scene,
Who then would lay hold of the prey, and crowd me away from the meal.
Not even a rib could I get; so polished and dry were they gnawed,
That nothing like meat could be found; and I must contented appear.
But heaven, however, be praised, I suffered not hunger thereby.
From that splendid treasure of mine I kept myself privately fed,
By means of the silver and gold, that securely I keep in a place
Not easily found. Therein have I all I can want; for, in truth,
No wagon could bear it away, if it seven times went to the task.

The king paid attention thereto, as mention was made
of his wealth,
Inclined himself forward and asked: From whence
did it come to your hands?
Speak out and at once! The treasure I mean! And
then Reynard said:
This secret from you I will not conceal; what good
could it do?
For nought of these costly things with me can I take
when I go.
Since then you are pleased to command, I will all to
you truly relate;
For out it assuredly must; since, whether for evil or good,
A secret so weighty indeed could not be much longer
concealed;
For the treasure was stolen, forsooth. With oaths had
a number conspired
To kill you, beneficent king, and if, at the very same hour,
The treasure had not with prudence been moved, it
thus had occurred.
Take notice of this, gracious lord, for both your well-
being and life
On the treasure's security hung; and, alas, the purloin-
ing thereof
Made things with my father go hard; it led him, in
prime of his life,
The last dreadful journey to take; to eternal perdition,
perhaps;
But, merciful master, for you it all turned out for the
best.

Perplexedly listened the queen to all of this horrible tale,
The intricate, furtive design for depriving her consort
of life,
The treason, the treasure, and all that he had been tell-
ing about.

I caution you, Reynard, she cried, reflect! for about to embark
You are on the road to your home; repentant, disburden your soul;
Set forth the unvarnished truth and plainly the murder make known.
The king supplemented her words: Strict silence let every one keep!
Come, Reynard, again here below and step now up nearer to me,
Whereby I may hear what you say, for the matter concerneth myself.

Reynard, who saw through it all, took courage again, and the rounds
Of the ladder he quickly ran down, to the malcontents' heavy chagrin;
And himself, without more ado, by the king and his consort he placed,
Who earnestly tried to find out the meaning of all he had said.
He then set himself to make up some new and astonishing lies.
That I the good-will of the king and that of his consort, he thought,
Again could secure; and oh, that my cunning at once would prevail,
And render me able my foes, who me are conducting to death,
Themselves to destruction to bring; this me from all peril would save.
For me this would certainly be a blessing from out of the skies;
But lies without measure, I see, to carry my purpose I need.

Impatiently then did the queen to Reynard more questions propound;
Let us know, without any mistake, of what the whole matter consists.
The truth let us know, your conscience respect, disburden your soul!
Reynard responded thereto: I gladly will tell to you all.
Death alone is awaiting me now, and nothing can remedy that.
Should I, at the end of my life, my soul overburden with lies,
And eternal damnation incur, I should act as if out of my mind.
It is better for me to confess; and if, to my sorrow, I must
My cherished relations and friends arraign and put under a cloud,
How can I help it, alas! At hand are the torments of hell.

Already the king, as he listened intently to what had been said,
Full heavy at heart had become. He said: Are you telling the truth?
To his Majesty Reynard replied, with air for the purpose assumed:
I'm an infamous fellow, I know, yet now am I speaking the truth.
What good could I get by telling you lies? I should only myself
Everlastingly damn. You know very well, for so it's resolved,
I must die; I am now looking death in the face and lie will I not;

Neither evil nor good to me now can be of the slightest avail.
He shook as he uttered these words, and seemed on the verge of a swoon.

The queen then compassionate spake: I pity the anguish he feels;
Deign kindly upon him to look, I beg you, my lord, and reflect;
We both may be saved from much harm by this revelation of his.
The sooner the better that we the ground of his narrative find!
Strict silence enforce upon all, and let him straightforwardly speak.
Then issued the king his command, and all the assembly was still;
But Reynard uplifted his voice: If it please you, my gracious king,
Pray listen to what I shall say. Although my narration may chance
Without any notes to be made, yet exact you will find it and true;
The details you'll learn of the plot, and no one intend I to spare.

CANTO FIVE.

Now notice the cunning displayed, and see how the fox went to work
To hide his offences once more, and harm unto others to do.
Gratuitous lies he devised, yea, even his father defamed
On the further side of the grave; and the badger he grossly traduced,
His loyallest friend, who had so persistently come to his aid.
There was nothing he scrupled to say, by which his narration he thought
He might plausible make; that on his accusers he vengeance might take.

And this is the way he began: My father once had the good luck,
Not very long since, the wealth of King Emmrich, the mighty, to find
In a secret place; yet to him was the hoard of but little avail.
He gave himself airs on account of his wealth, esteeming no more
The beasts of his own degree, and his comrades of former times
Too little regarding by far; more notable friends he desired.
Tybert the cat he despatched to the wild hunting grounds of Ardennes,

Bruin the bear to seek out, to whom he should fealty swear,
And summon to Flanders forthwith, in order their king to become.

When Bruin the writing had read, its import him heartily pleased:
Untiring and bold he pursued his way on to Flanders in haste,
For with something like this had his mind already for long been engaged.
Arriving, he found my father on hand, who hailed him with joy,
And at once off to Isengrim sent, and likewise to Grimbart, the sage;
The four put together their heads, discussed and perfected their plans,
And not far away was a fifth, namely Tybert, the cat. Near at hand
Lay a village which Iste is called, and this was the actual place,
A spot between Iste and Ghent, where jointly the plot they discussed
The whole of a long cloudy night, which kept their assemblage concealed.
With God met they not, for my father, the devil more rightly to say,
Them totally had in his power, with his damnable treasure of gold.
They resolved on the death of the king, and one to the other they swore
An alliance eternal and firm, and then did the five take their oath
In conjunction on Isengrim's head, that unitedly they would select

Bruin the bear for their king; and at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the throne,
With aid of the golden crown, the realm to him firmly secure.
This having been done, if by one of the king's relations or friends
Resistance thereto should be made, my father was him to convince
Or tempt with a bribe; and, failing in that, to eject him at once.
I happened to learn of the scheme, for Grimbart one morning himself
Full merrily drunken had got, and garrulous had become.
Thus went the fool home to his wife and gave the whole secret away;
Then silence upon her enjoined, thus thinking the matter to mend.
Very soon after this had occurred, my wife she encountered, and her
Must she, by a sacred oath, in the regal trinity's name,
Pledge on her honour and faith that, whether come evil or good,
To no one a word would she tell; and then she made known to her all.
In like manner too, has my wife as little her promise observed,
For, soon as she found where I was, she told to me all she had heard;
And gave me, moreover, a sign, whereby the full truth of the tale
I with ease recognised; yet through it I've only more evil incurred.
It reminded me well of the frogs, the continual croaking of whom
Ascended, at length, to the ears of our Lord in the heavens above.

They, wishing the rule of a king, were willing to live
in restraint,
After having their freedom enjoyed in all the domains
of the earth.
Their petition was granted by God; he sent them as
monarch the stork,
Who steadily hates and maltreats and allows them no
peace to enjoy.
As a fiend he himself to them bears; and wailing the
fools are to-day,
But ah, it's too late! The king has them now alto-
gether subdued.
Reynard to all of the crowd spoke at the top of his
voice;
All could well hear what he said; and thus he con-
tinued his speech:
Observe! My fears were excited for all, lest so it
should turn.
Your highness, I looked out for you and hoped for a
better reward.
Of Bruin's intrigues I'm aware, and the villainous turn
of his mind,
As also his many misdeeds; and the worst I provided
against.
Should he become king, we all to destruction together
should go.
Our king is of noble descent, and mighty and gracious
he is,
I privately thought; a mournful exchange indeed it
would be,
A dull, good-for-nothing, unprincipled bear to exalt in
this way.
I studied it over for weeks, and tried the whole plot to
defeat.
To me it was clear above all that, if in the hands of
my sire

The treasure continued to be, he then could large forces collect,
And surely the game he would win, while we of our king should be shorn.
My care was now centred on this: to search and discover the spot
Wherein was the treasure concealed, and stealthily take it away.
Should my father run off to the field, or the crafty old fellow depart
To the forest, by day or by night, in frost or in tropical heat,
In sunshine or rain, I was always behind and tracking his steps.

Once as I lay in the earth hidden with care and with thoughts
Of how I the treasure could find, so much about which I had learned,
Then and there I my father espied, as out of a cranny he stole;
Among the stones he advanced, and up from below he emerged.
In silence I kept myself hid; he thought he was all by himself,
Scanned the whole field of his view and then, as he no one perceived,
In the distance or near, his game he began, and you shall it learn.
Again he put sand in the hole, and skilfully made it agree
In level and looks with the rest of the ground. No one, who had not
Seen it done, could possibly know it was there. And step after step

As he went, he saw that the spot upon which he had
planted his feet
Should over and over again be thoroughly brushed
with his tail;
And then did away with his trail by raking about with
his mouth.
In this my first lesson I took from my wily old father
that day,
Who versatile was in dodges and tricks and pranks of
all kinds.
This having been done, he hurried away to his task,
and I thought
The princely treasure, perhaps, may be in the neighbour-
hood kept.
I quickly stepped up to the place, and promptly
proceeded to work;
And the rift, in a very short time, I managed to pierce
with my paws.
Then crept I impatiently in, and heaps of things price-
less I found,
Of the finest of silver a store and gold that was red;
of a truth
Has never the oldest one here his eyes such a hoard
laid upon.
Myself I now set to my task with the aid of my wife;
we dragged
And we carried by day and by night; we had neither
barrow nor cart;
Much labour it therefore entailed and many an hour of
fatigue.
Faithfully held Dame Ermelyn out, and we managed
at length
To get all the jewels in safety away and conveyed
to a place
That to us more suitable seemed. Meanwhile kept my
father himself

Daily in contact with those who our king were in
league to betray.
Now what they resolved you shall hear and greatly
amazed you will be.

Straight Bruin and Isengrim sent to many departments
and lands
Patents the hirelings to call, who were ordered in
numbers to come
And promptly themselves to report; then Bruin their
posts would assign,
And even indulgently give the fellows their pay in
advance.
My father then traversed the lands displaying the
letters he had,
Sure of his treasure that still, he thought, in its hiding-
place lay.
But now it had so come about that, if he, with all of
his friends,
Had ever so thoroughly searched, they would not
a penny have found.
For him was no labour too great, and nimbly his way
he pursued
Through every land to be found between the Elbe and
the Rhine.
Many hirelings he'd already found, and many another
he gained,
For money was able to lend an emphasis strong to his
words.

At length did the summer arrive, and now did my
father return
To his fellow conspirators back. Then had he of
sorrows and want

And terrible woes to relate, especially how he almost
His life down in Saxony lost, as among the castles he roamed,
Where huntsmen with horses and hounds him daily pursued, insomuch
That barely made he his escape, and then with his pelt scarcely whole.

Arriving, he joyfully showed the four arch-traitors the list
Of the comrades that he had secured by means of his pledges and gold.
Bruin rejoiced at the news, as the five in conjunction it read.
Its import was this: Twelve hundred of Isengrim's relatives bold,
With ravenous mouths and sharp-set teeth in their heads, were to come,
And the cats and the bears besides were all for Sir Bruin assured.
The gluttons and badgers as well, Thuringian and Saxon, would come;
Collected, however, they were on this understanding alone,
That pay for a month in advance should be had. Then all in return
Forward would come in their might as soon as command was received.
God be eternally thanked that I on their schemes shut the door.

Now, after my father had seen to all that demanded his care,
He hurried away to the fields, to look on the treasure once more;

Then first his affliction began, he burrowed and sought and explored,
Yet the longer he scraped the less he could find. Of no earthly use
Was the trouble he took on himself and his inconsolable grief,
For the treasure was now far away, 'twas nowhere at all to be found.
And then, out of anger and shame — how horribly plagues me the thought,
By day as well as by night — my father himself went and hanged.

All this was accomplished by me, the infamous deed to prevent;
And now me but evil it brings, yet I do not repent what I did.
But the covetous Bruin and Isengrim have, by the side of the king,
Their seats in his council assigned. And Reynard, poor fellow, how thou
Art thanked in the opposite way for having, the king to preserve,
Thine own loving father destroyed! Where else is there one to be found,
Who ruin would bring on himself, just merely your life to prolong?

Meanwhile had the king and the queen their hands on the treasure to get
The greatest cupidity felt; aside they withdrew and the fox
Invited to them, in private to talk, and hastily said:

Speak! Where have you this wealth! That is the
thing we would know.
Reynard then said in reply: To me of what use would
it be,
To show the magnificent goods to the king, who me
has condemned?
Too much he confides in my foes, the vicious assassins
and thieves,
Who cumber him down with their lies, in order my
life to obtain.
No, no! interjected the queen, thus shall it not come
to pass!
My lord will accord you your life, and all that is past
will forgive;
He will harbour his anger no more. In future, how-
ever, you must
More prudence display, and loyal and true remain to
the king.

Reynard said: My lady and queen, if you with the
king can prevail,
His troth in your presence to give that he will me par-
don once more,
That he all my crimes and misdeeds, and all the re-
sentment that I
In him have unhappily roused, will for ever efface from
his mind,
You then may rest fully assured no king of our time
shall possess
Such vastness of wealth as shall he, through my fidel-
ity, gain.
The treasure is great; when I show you the place,
surprised you will be.
Confide in him not, said the king, it is only when he
of his thefts,

His lies, and his robberies tells, that one can him thoroughly trust;
For a greater liar than he has certainly never drawn breath.

To this said the queen in reply: It is true that his life hitherto
Hath little of confidence earned; at present, however, reflect
That his uncle, the badger himself, and his own loving father as well,
This time he has called to account, and made their iniquities known.
If so he desired he could let them alone, and of different beasts
These stories of his could relate: he would not so stupidly lie.

Is that your idea? responded the king; if you think it may turn
In reality out for the best, so that evil still greater may not
Therefrom be derived, I will do as you say, and these criminal acts
Of Reynard will take on myself, with all his nefarious deeds.
I will trust him this once, but never again, let him bear that in mind!
To him on my crown I will swear an inflexible oath, that, if he,
In future, shall lie or transgress, he shall it for ever repent,
And that all who to him are of kin, be it only the tenth degree,

Shall atone it whoever they are, and none from my wrath shall escape;
With evil and shame shall they meet and ruthless pursuit of the law.

When finally Reynard beheld how quickly the mind of the king
Was changing, he mustered up courage and said: Would I like a fool
Myself, gracious monarch, conduct and stories presume to relate,
Whose truthfulness cannot be shown in a very few days, at the most?

The king then believed what he said and pardon he granted for all;
His father's high treason the first, and then Reynard's own evil deeds;
And the latter was now overwhelmingly pleased. At an opportune time
Was he from the might of his foes and his own wretched destiny freed.
Most noble of monarchs and lords, Reynard began then to say,
May God, in his mercy, reward both you and your consort for all
That you unto me, the unworthy, have done; I will keep it in mind,
And, long as eternity lasts, will my gratitude constantly show.
In all the dominions and states of the earth there assuredly lives
Not a person now under the sun, to whom this magnificent wealth
I would rather transfer than just to you two. What is there of grace

That I, at your hands, have not had? For that will I willingly give
King Emmerich's treasure to you, exactly as he it possessed.
I now will explain where it is, and truth I will honestly speak.

Attend! To the eastward of Flanders a desert exists, and in that
Lies a thicket alone, which is Hüsterlo called, take note of the name!
Beyond is a spring that is Krekelborn named; now bear you in mind
That not far apart are the two. Within this vicinity comes
Not a woman or man, from beginning to end of the year. Here abides
Nought but the bat and the owl, and here I the treasure concealed.
As Krekelborn known is the place; this note and make use of the sign.
With only your consort proceed to the place, for there certainly is
Not a soul that's sufficiently safe to send as a messenger there,
And very great harm would result; I could not it dare to advise.
Alone you must go to the spot. When Krekelborn you shall have passed,
You two little birches will see; and one, now attend, will be found
Not very far off from the brook; thus, gracious king, you will go
Unhindered and straight to the trees; beneath them the treasures lie hid.

You need only burrow and scrape; first moss you will find at the roots,
And then you'll discover at once the richest and costliest gems,
In gold most artistic and fine, and also King Emmerich's crown.
If Bruin had had his desire, then he would be wearing it now.
Decorations in number you'll find and jewels of brilliance and worth,
And trinkets of gold, which now are not made, for who could them buy?
This wealth when you see, gracious king, as there all together it lies,
Of one thing indeed I am sure, in thought you will honour me then.
Reynard, you honest old fox, you will think, who so prudently hid
These treasures up under the moss, prosperity always be thine,
In what place soever thou art! Thus did the hypocrite speak.

To this said the king in reply: You must me attend when I go,
For how, if alone, shall I light on the spot? Of Aix-la-Chapelle,
Without any doubt, I have heard, and London and Paris as well,
And Cologne; but Hüsterlo's name I never once heard in my life,
And of Krekelborn too may the same be observed; must then I not fear
That lies you are telling again and coining these names in your head?

Unhappy was Reynard to hear the circumspect words of the king,
And he said: Where I you direct is not so far off as if you
Were told at the Jordan to seek. Why look at me still with distrust?
To what I have said I adhere, that all can in Flanders be found.
Let us ask some of these; another, perhaps, may endorse what I say.
Krekelborn! Hüsterlo! Thus did I say, and these are their names.
And then he called out to the hare, but Lampen in terror held back.
Then Reynard exclaimed: Come, don't be afraid! The king only asks
That you, by the oath of allegiance you recently took, will tell
Him nought but the truth; so out with it now, provided you know,
And say, where does Hüsterlo stand and Krekelborn too? Let us hear.

Lampen said: That can I easily tell. In the desert they stand,
The one from the other not far. The inhabitants Hüsterlo call
That thicket where bandy-legg'd Simonet long continued to dwell,
Counterfeit money to make, with his daring companions in crime.
Greatly at that very spot I suffered from hunger and cold,
When I from the bulldog Rhyn in direst distress had to fly.

At this Reynard said to the hare: To the others again
you may go,
Among them resuming your place; enough to the
king you have told.
The king then to Reynard remarked: Be not discon-
tented with me,
Because I impatient have been and harboured a doubt
of your word;
But see to it now, without fail, that me you conduct to
the place.

Reynard spake: How happy myself I should prize,
were it fitting to-day
For me to go forth with the king, and him into Flan-
ders attend;
But for you it would count as a sin. In spite of the
shame that I feel,
Yet out it must come, though gladly I'd keep it still
longer concealed.
Our Isengrim, some time ago, himself got ordained as a
monk,
Not at all that the Lord he might serve, his belly's the
god he obeys;
The convent he almost consumed; at eating he's
reckoned as six,
So all was for him not enough; he whined about
hunger and grief.
It moved me to pity at last, when I saw him so thin
and unwell,
And I faithfully gave him my help, for he's a near
kinsman of mine.
But I, for the aid that I gave, the ban of the Pope
have incurred,
And now, without any delay, I would, with your
knowledge and leave,

Commune all alone with my soul, and to-morrow, at rise of the sun,
For grace and indulgence to sue, would start as a pilgrim to Rome,
And thence I would over the sea; and thus bring about that my sins
Be from me all taken away; and should I come back to my home,
I with honour may go at your side; if I did so, however, to-day,
The world would be sure to remark: How is it our monarch again
With Reynard is seen, whom not long ago to death he condemned,
And who, in addition to that, is under the ban of the Pope!
My lord, you will certainly see, 'twere better to leave it undone.
Responded the king: Very true, to me that of course was unknown.
If you are proscribed by the Church, to take you would be a disgrace.
Either Lampen or somebody else can accompany me to the spring.
But, Reynard, that you from the ban are trying to get your release,
I look on as useful and good, and graciously give you my leave
To-morrow betimes to set out; I will not your pilgrimage stay.
For seems it to me that you wish from evil to good to return.
May God your intention approve and let you the journey complete!

CANTO SIX.

In this way was Reynard again to favour received by the king.
And now stepped his Majesty out to some rising ground that was near,
And, speaking up there on a stone, he bade the assemblage of beasts
Keep silence, and down in the grass, according to birth and degree,
To settle themselves; and Reynard stood up by the side of the queen.

The king, overlooking the crowd, began with much caution to speak:
Be silent and hearken to me, ye birds and ye beasts who are here,
Alike both the rich and the poor; yea, hearken, ye great and ye small.
My lords and acquaintances all, of household as well as of court,
Reynard is here in my power; you were thinking, a short time ago,
He ought to be hanged, but now such a number of secrets at court
He's revealed, that him I believe, and advisably mercy to him
Again I vouchsafe. In addition to this has my consort, the queen,

With earnestness pleaded for him, and I in his favour
am moved,
Forgiveness have fully bestowed, and on him his goods
and his life
Have freely conferred; henceforward my peace him
shields and protects.
Now all who together are here, are ordered, so long as
you live,
That Reynard, his children and wife, you honour shall
everywhere show,
Wherever, by day or by night, you chance them in
future to meet;
Moreover, of Reynard's affairs no further complaint
will I hear.
If he any evil has done, that belongs to the past; and
his ways
He will mend, as indeed he's begun, for early to-
morrow he takes
His staff and his knapsack to go as a reverent pilgrim
to Rome,
And thence will he over the sea; and never again will
come back
Until he remission complete of all his misdeeds has
obtained.

Now Tybert, with rage, upon this to Bruin and Isen-
grim turned;
Our trouble and pains are now lost, he exclaimed. I
would that were I
Far from here! If Reynard has been once again into
favour received,
All arts that he knows he will use to bring us all
three to an end.
Already one eye have I lost, and now for the other I
fear!

Good counsel is dear, responded the bear, that is plain to be seen.
Then Isengrim said in return: The thing is so queer that it's best
To go straight away to the king. With Bruin he sullenly walked
At once to the king and the queen; and Reynard severely denounced,
With pungency speaking and loud. The king interrupted them thus:
You surely could hear what I said? I've him newly to favour received.
The king uttered this in a rage, and had in a twinkling the two
Captured, imprisoned, and bound; for well he remembered the words
That he from Reynard had heard concerning their traitorous acts.

Thus in the space of an hour had matters with Reynard become
Most thoroughly changed. Himself he'd got free, and into disgrace
His accusers had come; he even knew how, in his spite, to procure
That off from the back of the bear a piece of his hide should he cut,
A foot in its length and its width, that a wallet for him on the road
Provided might be; so seemed as a pilgrim but little to want;
But still he entreated the queen to furnish him also with shoes,
And said: Gracious lady, you own that I am your pilgrim just now,

Then give me your help, I implore, that I may my journey complete.
Now four useful shoes has the wolf; it surely were nothing but just
That he with a pair should dispense, for me on my journey to wear;
These get, gracious lady, for me, by means of his lordship, the king.
Dame Greedimund also could spare a couple of hers for my use,
For she, as a housewife, is forced to live almost wholly indoors.

This claim was regarded as just by the queen. They assuredly can
Each of them part with a pair, she graciously said in reply.
Reynard was thankful for this, and said with a rapturous bow:
If four solid shoes I acquire, I will surely no longer delay.
All the good that I presently may, as a pilgrim, be able to do,
You surely shall equally share, both you and our merciful king.
On a pilgrimage we are compelled to make supplication for all
Who us have in any way helped. May God then your goodness reward!

Thus did Sir Isengrim have from his two front paws to resign,
Far up as his ankles, his shoes; and then a like fate must his wife,
Dame Greedimund, also endure, for she had her hind ones to lose.

In this manner both had to lose the skin and the claws of their feet,
And together with Bruin they lay, mournfully waiting for death;
But the hypocrite, having obtained the wallet and shoes as desired,
Went hither and flaunted his jeers; at Greedimund worse than the rest.
My love, my own darling, he said, just give but a glance and observe
How splendidly fit me your shoes; I hope that they also will wear.
Great effort already you've made, my ruin, perchance, to achieve,
But I too have exerted myself, and my labour has met with success.
If you your enjoyment have had, so my turn at length it is now;
But this is the uniform rule, and one must learn how to submit.
As now I proceed on my road, my cherished relations I can
Remember with thanks. You me have a present of shoes kindly made,
A deed you shall never regret; whatever indulgence I gain
You surely shall share when I fetch it from Rome and over the sea.

Dame Greedimund lay in such pain, that scarcely the strength she retained
To utter a word, yet roused herself up and said with a groan:
In order to punish our sins, God allows all with you to succeed.

Still Isengrim said not a word, but together with Bruin
lay still;
They both were unhappy enough, in bondage and
covered with wounds,
And now set at nought by their foe. Tybert, the cat,
was not there,
And Reynard was anxious enough to put him in hot
water as well.

The hypocrite busied himself, at morn of the following
day,
In rubbing with tallow and oil the shoes that his kins-
men had lost;
And now, making haste to present himself to the king,
he observed:
Your dutiful servant's prepared on his sacred mission
to start;
Pray now of your mercy command the priest of your
Majesty's court,
A blessing on me to bestow, that I full of hope may
depart;
And thus approbation divine on my going and coming
secure.
The ram by the monarch had been his imperial chap-
lain ordained,
He also had charge of religious affairs, he too by the
king
Was used as a scribe, and Bellyn was named. Then
had he him called
And said: I desire that at once a few holy words
shall be read
Over Reynard awaiting you here, him now on the
journey to bless,
That he has in view; he is going to Rome and the
water will cross;

The wallet upon him suspend, and give him the staff
in his hand.
And thereupon Bellyn replied: You have, my lord
king, I presume,
Discovered that Reynard, as yet, has not been released
from the ban;
Should only I do as you wish, I should wrath from
my bishop incur,
Who about it would easily learn, and me to chastise
has the power.
To Reynard indeed will I do not a thing, either evil or
good;
If settled the matter could be, and certainly would not
thereto
The bishop, Lord Lackland, object; or possibly angry
thereat,
The provost, Sir Wanton, become, or indeed Rapiamus
the dean,
My blessing I gladly would give, as now I am ordered
by you.

And thus responded the king: What mean these
evasions and shifts?
Many words you compel us to hear, but back is there
little enough.
If you over Reynard will read not a thing either evil or
good,
The devil I'll ask it to do. What's church or the
bishop to me?
Reynard would journey to Rome! Of that would you
stand in the way?
With anxiety Bellyn began to scratch at the back of
his ears;
He feared the ill-will of his king, and over the pilgrim
at once

Still Isengrim said not a word, but together with Bruin lay still;
They both were unhappy enough, in bondage and covered with wounds,
And now set at nought by their foe. Tybert, the cat, was not there,
And Reynard was anxious enough to put him in hot water as well.

The hypocrite busied himself, at morn of the following day,
In rubbing with tallow and oil the shoes that his kinsmen had lost;
And now, making haste to present himself to the king, he observed:
Your dutiful servant's prepared on his sacred mission to start;
Pray now of your mercy command the priest of your Majesty's court,
A blessing on me to bestow, that I full of hope may depart;
And thus approbation divine on my going and coming secure.
The ram by the monarch had been his imperial chaplain ordained,
He also had charge of religious affairs, he too by the king
Was used as a scribe, and Bellyn was named. Then had he him called
And said: I desire that at once a few holy words shall be read
Over Reynard awaiting you here, him now on the journey to bless,
That he has in view; he is going to Rome and the water will cross;

And wait on a stretch of the way. In the meantime
in prison remained
Poor Bruin and Isengrim both, lamenting their pain
and disgrace.

In this way had Reynard again of the love and esteem
of the king
Come into possession complete; he went in great
honour from court,
And seemed, with his wallet and staff, to be off to the
tomb of our Lord;
Having there just as little to do as a May-pole in Aix-
la-Chapelle.
But otherwise far was his aim. He had made a
successful attempt,
With a flaxen beard and a waxen nose, whatever by
that may be meant,
His monarch completely to hoax; and all his accusers
were forced
To follow him now as he went, and him with respect to
attend.
But he could not relinquish his tricks, and said, upon
taking his leave:
My lord, be you well on your guard, that now the two
renegades there
Do not have a chance to escape, but keep them in
prison well bound;
Desist they would not, if at large, from shameful and
treacherous deeds.
Pray do not forget, noble king, that your life would in
jeopardy be.

So went he along on his road, with countenance calm
and devout,
With guise unaffected and grave, as if any other were
strange.

At this did the monarch again himself to his palace betake,
And followed him all of the beasts. Obeying the order he gave,
They Reynard attended no more than a very short distance away.
And carry himself did the scamp in a manner so joyless and sad,
That many a good-natured man to pity had found himself moved;
And Lampen the hare was especially grieved. Are we now compelled,
Dear Lampen, the villain remarked, to bid to each other adieu?
I would that your pleasure it were, you and dear Bellyn the ram,
To travel with me on my road a little bit further to-day!
By doing so you would confer the greatest of favours on me,
For pleasant companions you are, and good honest people withal;
Of you only good is e'er said, and honour to me would it bring.
You are saintly and moral of life, and live just precisely the same
As I, when a hermit, did live; content are you ever with herbs,
Are wonted with grasses and leaves your hunger to still, and you ask
Not either for bread or for meat, or other things special to eat.
Thus was he able with praise the two little weaklings to fool;
And both went together with him, till up to his dwelling they came

And saw Malepartus the fort, and Reynard remarked to the ram:
You, Bellyn, outside here remain; the herbs and the grasses you can
Here relish as much as you please; these mountainous regions produce
Vegetation abundant and rare, wholesome and good to the taste.
Within I'll take Lampen with me; now beg him, I pray, to console
My wife, who in sadness is plunged, and who, upon coming to find
That I, as a pilgrim, am going to Rome, will be in despair.
Sweet words brought the fox into use, in order the two to deceive.
Lampen then led he within, and found his disconsolate wife
There lying with both of her cubs, with grief in excess overcome.
For hope she had quite given up that Reynard would ever again
Return from the court, and now she him saw with wallet and staff,
Which almost miraculous seemed. She said to him: Reinhart, my dear,
Pray tell me, how fared it with you, and what have you had to go through?
And he said: I guilty was found, and even imprisoned and bound,
But merciful turned out the king, and again, after all, set me free;
And I, as a pilgrim, came off, leaving behind as my bail
Bruin and Isengrim both. Thereafter the king, of his grace,

For atonement, gave Lampen to me; to do with him just as we will.
For thus said the king at the last, in the justice of his decree:
Lampen it was who made the complaint; thus truly has he
Infinite punishment earned, and now shall he answer for all.
Lampen was struck with dismay at the menacing words of the fox,
And, puzzled, himself tried to save by hurrying out of the house.
Reynard blocked up his way to the door, and quickly the murderer seized
The poor wretched thing by the throat, who, loud and with horror, for help
Cried: Help me, O Bellyn, or I am undone! The pilgrim, indeed,
Is murdering me! His cry was, however, not long; for his throat
Had Reynard apace bitten through. And thus he entreated his guest.
Come now, he exclaimed, and let us eat fast, for fat is the hare,
And good to the taste. At present, indeed, for the very first time,
Is he of some use, silly fool! I promised him this long ago.
But now it is past, and now may the traitor his charges produce.
Then Reynard at once set to work with his children and wife, and they tore,
Full quickly, the skin from the hare, and an excellent dinner enjoyed.
To the vixen delicious it was, and again and again she exclaimed:

Thanks to the king and the queen, by whose condescension we have
Obtained this magnificent feast. May God them reward for the deed!
Keep eating, said Reynard to her, enough for the present is that;
To-day let us all have our fill; much more I'm expecting to get,
For all, at the last, shall be forced to fully adjust their accounts,
Who Reynard presume to accost, with intention of doing him harm.

Dame Ermelyn said upon this: How was it you came, I would ask,
To get yourself out of their hands? Thereto he replied: Many hours
I should need, were I to relate with how much adroitness the king
I twisted about as I would, and him and his consort befooled.
I will not between us deny that slender indeed is the love
That exists between me and the king, and not very long to endure.
When he the whole truth ascertains, he fiercely indignant will be;
If he get me again in his power, nor silver nor gold will avail
Me to save; he certainly will me pursue and try to arrest.
I then can no mercy expect, that know I as well as can be;
Unhanged will he not let me go, so let us get out of his way.

Let us flee to the Swabian hills, there is nobody knowing us there;
We'll walk in the ways of the land, and find, if but God give us help,
A plenty of savoury food and abundance of all that is good.
Chickens and geese, and rabbits and hares, and sugar and dates,
And figs and raisins and birds of every species and size;
And there all the bread that is used is seasoned with butter and eggs.
The water is limpid and pure, the air is delightful and clear;
Of fish can a plenty be caught, entitled Galline, while some,
Pullus and Gallus and Anas are called; who can them all name?
These fish I enjoy very much; and even to catch them one need
Very deep in the water not plunge; I always them greatly enjoy.
When there I would pass for a monk. Yes, dear little wife, if we wish
At last to be free, we must hence, for you must accompany me.

Now understand well what I say! The king has permitted me now
To go free because of my lies concerning mysterious things.
King Emmerich's glorious hoard I promised for him to procure,
And said that it over at Krekelborn lay; if thither they go

To seek it, alas, they will find both one and the other not there!
In vain will they dig in the earth; and lo! when our monarch shall find
Himself in this manner beguiled, then frightful his fury will be.
For what I invented as lies, before I away from him got,
You can think. For me of a truth next door to a hanging it came;
I was never in bitterer plight, nor ever in greater dismay;
Indeed, I should never desire again in such danger to be.
In short, let happen what may, myself I will never permit
To go any more to the court, and thus to the power of the king
My life to surrender again; it needed the greatest of skill,
My thumb, by the sweat of my face, from out of his mouth to extract.
Then, troubled, Dame Ermelyn said: What profit thereby shall we gain?
Wretched and strange shall we be in every country but this.
Here all we can wish we possess. You master remain of your serfs.
And do you so terribly need new risks and adventures to seek?
Remember this truth: In order to follow the bird in the bush,
The bird in the hand to release is neither sagacious nor wise.
We here can live safely enough! Why, look at our citadel's strength!

If the king with his army beleaguer us here, or even resolve
The road with his forces to hold, we still such a number possess
Of loopholes and passages bid, that we can in safety effect
Our escape; but you know it better than I, so why do I speak?
For him by main force to attempt to get us again in his hands,
Work without measure will take, and troubles me not in the least.
But for you to have taken a vow to leave me for over the sea,
That worries me much. It stuns me almost. What good could it do?

Dear woman, afflict yourself not, said Reynard to her in reply.
Just listen to me and note what I say: far better forsworn
Than of life to be shorn! Thus said to me once at confession a sage:
An oath of compulsion is nought. Not a snap of the finger care I
For any such trifle as that! I speak of the oath, understand.
It then shall be done as you say, and I will continue at home.
But little I have, of a truth, to look for in Rome, and if I
Myself by ten pledges had bound, I should never Jerusalem see;
I mean to remain with you here, as is certainly most to my mind;

Other places I do not regard as better than that which
I have.
If mischief the king will me do, then calmly I must it
await;
He is strong and too mighty for me, yet possibly I
may succeed
In duping him yet once again, and slipping the harle-
quin's cap
Over his ears with its bells. He shall, if I live long
enough,
Find matters far worse than he wants; of that I will
give him my oath.

Impatiently Bellyn began to grumble outside of the
door:
Do you, Lampen, not mean to depart? Come now
and let us be gone!
His call Reynard heard and hurried outside, and there
to him said:
My dear, Lampen earnestly begs that you will accept
his regrets,
He is happy within with his aunt, and thinks you will
not grudge him that.
Go on very slowly ahead, for his aunt, Mistress
Ermelyn, will not,
This instant, permit him to leave; their pleasure you
would not disturb.

Then Bellyn responded in turn: An outcry I heard;
what was that?
Lampen I heard; and he called to me: Help! O
Bellyn, come help!
Have you any harm to him done? Then Reynard
judiciously said:

Do not misconceive what I say; I spoke of the journey I've vowed,
And then was my wife overcome, it seemed she was ready to faint;
There befell her a deathly affright, as if in a swoon she appeared.
Now Lampen this saw with alarm, and, in his distraction, he cried:
Come help me, O Bellyn, I beg! Oh, tarry not long from my aid!
My aunt will never, I'm sure, again to me living come back.
So far as I know, Bellyn said, it was terror that made him call out.
Not a hair of his body is hurt, protested the villain with oaths;
I would very much rather that harm to me, than to Lampen, occur.
Reynard then said: Did you hear? But yesterday bade me the king,
As soon as I got to my home, him back in some letters to send
My notions of what should be done in certain important affairs?
Dear nephew, these take with you now, I have them all ready to send.
Therein pretty things do I say, and give him most prudent advice.
Lampen is fully content, I heard him with joy, as I left,
Recalling to mind with his aunt events of the days long ago.
How they prattled! As if they never could tire; they ate and they drank,
And greatly each other enjoyed; meanwhile my advices I wrote.

Dear Reinhart, said Bellyn to this, you must the despatches be sure
To safely protect; no pocket have I in which them to put,
And should I break open the seal, with me very hard would it go.
Reynard said: That I know well enough how to do; the wallet, I think,
That Bruin gave me from his hide, is fitting exactly for that;
It is thick and also it's tough; in that I'll the letters secure.
The king, in return, will bestow a special reward upon you;
With honour receive you he will; thrice welcome to him will you be.
All this believed Bellyn the ram. Then hastened the other again
Back into the house; the wallet he took and sprily stuck in
The head of the massacred hare, and also bethought him of how
He Bellyn could manage to keep from getting inside of the pouch.

He said, as he came out again: Your neck hang the wallet around,
And nothing, my nephew, permit to move you to make an attempt
Within the despatches to look; such prying would be a disgrace.
With care have I fastened them up, and thus you must let them remain.
Not even unfasten the bag; I heedful have been that the knot

Shall be skilfully tied, for such is my way in important affairs
That pass between me and the king; and, should the king find that the thongs
Are entwined in the usual way, it then will be granted that you
His grace and his presents deserve, as a messenger whom he can trust.
When once you put eyes on the king, if you in still higher esteem
By him would in future be held, then let him imagine that you,
Have me with discretion advised what I in the letters should put,
And even in writing them helped; this profit and honour will bring.
And Bellyn was mightily pleased, and bounded above from the place
High up in the air with delight; ran hither and thither, and said:
Reynard, my nephew and lord, I now that you love me perceive,
And honour on me would bestow. Before all the lords of the court
It will add very much to my fame, that I such transcendent ideas,
In language so choice and refined, have composed; for I, in good truth,
Know not, as do you, how to write, but they shall imagine I do;
And you have I only to thank. It truly turned out for my good
That hither I travelled with you. Pray, tell me what further you wish!
Is Lampen not going with me, now that I'm starting from here?

No, coolly the villain replied, just now that impossible is;
You slowly go on in advance, and he shall come after, as soon
As I some momentous affairs to him have entrusted and charged.
God with you remain, Bellyn said, I now will walk on as you say.
And he hastened away from the place, arriving at noon at the court.

As on him the king cast his eyes, and also the wallet espied,
He exclaimed: You Bellyn, pray whence do you come? And where is the fox?
You carry his wallet, I see, pray what is the meaning of that?

Then Bellyn as follows replied: He begged me, most gracious of kings,
Two letters to you to convey, which we had together composed.
In these you will find some matters of weight with acumen discussed;
And as to the contents indeed, therein my advice has been sought;
Here in the knapsack they are; the knots quite securely he tied.

The monarch commanded, forthwith, that summoned the beaver should be,
Who notary was and scribe to the king, and Bockert was called;
His business it was to receive all letters of weight and finesse,

And decipher aloud to the king, as he many languages knew.
And the king sent for Tybert as well, who also was present to be.
When Bockert the knots had untied, with Tybert his comrade to help,
He drew from the wallet the head of Lampen, the poor murdered hare,
And cried with astonishment great: And this is a letter, indeed!
It truly is queer! Who has it compiled? Who can it explain?
Lampen's head this undoubtedly is; mistake about that there is none.

With horror were stricken the king and the queen; and then did the king
Bend forward his head and exclaim: Oh, fox, that I had you again!
The king and the queen were distressed, beyond any words to express.
Reynard on me has imposed! the monarch cried out. Oh, that I
To his wicked and scandalous lies had not given heed as I did!
Confounded appeared he to be, and also the beasts were perplexed.

Lupardus, however, began, who was closely allied to the king:
I cannot conceive, in good sooth, why you in such trouble should be,
Nor either your consort the queen. Such notions away from you drive!

Take courage, or you may indeed be covered with shame before all.
Are you not our ruler and lord? Then all who are here must obey.

On that score alone, said the king, you need not at all be amazed
That I am thus grieved to the heart. In duty, alas, I have failed!
For me has the traitor induced, with shameful and scandalous tricks,
To punish my comrades and friends. At present there lie in disgrace
Bruin and Isengrim both; repent should I not from my heart?
No glory to me does it bring, that I to the best of the lords
Of my court have so wickedly done, and then in the liar himself
So fully my trust have reposed, and so indiscreetly behaved.
I followed too quickly my wife, who suffered herself to be duped,
And begged and entreated for him. Oh, had I but firmer remained!
But now is repentance too late, and all admonition in vain.

And thus did Lupardus reply: Lord king, lend an ear to my prayer,
And suffer no longer regret. The evil that's done can be squared.
For atonement deliver the ram at once to the wolves and the bear;
Bellyn has frankly confessed, intrepidly too, that he gave

His counsel that Lampen should die. Now let him pay for it back!
And we, after that has been done, together for Reynard will make,
And catch him if well it turn out; then can he quickly be hanged.
If permitted to speak, he'll talk himself free, and never will hang.
I know that the wolf and the bear can surely be reconciled thus.

This heard with much pleasure the king, and unto Lupardus he said:
Your counsel is grateful to me; so now with despatch go and fetch
Both of the barons to me, and they shall with honour again
With me in my council have seats. And see that the animals all
In a body together be called, who here at the court may have been.
They all shall be duly informed how Reynard hath shamefully lied,
How out of my hands he escaped, and Lampen with Bellyn's aid slew;
And all shall the wolf and the bear with due veneration receive.
So I, for amends, give up to my lords, as you have advised,
Bellyn, the traitor, and all his relations for time without end.

Lupardus no rest himself gave till he had the prisoners both,
Bruin and Isengrim, found; they then were set free, and he said:
Consolation accept at my hands! I bring you our prince's good-will,

And also free convoy from here. I wish to inform
you, my lords,
That his Majesty suffers regret if harm upon you he
has brought.
He bids me assure you of this, and wishes to satisfy both.
To expiate what has been done, you Bellyn, with all
of his race,
Yea, every one of his kin, for ever shall have as your
own.
Attack them without more ado, be it either in forest
or field
That on them you happen to come; they are all of
them given to you.
And still, in addition to this, our monarch has deigned
to permit
That Reynard, who you has deceived, you may in all
manners despoil;
And him, with his offspring and wife, and all of his
kindred as well,
Wherever they be, may pursue, and none shall with
you interfere.
This freedom so dear I proclaim in the name of our
master the king;
He, and all who may after him rule, these rights will
respect and uphold.
You now have to only forget the worries you've had
to endure,
And swear to him service and truth, and this you with
honour can do.
He never will harm you again; I advise you the offer
to grasp.

Thus was atonement decreed; and by it the ram was
compelled
To pay the account with his life; and all of his kin-
dred and kind

Have, down to this day, been pursued by Isengrim's
vigorous stock.
Thus the hate everlasting began. Even now con-
tinue the wolves,
Without any shyness or shame, the lambs and the
sheep to revile,
And have not the shade of a doubt that justice is
wholly with them;
Nothing assuages their wrath, and placated they never
can be.
But for Bruin and Isengrim's sake, in order them hon-
our to pay,
The king had proceedings at court prolonged for twelve
days, as he wished
To openly show how eager he was these lords to ap-
pease.

CANTO SEVEN.

AND now was the court to be seen in splendour adorned and prepared;
Many knights were arriving thereat, and the beasts, who together had come,
Were followed by numberless birds; high honour did all in one breath
To Bruin and Isengrim give, who began their mishaps to forget.
There festively sported itself the grandest assembly by far,
That ever together was brought; trumpets and kettle-drums clanged,
The stately dance of the court was started with dignified grace,
And abundance was furnished for all of whatever by each could be wished.
Herald on herald was sent through the land to summon the guests,
The birds and the beasts made ready themselves and in couples arrived.
They travelled by day and by night, the whole of them eager to come.

But Reynard, the fox, was not there: he was lying in wait at his home,
And meant not to go to the court, that pilgrim abandoned and false;
Little favour expected he there. According to habit of old,

To practise his villainous tricks was the pleasantest thing to the scamp.
And now at the court could be heard the most beautiful songs of the day;
Sweet food and fine wines to the guests with unsparing hand were supplied,
And tilting and fencing were shown. Of those who had come to the feast,
Attached himself each to his own, and in singing and dancing engaged;
While at intervals, now and again, the reed-pipe and flute might be heard.
And the king, from his hall up above, looked affably down on the scene;
The unwieldy disorder him pleased, and to gaze on it gave him delight.

Eight days had thus flown to the past (the king had come down to the feast,
And taken his seat at the board among the supreme of his lords,
With his consort, the queen, at his side) when bloody the rabbit arrived,
And, stepping in front of the king, said he, in most sorrowful tones:

O master! O king! and all of you here! on me pity bestow!
For cruel deception so base and murderous actions so vile,
As now from the fox I endure, have seldom been brought to your ken.
About six o'clock yesterday morn I came on him seated alone,
As, taking a stroll on the road, before Malepartus I passed;

I expected to go on my way without molestation or
fear;
But, clad in a pilgrim's attire, as though morning prayer
he perused,
He was sitting in front of his gate. When eyes I put
on him I tried
To pass nimbly by on my road, that I to your court
might proceed.
But he spied me and instantly rose; to meet me,
stepped right in my path,
And I thought that he wished me to greet; he seized
me, however, instead,
With murd'rous intent in his grasp, and between my
ears I could feel
His claws in my flesh, and I certainly thought that my
head I should lose,
For long and sharp are his nails; he pressed me below
to the earth.
I luckily got myself free and, as I'm so spry, I es-
caped;
He snarled as I left him behind, and swore he would
find me again.
I bridled my tongue and made off; alas, he, however,
retained
An ear that he tore from my head; and I come with a
blood-covered scalp.
See, from it four holes have I borne! You will easily
grasp in your minds
The force of the blows that he struck; 'twas a chance
that I ever got up.
Now consider, I pray, my distress, and reflect on your
wardship as well;
For who can a journey attempt, or who can come here
to your court,
If the robber stands guard on the roads and damages
all who approach?

He scarcely had drawn to a close when alighted the talkative rook,
Sir Corbant, who said: Most worshipful lord and beneficent king,
The tidings are sad that I have to impart; I am not in a state
To say much, on account of my woe and alarm; and I fear very much
That my heart it will break, so wretched a thing has just happened to me.
My wife, Mistress Keenbeak, and I were walking together to-day,
Betimes in the morn, and Reynard found lying as dead on the heath;
Both eyes were turned up in his head, and lifeless was hanging his tongue
Far out of his wide open mouth. Then, from sheer fright, I began
To lustily scream; he moved himself not; I cried and bemoaned;
Exclaimed: Woe to me! and alas! And then I repeated the plaint:
Alas, he is dead! How sorry for him and afflicted I am!
My wife was in sadness as well, and voice gave we both to our grief.
I fingered him belly and head; my wife in like manner drew near,
And placed herself close to his chin, to find if his breathing at all
Gave indication of life, but she waited and listened in vain;
We both to this fact could have sworn. Now, please, the calamity hear!
As without apprehension and sad, to the mouth of the treacherous scamp

She nearer put forward her beak, the monster took note
of the act,
And at her with suddenness snapped and savagely bit
off her head.
How stricken with terror I was, I will not attempt to
describe.
Woe, woe! I shouted and screamed; then darted he
forth and, at once,
Snapped also at me, when backwards I started and
hastened to fly;
If I not so nimble had been, he would likewise have
me firmly caught.
The murderer's clutches, indeed, I hardly escaped as it
was;
In haste I flew into a tree. Oh, had I my sorrowful
life
Not preserved! My wife I could see held fast in the
miscreant's claws.
Alas! the dear creature he quickly devoured, and to
me he appeared
Voracious and famished, as if yet another he gladly
would eat;
He left not a bone unconsumed, not even a knuckle
remained.
Such was the blow I sustained. He hurried away
from the place,
But I was not able to leave; I flew, with a sorrowful
heart,
Again to the spot, where all I could find was some
feathers and blood
Of my wife's, and these I bring hither to you, as a
proof of the crime.
Have pity, beneficent lord; for should you at present
again
With this dastardly traitor forbear, and legitimate ven-
geance defer;

Should you to your safeguards and peace not force and due emphasis give,
About it much talk there might be, that would not be much to your mind;
For, 'tis said, he is guilty himself of the deed, who to punish hath power
And punisheth not; each then, with high hand, tries to carry things on.
Your dignity it would affect; to give it some thought would be well.
Thus had the plaint of the crow and the good little rabbit been brought
Before the assembled court. Then Leo, the king, was enraged,
And he cried: I now, by my nuptial troth, before all of you swear
That I will so punish this crime, that long it remembered shall be.
My rule and safe-conduct to scoff! That will I never endure.
Too lightly by far put I trust in the scamp and let him escape;
As a pilgrim him even equipped, and saw make his exit from here,
As if he were going to Rome. What indeed did the liar not make
Us believe! How well he contrived a word in advance from the queen,
With ease, to secure. On me she prevailed and now he is free.
But not the last one shall I be, whose heart with repentance is wrung,
Through taking a woman's advice. And if we shall longer allow
The villain unpunished to go, we soon shall be covered with shame;

He never was aught but a knave, and such will he
ever remain.
Now consult you together, my lords, how to catch him
and bring him to book;
If about it we earnestly set, the matter will surely
succeed.

Most highly these words of the king did Bruin and
Isengrim please.
At last we our vengeance shall see! Such was the
thought of them both;
Yet express not a word did they dare, for clearly they
saw that the king
Was greatly disturbed in his mind, and all boiling
over with wrath.

And after a time said the queen: For you, my dear
lord, it is bad
So heavy to be in your wrath and so light in the use
of bad words;
Your consequence suffers thereby, and the value of
what you may say.
The facts of the case have as yet by no means been
brought to the light.
Has yet the accused to be heard; and, should he before
us be brought,
Would silent be many a one, who now against Reynard
declaims.
Both parties should always be heard, for many a
venturesome knave
Brings charges to cover misdeeds of his own. As
learned and wise
I Reynard esteemed, without wicked thoughts, who
always, indeed,
Had only your good in his mind, though now this
may not so appear.

To follow his counsel is good, yea, even though true that his life
Be such as to merit much blame. And then it is well to reflect
On the ample extent of his family ties. The matter will not
Be improved by precipitate haste, and whatever it be you decide
You certainly can, in the end, as lord and commander, enforce.

Hereat Sir Lupardus remarked: To many you've given your ear,
Now also give ear unto me. He yet may appear and what you
Decide upon then, at once shall be done; so probably think
These lords who assembled are here, and as well your illustrious queen.

Broke Isengrim in upon this: What each may think best let him say,
Give ear, Sir Lupardus, to me. If at this very moment, indeed,
Reynard were here and himself should acquit of this twofold complaint,
Still easy for me would it be, to make it as clear as the day
That the law has a claim on his life. But silence I'll keep about all,
Till we him have secured. Can you have forgotten how much he the king
Deceived with that treasure of his, which he should in Hüsterlo, near

Unto Krekelborn find, and the other great falsehoods
besides that he told?
To all the deceiver he's played, and Bruin and me has
disgraced;
My life I will risk upon this. Thus now is the liar
engaged
On the heath; he is roving about, committing foul
murders and thefts:
Seems it good to the king and his lords, then matters,
of course, as they are
May go on. Yet, were he in earnest himself to present
at the court,
We him had here seen long ago. The scouts of the
king were despatched
All over the land, to summon the guests, yet, at home
he remained.

To this said the king in reply: By waiting so long for
him here
What good do we get? Let each be prepared (thus
do I command)
To go with me off in six days; for I, let me tell you,
will see
An end to these charges and grievances brought.
What say you, my lords?
Would the rascal not manage, at last, a land to
destruction to bring?
Make ready as best you know how, and come in your
armour arrayed;
Come furnished with bow and with spear, and all
other weapons you have,
And show yourselves gallant and brave; and before
me let each of you bear,
For knights I may dub on the field, without loss of
honour his name.

Malepartus, the castle, we'll seize, and what he may have in the place
We will then overhaul. Then shouted they all in accord: We'll obey.

Thus did the king and his knights determine Sir Reynard's strong fort,
Malepartus, to storm, and the fox to chastise. But Grimbart, at this,
Who one of the council had been, went stealthily out and made haste
Reynard, his uncle, to find, in order to take him the news.
In sorrow his road he pursued, and thus he bemoaned to himself:
My uncle, what now may take place? Alas! with good reason for thee
Do all of thy kindred lament, thou head of the whole of our race.
When our causes were pleaded by you we felt ourselves perfectly safe,
For no one could stand before you and your varied supply of resource.

Thus going, the castle he reached and Reynard found sitting outside,
Who had managed, just prior to this, two tender young pigeons to catch,
That out of their nest had escaped, to make an endeavour to fly;
But short were their wings for the task, and down they had fallen to earth,
Unable to arise; in this way had Reynard them seized,
For he prowled about often to hunt. Just then in the distance he saw

Coming Grimbart, and did him await. In giving him greeting he said:
My nephew, more welcome you are than any one else of my blood.
But why are you running so hard? You gasp! Are you bringing me news?
And Grimbart replied to him thus: The tidings I have to announce,
When heard, will no solace convey; you see, I come running through fear.
Your life and estates are all lost. The wrath of the king I have seen;
He swears that you now he will catch and put to an infamous death.
He even has ordered us all, the sixth day from now, with our arms
To march to this place, with bow and with sword, with wagons and guns.
Against you is everything now, so think on the matter betimes;
For Bruin and Isengrim both are again hand and glove with the king;
More trusted by him of a truth than I was ere trusted by you;
And all comes to pass as they wish. A horrible cut-throat and thief
You Isengrim openly called, and in this way excites he the king.
He has our high sheriff been made, as you, in some weeks, will find out.
The rabbit appeared, and also the crow, and they brought in the court
The gravest complaints against you. If only the king have success
In catching you now, your life is not long, that can I but fear.

Nothing further? responded the fox. For all that you, so far, have said
I care not a snap of my thumb. If the king and his council complete
Had doubly and trebly affirmed, and taken inviolate oaths,
Yet I, when I come in their midst, will raise myself up above all.
They advise and still they advise, yet never can speak to the point.
Dear nephew, all this never mind, but come with me now and find out
What you I am able to give. These pigeons just now I have caught,
Young and fat; they still of all dishes I know are the most to my taste;
For easy they are to digest, one has but to swallow them down;
And sweet do the little bones taste, they verily melt in the mouth,
Composed of half milk and half blood. Spoon-meat agrees with me well,
And it's also the same with my wife; so come and she will, I am sure,
To greet us be pleased; yet let her not know for what purpose you've come,
A trifle sinks into her heart and worries her almost to death.
To-morrow with you I will go to the court, and I hope that you there
Will give me, dear nephew, such help as becomes a relation to give.

My life and my goods I engage at your service to cheerfully place,
Said the badger, and Reynard replied: Be sure I shall bear this in mind;

So long as I live, it shall tend to your gain. The other rejoined:
Go boldly your judges to face, and your cause do your best to defend.
What you have to urge they will hear; Lupardus himself has declared
That punished you ought not to be, till you have been given the chance
To fully put in your defence, and the queen doth herself think the same.
This circumstance note and endeavour to use. Then Reynard remarked:
Be only composed and all will go well. The irascible king,
When he hears me, will alter his mind; it all will come right in the end.

And thus went the two within doors, and there they with kindness were met,
And well by the housewife received; whatever she had she brought forth.
Among them the pigeons were shared, and tasteful and good they were found;
And each ate his share, still they had not enough and undoubtedly would
Have well a half-dozen consumed, if but they had been to be had.

To the badger then Reynard remarked: You must, my dear uncle, admit
That I've children of qualities rare, with whom every one must be pleased.
Now tell me how Rossel you like, and Reinhart, the little one, too.
Some day they our race will augment; they little by little begin

Themselves to improve, and to me are a pleasure from morning to night.
The one can lay hold of a fowl and the other a chicken ensnare;
And well to the water they take, in order young ducklings to fetch,
Or a plover, perchance. To send them more often to hunt I should like,
But taught must they be, above all, with prudence and caution to act,
That springes and hunters and dogs they well may know how to avoid;
And then if right methods they learn, and reliable evidence give
That they are well trained, as is fitting they should, then daily they ought
Provisions to find and bring in, and nought should be wanting at home.
For both of them take after me and join in the fiercest of sports;
And, when they begin so to play, all others come off second best;
Their rival them feels at his throat and struggles not long after that;
Which is Reynard's own manner of sport. They also are swift in their grip,
And sure is the spring that they give, which methinks is precisely the thing.

To this Grimbart said: To honour it tends, and one may rejoice,
Young children to have such as one would desire, and who in their craft
Get early adroit, their parents to help. I am very much pleased

To know them to be of my race, and hope for the best
at their hands.
That matter we'll leave for to-day, said Reynard, and
now let us go
To our rest, for we all are fatigued, and Grimbart's com-
pletely worn out.
At this they lay down in the room, which, over the
whole of its floor,
Was covered with hay and with leaves, and there all
together they slept.

But Reynard, through fear, kept awake; the matter
appeared to him now
Of counsel the best to demand, and morning still found
him in thought.
He got himself up from his couch, and unto his wife
he observed:
You will not be worried, I trust, but Grimbart has
come to entreat
That I go with him back to the court. You tranquilly
rest here at home.
Should any one speak about me, make the best of the
case that you can,
And lock up the castle with care; this do, and then all
will go well.

And Ermelyn said: It seems to me strange that you
dare to present
Yourself any more at the court, where you are so lowly
esteemed.
Is it so that you must? I can't make it out. Con-
sider the past.
Indeed, said Reynard to this, no jesting affair was it
then;
For many were seeking my harm, and I came into
terrible straits.

But very diverse are the things that, under the sun, come about.
Against expectation, at times, we of this and of that have a taste;
And who thinks that he anything has, may suddenly find that it's gone.
So let me, I pray you, depart; for I there have a great deal to do.
Keep calm! That I earnestly beg; there is not any reason for you
To worry yourself. The issue await, for, my dear, you will see,
If only I can it effect, me in five or six days again back.
And then went he forth on his way, with Grimbart, the badger, on guard.

CANTO EIGHT.

AND now both together they went still further on over the heath,
Grimbart and Reynard the fox, direct to the court of the king;
And Reynard remarked on the road: Let matters turn out as they may,
I now a presentiment feel that our trip advantageous will prove.
Dear uncle, attend to me, pray! Since last unto you I confessed
New slips have I made again back into culpable actions and thoughts;
The grave and the minor things hear, as well as what then I forgot.

From the body and hide of the bear I caused to be cut for my use
A large and available piece, and to me have the wolf and his wife
Been forced to relinquish their shoes; in this way I vented my spleen.
All this was by lying procured; I knew very well how the king
To provoke, and him in this manner have duped to a frightful extent,
For I told him a wonderful yarn and fanciful treasures devised.
But that did not make me content, so Lampen I sent to his death,
And Bellyn packed off with the murder'd one's head. The king was enraged

As soon as he noticed the ram, and made him the reckoning pay.
The coney I pinched as hard as I could at the back of his ears,
And nearly deprived of his life, and then out of temper became,
Because he made good his escape. I must also confess that the crow
Not at all with injustice complained, for Keenbeak, his dear little wife,
I devoured. Such are the deeds I have done since last I confessed.
But there's one thing which then I forgot, and which to you now I will tell;
An infamous trick that I played, and which it is right you should know,
For I do not desire any more such a burden to bear. On the back
Of the wolf I saddled it then; we were walking together one day,
Elvarden and Houlthulst between, when, a short distance off, we espied
A mare in a field with her foal, and each of the two were alike
As black as a raven in hue; in age the young foal might have been
Approaching four months. With hunger was Isengrim racked, so he begged
Me to go and inquire of the mare if she would not sell us the foal,
And also the price. So to her I proceeded and ventured the thing.
My dear mistress mare, to her I observed, the foal is your own,
As I know; will you sell it to me? To ascertain that is my wish.

She replied: If enough you will pay, I without it can very well do,
And the sum for its purchase required, that you may see for yourself;
Behind, upon one of my feet, you will find it engraved. Then I saw
What she meant, and thereto I replied: I must to you freely confess
That reading and writing with me are not the success I could wish,
Nor indeed do I covet the child for myself; it was Isengrim wished
Your terms with exactness to learn, and sent me to you to find out.

She said in reply: Let him come; he then can find out what he wants.
I left her and Isengrim found where still he was waiting for me.
If you would your hunger appease, just go, I announced, and the mare
Will give you the colt; the price can be found on one of her hoofs,
Engraved on the frog. I could, she remarked, try to find it myself;
But I, to my shame and chagrin, many things am compelled to let slip,
For reading and writing I never was taught. My uncle, you try,
And look at what there is inscribed; you may it decipher, perhaps.

Quoth Isengrim then: Not read it, you say? To me that were strange!
German, Italian, and French, and Latin I thoroughly know,

For a steady attendant I've been at the schools which in Erfurt are found.
With the learned and wise of the place, including the masters of law,
Have judgments and questions exchanged, and also my license received
In regular form; and of writings, all kinds that can ever be found
I can read with the ease of my name; I therefore to-day shall not fail.
Wait here! I will go and the letters peruse, and then we shall see.
He went and inquired of the mare: How much do you ask for the foal?
Make it cheap! She thereupon said: The amount you can read for yourself;
You will find it on one of my feet, a hind one, distinctly engraved.
Let me see it, responded the wolf. She said: I will do as you wish.
Then up from the grass went her foot, on which had been fastened a shoe,
Beset with a half-dozen nails; straight out flew her hoof, and went wide
Not so much as a hair; hit him plump on his skull, and he fell to the earth,
And lay there as though he were dead. She galloped, however, from there
As fast as she could. Thus wounded he lay and long so remained.
An hour passed away, to move then again he began, and he howled
Like a dog. I trotted then up to his side, and sir uncle, I said,
Pray where is the mare? How tasted the colt? You feasted yourself

And me quite forgot; that was wrong, for I it was
brought you the news;
After eating, a nap you enjoyed; now tell me, I beg
you, how ran
The writing found under the hoof? An eminent
scholar you are.

Said he: Are you bantering still? Just now have gone
matters with me
Ill enough! In truth, would a stone some pity upon
me bestow.
That long-legged jade of a mare! May the hangman
pay it her back!
For clouted with iron was her foot; and these were
the letters I found:
Some nails newly forged! From which I received six
wounds in my head.

He hardly got off with his life. I now have confessed
to you all,
And pardon, dear nephew, I crave for these my iniqui-
tous works.
How things may turn out at the court is not sure;
however, I have
My conscience relieved of a load, and washed myself
clean from my sins.
Now tell me how I may reform, in order remission to
gain.

Then Grimbart replied: I find you encumbered afresh
with misdeeds;
Still, the dead cannot live any more. Far better,
indeed, would it be,
If life you'd allowed them to keep. Yet, uncle, I now
am disposed,

On account of the terrible hour, and because of the nearness of death,
That menaces you, your sins to remit, as the servant of Christ;
For relentless they follow you up, and I tremble with fear for the worst.
Above all, for the head of the hare will vengeance against you be sought;
Extremely audacious it was, I must own, our monarch to vex,
And is of more damage to you than you, in your foolishness, thought.

Not a scrap, responded the scamp. Here's something I wish you to hear:
To live without sin in the world is something uncommonly rare,
One cannot so holy be kept, as when in a cloister, you know;
If a man has with honey to deal, his fingers he licks now and then.
Now Lampen me greatly annoyed, for backward and forward he skipped
In front of my eyes all about; his fat little body I liked,
And love I let go to the dogs. To Bellyn I'd reason to wish
But little that's good. The damage is theirs, the sin is mine own.
But they were in measure so coarse, and in all, whatsoever they did,
So stupid and dull. Needed I, then, observe strict decorum with them?
Small liking had I for such things; myself, at that time, from the court

I had with anxiety saved, and taught them in this and in that,
But 'twas all of no use. Each ought, it is true, his neighbour to love,
That I'm constrained to admit, still I held them in little esteem;
And dead is dead, as you your own self have remarked; then permit
Us of other things now to converse. In truth, these are dangerous times!
In high life and low what is now going on? But talk we must not;
Yet cannot help using our eyes and having some thoughts of our own.

The king himself steals, as we know, like all the rest of the crowd;
What he does not lay hands on himself he orders the bears and the wolves
To secure, and believes that so doing is right. There is none to be found
Who will venture to tell him the truth, not even confessor or priest,
So deep has the evil struck root. They are dumb! and why is this so?
With him they the plunder enjoy, no matter how small is the gain.
Should any one go and complain, with equal advantage he might
Reach out for the air; he squanders his time, and had better employ
Himself in some other pursuit. For gone is gone, and when once
From you a more potent one takes what you have possessed, to your plaint

But little attention is paid, and wearisome gets it at last.
The lion's our monarch and lord, and all things to seize for himself
He considers as due to his rank. As a rule, us his people he calls,
And certainly all that is ours appears to belong unto him.

Wilt allow me, my uncle, to speak? Our king is the fondest, by far,
Of those with full hands who approach, and who, in accord with the tune
That is piped, understand how to dance; too clearly is that to be seen.
That the wolf and the bear have obtained access to his council again
Is to many a wrong; they steal and they rob, yet are loved by the king.
All see it, and yet nothing say, each hoping that his turn will come.
Over four there are thus to be found, having place at the side of the king,
Who favoured are more than the rest, and greatest of all are at court.
But if a poor devil like me put hands upon even a chick,
Upon him they pounce all at once and follow till he has been caught;
And then, with one voice, they condemn the fellow with clamour to death.
Petty robbers are hanged on the spot, the bigger ones get for themselves
Advantages great. They govern the land and the castles possess.
See, uncle, I notice all this, and upon it can't help but reflect.

My own game I thereupon play, and, moreover, I think very oft
That right it assuredly is, since such a great number so act.
To be sure, then my conscience wakes up and pictures to me, from afar,
The anger and justice of God, and makes me reflect on the end.
For injustice, no matter how small, compensation at last must be made.
Repentance at heart I then feel; it lasts, however, not long.
Indeed, what good does it do to belong to the best ——? For the best
From slander's vile tongue, in these times, remain not in safety exempt.
The people now think it their right into all kinds of things to inquire,
And no one they lightly forget; they invent even this thing and that.
Little good in the commons is found, but few of them really deserve
To have for their rulers and lords such men as are honest and just;
For of that which is evil they sing, and ever and ever they talk;
They know what is good in their lords, be high or be low their degree,
Yet this they say nothing about, and seldom we find it discussed.
Worst of all is, however, to me, the conceit of that notion so false,
Which gets such a hold of mankind, that any one can, in the strife
Of a vehement turbulent will, direct the affairs of the world.

Should each one his children and wife, however, in order maintain,
Or his insolent servants contrive to subdue, then in calmness he could,
While fools are expending their means, rejoice in a temperate life.
But how shall the world be improved, when each allows all to himself,
And determines the rest of mankind by force to bring under his rule ?
Thus deeper, and deeper, for aye, into all that is wicked we sink.
Slander and treason and lies, and taking of oaths that are false,
Embezzlement, murder, and theft, one hears nought of anything else ;
False prophets and hypocrites both are shamefully cheating mankind.

Thus every one passes his life, and, if they be faithfully warned,
They receive it with scorn, and remark : Oh, yes ! but if sin were, indeed,
So painful and hard to be borne as learned men here and there preach,
Then surely the parsons themselves would try from all faults to be free.
Bad example they plead as excuse, and in that are precisely allied
To the whole of the simian race, which, formed but to mimic and mock,
Yet having nor reason nor choice, must suffer ineffable harm.
Of a truth, ought the men of the cloth themselves to more fitly demean.

Very much could by them be achieved, if only in private they did;
But they care not a tittle for us outside of their calling and craft,
And practise whatever they please in front of our eyes, as if we
Were stricken with blindness complete; too clearly however we see
That their vows rejoice the good Lord to fully as small an extent
As suit they their fallible friends, whose lives by the world are absorbed.

Thus do the priests, as a rule, on the opposite side of the Alps,
Their own precious darlings enjoy; in these regions also there are
As many who sinfully act. But I shall be told that they have
Their children like those who in wedlock are joined, and them to maintain
They struggle with ardour and zeal, and raise them high up in the world.
But afterward these can reflect no more whence their fathers arose,
And to none will precedency yield, but proudly and haughtily walk
As if they were noble of race, and always are firm in the thought
That the matter is strictly correct. A custom of yore it was not
So high to regard the children of priests, but now are they all
As my lords and my ladies addressed. Yes, money can do what it will.

It is seldom a princely estate can be found, where the parsons do not
Make a levy of taxes and rents, and extort from the village and mill.
They turn topsy-turvy the world, and common folk wickedness learn;
For 'tis plain, when the clergy thus do, that all in their sins will indulge,
And the blind will be leading the blind away from whatever is good.
Indeed, who has ever remarked the good works of these heaven-born priests,
And how they the holy Church, by example of goodness, build up?
Who ever lives now in such way? We are simply confirmed in our sins.
Thus it now with the people befalls, so how can the world then improve?

But listen still further to me! If one out of wedlock is born,
Then let him thereover be still. What more can he do in the case?
Now I mean only this, understand: If any such one shall himself
But simply with meekness conduct, and not with an air of conceit
His fellows provoke, no offence is received, and one would be wrong
To make it a subject of talk. Our birth has no power us to make
Either good or exalted in mind, nor can it be held for reproach;
But virtue and vice are the things that make true distinctions in man.

Men of learning and worth in the Church are ever with justice esteemed
And honoured by all; but the wicked a wicked example present.
Should such a one preach at his best, yet at length will the laity say:
When he righteousness talks and wickedness does, how are we to select?
Nor is he of use to the Church; to each in his sermons he says:
Give money to keep up the Church; that, beloved, is what I advise,
If indulgence and mercy you wish to obtain. Thus his discourse he ends.
And does precious little to help, indeed, not a thing; and for all
That he cares, might the Church tumble down. Still further to go, he esteems
The best kind of life to be this: in costly attire to be clothed,
And to eat of the daintiest food. And in worldly affairs if he finds
Himself overwhelmed with concern, how can he in worship engage?
Good parsons in serving the Lord are daily and hourly employed,
And put into practice the good; and thus to the holy Church
Of the greatest of service they are; and, through good example, their flocks,
To the gate of salvation they lead, by the way that is narrow and strait.

But I know the behooded as well; they prattle and jabber and prate
Ever concerning their forms, and are always in search of the rich;

The people to flatter know how, and love to be called as their guests.
Invite you but one, then a second arrives, and you further will find
Yet two or three others appear. Then again, in the convent the one
Who well understands how to talk the quickest promotion will gain;
The lector is sure to become, or may be the custos or prior.
The others are pushed to one side. The dishes are furnished and served
In quite a dissimilar way; for some must, of nights, in the choir
Sing and read, and visit the haunts of the dead, while others obtain
Great favours, and rest can procure, and eat the most costly of food.

The legates likewise of the Pope, the abbots and prelates and monks,
The Beguins and even the nuns, of all a great deal might be said.
Everywhere is the cry: Give me what is yours and touch not what's mine.
In truth, there are few to be found, not seven, who live in accord
With the brotherhood's precepts and rules, as a pattern of virtuous life.
The priesthood is thus to be found most thoroughly rotten and weak.

My uncle, the badger replied, I see you minutely confess
Exotical sins. What advantageth that? Methinks there must be

Enough of your own. And tell me, my uncle, why you should concern
Yourself with the clergy's affairs, and this thing and that, as you do?
Let each his own burden take up, and each and every one give
Account of himself, how he in his station of life doth attempt
His duty to do, which is something that no one on earth may neglect,
Not either the old or the young, in cloister or out in the world.
You talk altogether too much about things of all kinds, and at length
Might me into error seduce. So thoroughly well you're aware
How now is directed the world, and all its affairs are ordained,
That none for a parson is better endowed. With the rest of the sheep,
I would come to confess at your house, and under your teaching would sit,
Of your wisdom a knowledge to get; for I am compelled to admit
That stupid and rough the most of us are, and need good advice.

When they, in such converse as this, had come pretty near to the court,
Reynard said: Thus now is the Rubicon passed! and he roused himself up.
And they came upon Martin the ape, who, just at that time, had set forth,
With intention to travel to Rome. He gave a good day to them both.

Dear uncle, stand well to your guns, he sagely remarked to the fox,
And asked about this thing and that, although the whole matter he knew.
Ah! how in these lattermost days does fortune against me take sides,
Said Reynard to him in reply; some thieves have been at it again
And accused me once more; I know not of whom they consist, but in chief
Are the wretched young rabbit and crow; the one is bereft of his wife,
And the other of one of his ears. Now what do I care about that?
Could only I speak with the king, then smart should they both for their pains.
But most I'm impeded by this, that under the ban of the Pope
I still, to my sorrow, remain. The dean has full power in the case,
And he is esteemed by the king. Now the ban has upon me been put
Entirely for Isengrim's sake, who once had become a recluse,
But ran from the convent away, wherein he sojourned at Elkmar.
He swore that he could not so live, for he was too strictly confined,
From food had too long to abstain, nor could so much reading endure;
So I helped him away from the place. It repents me the deed to have done,
For he slanders me now to the king and ever me seeks to disgrace.
To Rome must I go? In the meantime at home will my family be

At loss what to do for themselves, for the wolf cannot
leave them alone,
But molests them where meet them he may. Then
again, very many there are
Who think nought but evil of me, and seize on what-
ever is mine.
If I were released from the ban, in far better state
should I be,
My fortune again at the court to follow with comfort
and ease.

Then Martin replied: I can help you in this; it hap-
pens that I
Just now am departing for Rome, and you with some
dodges can serve.
Oppressed will I not let you be! As clerk to the
bishop, methinks
I know how the work should be done. I surely will
see that the dean
Forthwith shall be cited to Rome, and then I against
him will fight.
Mind, uncle, the business I'll push, and how to direct
it I know.
I'll see that the judgment's enforced; you doubtless
through me will obtain
Your discharge; I will fetch it myself, and then shall
your enemies all
Laugh the wrong side of their face; both money and
pains they shall lose.
I well understand how matters are managed at Rome,
and I know
What ought and ought not to be done. My uncle,
Lord Simony's there,
Well regarded and mighty he is, and help gives to all
who well pay;

Sir Pluralist too, such a lord! Doctor Skinflint and
others beside;
And Turncoat and Trimmer to boot, I have the whole
lot for my friends.
My funds I have sent on ahead, for thus, you must
know, does one there
The best of impressions produce. Of citations, indeed,
they discourse,
But money alone they desire; and let the whole matter
be found
How crooked soever it may, with good pay I will
straighten it out.
If money you bring, then grace you'll obtain, but let
you it lack,
The door's then against you closed. You tranquilly
rest here at home;
Your business I'll take on myself, and loosen its knot-
tiest knots.
You now go your way to the court; Dame Rückenau
there you will find,
My spouse, who is held in the highest esteem by our
master the king,
As also she is by the queen. She is quick in the use
of her wit,
So tell her the case; she is wise and intercedes gladly
for friends;
Many relatives there you will find. It does not, at all
times, avail
The right of a matter to have. Two sisters with her
you will find,
And three of my children as well, besides many more
of your race,
To render you service prepared in whatever way you
desire.
And should you your rights be denied, you then will
some knowledge obtain

Of what I can do; and if you're oppressed, let me quickly it know,
And I'll have the whole land placed under the ban, the monarch and all
Of the women and children and men. An interdict I will have sent,
And no one shall sing any more, nor celebrate mass, nor baptise,
Nor bury, whatever it be. Take comfort, my nephew, in this!

For aged and sick is the Pope; himself he no longer concerns
With affairs, and is little esteemed. Also now at the court of the king
Has Cardinal Querulous absolute power, and he is a young
And a vigorous man, a mettlesome man, with a mind of his own.
He's in love with a woman I know, and she him a letter shall take,
And what it may be she demands she knows very well how to get;
And his writer John Faction is there, who is most precisely informed
In coins, whether ancient or new; then Jonathan Pry, his compeer,
Is a gay hanger-on of the court; and the notary, Slippery Dick,
A bachelor is of both kinds of law, and if he shall remain
Yet longer a year, then in practical writings he perfect will be.
Beyond these, two judges are there, who go by the names of Lovegold

And Palmitch; and if they any ruling pronounce, then as law it remains.
Thus put into practice in Rome are many a prank and a trick
That knows the Pope nothing about. Friends must we make for ourselves,
For by them are forgiven our sins, and also are persons released
From the ban. My dearest of uncles, you may surely rely upon this!
For long has the king been aware that I will not allow you to fall.
Your case I will see to its end, and that I am able to do:
He would also do well to reflect that many there are, to the apes
And the foxes connected by ties, who best him with counsel assist;
And that will you certainly help, go matters however they may.

Reynard then spake: This comforts me much; I shall bear it in mind,
Should now I but get myself free. Then each of the other took leave.
Under safeguard of Grimbart the badger alone now Reynard pursued
His way to the court of the king, where bitter against him they felt.

CANTO NINE.

SIR REYNARD had come to the court, believing that he could avert
The actions which threatened him there, yet as he went in and perceived
Together his numerous foes, as all stood about in the place,
Each eager himself to avenge, and him to see punished with death,
His courage gave way; he began to distrust, yet boldly he walked
Right in through the midst of the lords, with Grimbart along at his side.
They came to the throne of the king, and Grimbart there whispered and said:
Now, Reynard, give way to no fear; to the timid, remember, be sure,
Will fortune her favours not grant; the daring do danger invite,
And joy in its presence to be; it helps them again to escape.
Reynard said: You tell me the truth, and I give you my heartiest thanks
For the splendid support of your words; if ever again I get free,
I shall bear them in mind. He looked now around, and many of kin
Could in the assemblage be seen, yet few as supporters to claim.
Nearly all he was wont to ill-treat; with the otters and beavers, indeed,

Alike both the great and the small, he had practised
his villainous tricks;
Yet discovered he plenty of friends inside of the hall
of the king.

In front of the throne he bowed to the earth and
soberly said:
May God, from whom nothing is hid, and who ever
mighty remains,
Preserve you, my lord and my king, and also preserve,
none the less,
Our sovereign lady the queen, and jointly may he on
you both
Perception and wisdom bestow, so that you with dis-
cretion may now
Distinguish the right from the wrong, for much of
deception there is
In vogue among men in these days. Thus outwardly
many things seem
What, in matter of fact, they are not. Had each on
his forehead engraved
What he thinks, and the king should it see, it then
would be clearly revealed
That utter untruths I do not, and to serve you am
always prepared.
The wicked, I know, do me gravely accuse, and would
greatly delight
To disgrace, and out from your favour to oust, as if of
the same
I had unworthy been found. But of justice I know
the strong love
Of my sovereign master and king, for him has none
ever induced
The way of the law to obstruct, and thus will it ever
remain.

Now all of them came and pressed in, and every one there was bewitched
By Reynard's intrepid display, and him was each aching to hear.
His criminal deeds were all known, how then could he think to escape?

Reynard, you knave, said the king, think not any more that your words,
So glibly pronounced, will you save; no longer are they of avail
To cover deception and lies; your game has now come to an end.
Your faithful devotion to me, you have, I believe, well evinced
On the rabbit as well as the crow! Sufficient were that of itself;
But treason you bring into play, whether home or abroad you may be,
Your strokes are malicious and prompt, yet not any further will they
Be endured, your measure is full; but I will no longer reprove.

Reynard thought: What now can I do? Oh, could I again but succeed
In getting once more to my home! But where shall I look for the means?
However it goes, through with it I must. Let us everything try.

Most noble sovereign, mighty king, he began to hold forth,
If you think I have merited death, then my case you assuredly have

Beheld from a wrong point of view; I therefore implore that you will
At least hear me through. Till now I have you to your profit advised,
In need I have stood at your side, when some, as you know, fell away,
Who between us are pushing themselves, my ruin to try to effect,
And their chances improve while I am away. With them you might well,
Noble king, when I have to speak been allowed, the matter adjust.
After that, if guilty I'm found, my fate I of course must endure.

But little of me have you thought, while I, all over the land,
In different places about, have the closest of watches maintained.
Think you that I now should come to the court, if I myself knew
To be guilty of great or e'en little misdeeds? With prudence I should
Have fled from the place where you are, and my enemies tried to avoid.
No indeed, from my stronghold at home, most assuredly would
Not all the world's gold have me here been able to tempt, for I there
Was free on my own ground and soil. But in fact I no consciousness have
Of one evil deed that I've done, so here my appearance have made.
I was staying for nought but to watch; there brought me my uncle the news

That I was required at the court. I had just been thinking afresh
How might I get rid of the ban, and thereover, with Martin the ape,
Much converse have recently had, who sacredly promised he would
From the incubus get me set free. I, myself, am in transit to Rome,
He remarked, and from now to its end the matter I fully will take
On myself; go you to the court and you shall get rid of the ban.
Lo! thus me did Martin advise, and what he's about he must know,
For the eminent bishop, Lord Waver, him constantly has in employ;
For fully five years has Martin him served in judicial affairs.
And thus come I here to your court, complaint on complaint but to find.
The coney backbites me, the toad; now Reynard, however, is here
In person himself, so let him come forward and speak to my face;
For indeed 'tis an easy affair complaints of the absent to bring;
But the opposite side must be heard, ere the matter to judgment shall come.

Those treacherous comrades of mine! By all that is holy, they have
Themselves well enjoyed at my hands, the rabbit as well as the crow.
The day before yesterday morn, ere the sun had got up, I was met

By the rabbit, who greeted me fair; at that very moment myself
I in front of my castle had placed, for reading the prayers of the day;
He made me aware that he was en route to the court; then I said:
May God you attend! At this he complained of how hungry and tired
He had grown. Then friendly I asked: Desire you not something to eat?
With thankfulness I will accept, he replied. I said in response:
I will gladly it give. So I went with him in and, quick as could be,
I cherries and butter produced; for on Wednesdays I never eat meat.
And he ate, to his heart's content, of bread and of butter and fruits.
But now the last born of my sons stepped up to the table, to see
If anything over remained, for children do always love food.
At something the lad made a grab, when the rabbit him gave such a blow,
With suddenness over his mouth, that from lips and from teeth ran the blood.
Now Reinhart, my other young son, saw the blow, and the hypocrite seized
Direct by the throat, played well his own game, and his brother avenged.
That happened; not more and not less. I tarried not long from the spot,
But ran and chastised the two boys, and managed with trouble them both
Away from the rabbit to get. His punishment let him endure.

For he merited more than he got, and the youngsters could well, I am sure,
Had I any evil desired, have thoroughly finished him up.
And thus he now gives me his thanks! He says that I pulled off his ear;
Yet he was with honour received, a token of which he has kept.

To me, after this, came the crow, and his lamentation poured forth;
His wife he had lost, who had eaten too much and herself had thus killed,
For a fish of a passable size, with all of its bones, she had gulped.
As to where the misfortune occurred, that he can best tell; but he says
That I have her slain. I'll wager he did it himself, and if he
Were earnestly asked if I had it done, his tune he would change.
Crows fly up too far in the air, no jump can attain such a height.

If any one wish to accuse me of actions forbidden like these,
Let him do it with evidence lawful and just, for thus is it fit
To prosecute worshipful men; this ought I at least to expect.
But if none of this kind can be found, yet another resource is at hand;
Here! I am prepared for a tilt! Let the day be appointed and place,
Then let an opponent of worth himself introduce in the list,

With me a full equal by birth, then each can proceed
with his claim;
Who honour shall gain in the strife, with him let it
ever remain;
Things always have thus been set right, and I nothing
better demand.

All stood there and heard what he said, and every one
at the words
Of Reynard were greatly surprised, which he had so
boldly pronounced.
And as to the rabbit and crow, they both were con-
founded with fright;
They quitted the court and ventured not further to
utter a word;
But each to the other remarked: 'Twould not quite
advisable be
With him any more to dispute; all means that we
know we might try,
And then not be near to success. Who is there that
saw what he did?
Alone with the rascal we were, for witness then whom
could we get?
After all the disgrace would be ours. For all of his
numberless crimes
May the hangman upon him await, and pay him as he
has deserved!
He would like us in combat to meet? That might
with us badly turn out.
No, in truth! that's a thing we would rather avoid;
for nimble and false,
Deceitful and base, we know him to be. Indeed we,
all five,
Should not against him be enough, and dearly therefor
should we pay.

But Bruin and Isengrim both were ill at their ease; they observed,
With annoyance, the two sneak away from the place. The monarch then said:
If any one yet has complaint, let him come! We will hear what it is.
So many but yesterday blamed, here stands the accused! Where are they?

Quoth Reynard at this: Thus it commonly goes; either this one or that
Is impeached, yet, when he comes here, his accusers remain at their homes.
These two little mischievous rogues, the rabbit and likewise the crow,
Would gladly have brought me to shame, and damage and punishment too.
But now they apologies make, and I them forgive; for, indeed,
They hesitate, now that I'm here, and slip aside out of the way.
How I should have made them ashamed! You see how with danger 'tis fraught,
Your ear to the wretched defamers of servants not present to lend.
The law they do nought but pervert, and are hateful to all of true worth.
For the rest only pity I feel, and care not about them a straw.

Attend! said the king upon this, you traitor malicious and mean!
Pray tell us what urged you to this, that Lampen, trusted and true,
Who used my despatches to bear, you killed in so shameful a way?

Had I not forgiven you all, so far as you ever had sinned?
From me you received both a wallet and staff, thus provided you were
For a journey to Rome and over the sea; you nothing I grudged,
And hoped for amendment from you; but now I find out, at the start,
How Lampen of life you deprived, and Bellyn as messenger made
You to serve, to bring in the knapsack his head; and who, when he came,
Said out, before all, that despatches he brought, which together had you
Indited and penned; and you, to the best of his power, he had helped;
And I found in the knapsack the head, no more and no less than the head.
This was done in defiance of me, and Bellyn at once I retained
As a pledge, his life was the price, and now we will see about yours.

Reynard said: What's this that I hear? Lampen is killed? And I find
My Bellyn no more? What of me will become? Oh, dead that I were!
Ah me! With them I have lost a treasure unequalled in worth.
I sent you some jewels by them, none better nor finer than which,
All over the world, can be found. Who could have believed that the ram
Would Lampen have murdered like this, and you of those riches have robbed?
One must be on one's guard, even when no suspicion of danger exists.

In fury, the king would not hear the whole of what
Reynard would say;
To his chamber he turned himself off, not having with
clearness, indeed,
Reynard's words understood; and him he intended to
punish with death.
And, as soon as he came to his room, he found in his
presence the queen,
Who there, with Dame Rückenau, stood. Now the
ape was especially dear
To king, as well as to queen, which useful to Reynard
would be.
Accomplished and prudent she was, and very pro-
ficient in speech;
Where'er she appeared, a sensation she made, and was
honoured by all.
The king's indignation she saw, and to him circum-
spectly she said:
When you, gracious master and king, have hearkened
at times to my suit,
No cause have you had for regret; you always my
boldness condoned
In speaking a quieting word when something your
anger had roused.
At present be likewise disposed to listen to me; it
concerns
My own proper race, of a truth! And who can one's
own disavow?
Now Reynard, whate'er he may be, is a kinsman of
mine, and if I
Shall frankly confess how his conduct appears unto
me, I must say,
Since now to the law he submits, I think very well of
his case.
His father, like him, was compelled, notwithstanding
the favour of yours,

Much evil from venomous tongues and perjured accusers to bear;
Yet always he put them to shame. So soon as more closely his case
Was examined, quite clear it became; but yet did the envious knaves
Try even his merits to make as heinous transgressions appear.
Thus ever himself he maintained in greater esteem at the court
Than Bruin and Isengrim now; indeed, 'twere of these to be wished
That they should be able to cast the grievances all on one side,
That are constantly heard about them; but little do they apprehend
Of justice and right, as is shown by their counsel as well as their life.

Here answered, however, the king: But how can it cause you surprise,
That I am with Reynard provoked? The thief who, a short time ago,
Put Lampen to death, led Bellyn astray, and with insolence now
All flatly denies, and himself, as a servant straightforward and true,
Has boldness enough to extol! In the meantime do all as one man
Raise with loud voices complaints, and only too clearly show forth
How he my safe-conduct defies, and also how he, with his thefts,
His robbings and murders, the land and my faithful retainers despoils.

Indeed, I'll no longer it bear! In answer thereto said
the ape:
In truth not to many is granted the gift, in things of
all kinds,
To act with discretion and counsel with skill, and he
who succeeds
Will certainly confidence earn, but the envious try all
they can
To covertly do him a hurt; and, soon as their numbers
increase,
They openly make their attempts. With Reynard it
often has thus
Of yore come about; they cannot, however, efface from
our minds
How he has you wisely advised in cases where others
were dumb.
You know (it but lately took place) how the man and
the serpent came here
To solicit your aid, and the case there was none who
knew how to decide;
But Reynard discovered a way, and you lauded him
then before all.

To this did the monarch rejoin, after brief meditation
thereon:
I remember the matter quite well, yet now it has gone
from my mind
How in detail it all came about; it was somewhat
entangled, methinks.
If you can still say how it was, I gladly shall hear
your account.
She answered the king: As my lord has commanded
so shall it be done.

Just two years ago or about, a dragon appeared and complained,
With turmoil, to you, gracious lord, that a peasant could not be induced
Himself to submit to the law; a man against whom the decree
Had twice been pronounced. To the court of your highness the peasant she brought,
And stated the matter at length, with numerous violent words.

Through a hole, that she found in a hedge, the serpent intended to crawl,
But got herself caught in a cord, that in front of the breach had been hung;
Ever tighter was getting the loop, and there she her life would have lost,
Had not, at the opportune time, a vagrant been passing along.
In anguish to him she cried out: Have pity and help me get free,
I entreat! To this the man said: Released, I will see that you are,
For your misery causes me grief; but first you must give me your word,
No mischief on me to inflict. The serpent agreed to his terms,
And swore the most solemn of oaths that she, in no manner or way,
Would harm to her rescuer do, and thus did the man set her free.
Awhile on together they walked; but the serpent was feeling, at length,
The gnawings of hunger, and flew at the man, with intent him to choke

And devour; and in fear and alarm the poor fellow sprang from her side.
Is this my reward? This have I deserved? he cried, and did you
Not swear the most sacred of oaths? The serpent then said in reply:
My hunger impels me, alas! I have no control of myself;
No law does necessity know; it constitutes right of itself.

In turn then responded the man: Keep off from me only so long
As we to some people may come, who us will impartially judge.
And thereupon answered the worm: Till then I will patience preserve.

Thus further a distance they went, and over the water they found
Cutpurse, the raven, along with his son, who Croker was called;
And the serpent invited them both to draw near, and thus them invoked:
Come here, we have something to say. The raven them soberly heard,
And judgment at once he pronounced, the man to ingest. Thus he hoped
A morsel to get for himself. Much pleased was the serpent at this;
Lo! now I have triumphed, she said, and none can the blame lay on me.
Not so, then responded the man, my case is not utterly lost;
Shall a robber pass sentence of death, or one judge alone try the case?

I demand that it further be heard, as equity me doth allow;
By four, or by ten if you please, let the matter be brought to be heard.

The serpent then said: Let us go. They went, and were met on the road,
By the wolf and the bear, and together they all of them walked.
The peasant now everything feared; for him in the midst of the five
It dangerous was to remain, seeing what kind of fellows they were.
The serpent, the ravens, the wolf, and the bear hemmed him in all around;
And anxious enough he became, for soon did the wolf and the bear
Make up both together their minds, in this way their judgment to give:
The serpent might slaughter the man, as a ravenous craving for food
Acknowledged no maxim or law; one's needs would absolve from an oath.
Now fear and concern on the traveller seized, for they all in accord
Were after his life. Then the serpent flew out with a furious hiss,
Spitting upon him her spleen, and in terror he sprang to one side.
Great wrong, he exclaimed, you commit; who you has seen fit to assign,
As master and lord of my life? You heard what was said, she replied.
Decided the judges have twice, and as often your case you have lost.

To her then responded the man: They plunder and pilfer, themselves;
I acknowledge them not in the least, the case we will take to the king;
When he speaks, I'll submit to his words, and if I the loser come out,
In bad enough plight shall I be; I will it, however, endure.
The wolf and the bear then mockingly said: This plan you can try;
The serpent will certainly win, and better can she nothing wish.
They thought that the lords of the court, in session, would surely decide
As had they; and they went in good cheer, the peasant escorting along.
Before you they came, the serpent, the ravens, the wolf, and the bear;
Yea, a triplet of wolves was disclosed, for two of his children he brought;
Allbelly was one of them called, and Glutton the other. These two
Most trouble occasioned the man; for with the intent had they come
Their own proper share to consume, for ever rapacious they are.
With rudeness unbearable then, before you they bellowed and howled,
Until you expelled from the court both of the ill-mannered churls.
Then the man to your mercy appealed, and proceeded his tale to relate:
How to kill him the serpent had thought; and how she his generous act
Had forgotten, and broken her oath; so safety he sought at your hands.

And the snake contradicted him not: My hunger's omnipotent need,
Which knows not the meaning of law, irresistibly me did compel.

Good lord, you were greatly perplexed; the matter in hand to you seemed
To the brim with suspicion to be, and judicially hard to decide;
For to you very harsh it appeared, the kind-hearted man to condemn,
Who himself had beneficent shown; on the other hand still, you bethought
Of the mischievous hunger as well; you therefore the council convoked.
Alas! the opinion of most the claim of the man was against,
For they had an eye to the feast, and thought they the serpent would help.
But heralds to Reynard you sent, for all of the others, indeed,
Uttered more words than enough, yet the case could not rightly resolve.
Reynard came and the evidence heard; to him the decision you left;
As he on the matter should rule, even so should the law be enforced.

Reynard, with prudence, then said: It needful I find, before all,
Myself to betake to the place, that the snake in her bonds I may see,
Just as the peasant her found; after that, my decision I'll give.

The serpent was bound then afresh in the self-same position and way
As across her the peasant had come, when her in the hedge he had found.

When this had been done, Reynard said: Here now we find each of the two
In former condition again, not either has won or has lost;
Yet the right is made perfectly plain, as seems it to me, of itself;
For, provided the man shall see fit, he now can the serpent once more
Release from her place in the cord; if not, he can there let her hang;
He free and with honour can go, his business to seek and transact.
Since she so untrue has become, when his kindness she deigned to accept,
The man has now fairly the choice; to me that appears the intent
Of the law; who it better conceives, may now let us hear what it is.

The verdict was pleasing to you, and all of your council as well;
Reynard was eulogised much; you were thanked by the peasant; and all
The wisdom of Reynard extolled; the queen also praised him herself.
Much talk there was made at the time, how formerly you had, in war,
Both Bruin and Isengrim used; and how, far and wide, they were feared,
For always were they to be found where plenty there was to devour.
Burly and daring and strong, none could deny that they were,

Yet often in counsel was felt the lack of some much needed sense,
For they are accustomed too much on physical force to rely.
When work in the field is approached, much lameness and halting there is.
Bolder can one not appear, than show they themselves when at home;
Outside they are ready in ambush to lie; but, if once are exchanged
Sturdy blows, they then will be found neither better nor worse than the next.
The bears and the wolves destroy the whole land, and little they care
Whose house is consumed by the flames. They ever accustom themselves
To go and get warm at the coals, and pity for none do they feel,
If only their maws they can fill. The eggs they all swallow themselves,
And leave but the shells to the poor, and think such division is fair.
On the other hand Reynard, the fox, and all of his race comprehend
What wisdom and counsel imply; and, if now he has done something wrong,
Gracious lord, yet is he no stick. Be sure that no other will you
Ever give any better advice. For this, grant him pardon, I beg.

To this then responded the king: Upon it I'll think. The decree
Was given as you have described; the serpent the penalty paid.

Yet remains he a scamp, every inch, without any chance to reform.
If a compact with him should be made, deception at last will result,
For in proving that black is but white, who is there can match him in skill?
The wolf and the bear and the cat, the rabbit and even the crow,
Are not for him agile enough, he brings them to shame and disgrace;
From this one he snatches an ear, from another he tears out an eye,
And a third he deprives of his life. I certainly cannot conceive
How you can thus favour the scamp, and speak in defence of his acts.
Gracious lord, then responded the ape, it impossible is to deny
That his race is exalted and great. Thereon it is well to reflect.

Then up rose the king to go out, and all of those who were there,
In a body awaiting him stood. In the circle thus formed he observed
A number to Reynard most closely allied who all had arrived
Their kinsman to shield and protect; so many to name would be hard.
And he the great family saw; he then, on the other side, saw
The enemies Reynard had made; divided it seemed was the court.

In this way the monarch began: Give ear to me, Reynard! Can you
An excuse for such wickedness find, as, with Bellyn's assistance, to put
My innocent Lampen to death and, in your audacity, too,
His head in the wallet to thrust, as if to me letters you sent?
To mock me that deed you performed; I have punished already the one,
The penalty Bellyn has paid, and you may the same now expect.

Ah, me! answered Reynard thereto; oh, would that I also were dead!
Pray hearken to me, and then you can do as the case may demand.
If guilty, then slay me at once; I shall never, however, get free
From my burden of grief and distress; forlorn I must always remain.
For Bellyn the traitor's purloined the choicest of treasures from me,
The equal of which never yet has mortal his eyes set upon.
Ah, life to poor Lampen they've cost! These treasures I had to them both
Committed in charge; now Bellyn has stolen the costly effects.
But let them yet further be sought; however, I very much fear
That none will e'er find them again; they'll rest for eternity lost.

To this did the monkey reply: Why give you thus way to despair?
Be they but on top of the ground, to recover them yet there is hope;

Both early and late will we go, and of laymen and clerics with zeal
Will inquire. But first let us know, of what did the treasures consist?

Reynard said: So precious they were, that ne'er can we find them again.
Who possesses them now will guard them with care. How much at the loss
Will my wife, Dame Ermelyn, grieve! She will never forgive me for this,
For me she tried hard to dissuade from entrusting such riches to them.
Now lies are against me trumped up, and I am most basely accused;
But still I my rights will defend, and the issue await; and if then
Acquitted I am, I will travel about through kingdoms and lands,
And endeavour the treasures to find, even though it shall cost me my life.

CANTO TEN.

My king, furthermore said the fox, that villain so crafty in speech,
Permit me, illustrious prince, in the ears of my friends to relate
What comprised all the sumptuous things that I had transmitted to you;
Though them you may not have received, yet laudable was my intent.
Go ahead then, responded the king, and whatever you say, make it short.

Well-being and honour are lost! And everything now you shall learn,
Said Reynard, with sadness of tone. The first of the beautiful gems
Was a ring, which to Bellyn I gave, and he should the same to the king
Have brought and surrendered from me. In a most unaccountable way
This ring was designed and composed, and worthy it was in the wealth
Of my sovereign's treasure to shine, being made of the finest of gold.
On the innermost side of this gem, that next to the finger would be,
Were letters engraved to be seen, enamelled in blue and in black;
Three Hebrew cognomens they formed, of significance special and great;

And none in this land could explain what meaning lay
hidden therein;
Master Abrion only, of Treves, could decipher the sym-
bols for me.
Now he is an erudite Jew, and every language and
tongue
He knows, that is spoken by man from Lüneberg unto
Poitou;
And is also especially skilled in the virtues of herbs
and of stones.

When placed I before him the ring, he said that most
precious of things
Were hidden within its embrace; that the names,
which therein were engraved,
Were carried by Seth, the devout, from Paradise down
to the earth,
When the oil of compassion he sought; and who on
his finger it wears,
Finds free from all dangers himself; not thunder nor
lightning nor all
The mage's enchantments can hurt, while this on his
person he keeps.
And further the master observed that, at some time or
other, he'd read
That who kept on his finger the ring, could not, in the
fiercest of cold,
Be frozen to death, but would certainly live to a
peaceful old age.
Outside it a gem had been set, a carbuncle brilliant
and clear,
Which glistened so brightly at night, that things could
be seen as by day.
Many virtues belonged to this stone; all kinds of dis-
eases it healed;

Who came into contact therewith, was exempt from all
want and distress;
Death was the only thing it had not the power to
subdue.
Still further the master disclosed the magnificent gifts
of the stone;
Its owner in safety can go throughout all the lands of
the earth;
Neither water nor fire can him hurt; imprisoned, or
even betrayed,
He never can be, and from all the assaults of a foe he
escapes.
If, fasting, he looks on the stone, in battle he certainly
will
A hundred and more overcome; by the potency too of
the stone,
Is the action of poisons annulled, and malignant secre-
tions as well.
So also it hatred destroys; how many soever there be,
Who do its possessor not love, they shortly a change
undergo.

But who could enumerate all the virtues and powers
of the stone,
That I found in my father's reserve, and I, to my mas-
ter, the king,
Now thought in all safety to send? For of such a
magnificent ring
I worthy was not; I knew it right well; it ought to
belong,
I thought, to the one who, of right, is held as the
noblest of all.
On him, and none other, depend our welfare and prop-
erty both;
And I cherished the hope that his life I might from
all evil protect.

Moreover was Bellyn, the ram, in addition thereto, to the queen,
A mirror and comb to present, to keep in remembrance of me.
These both had I once, out of sport, from my father's collection removed,
And not on the face of the earth could a work of art finer be found.
How oft has endeavoured my wife them both to obtain for herself!
For nothing so much did she long, of all that there is in the world;
And about them contentions we had, but my purpose she never could change.
At length both the mirror and comb, with best of intention, I sent
To my gracious lady, the queen, who always and ever to me
The utmost of favour has shown, and shielded from harm of all kinds.
She often has spoken for me a mild and benevolent word;
She is noble, exalted in birth, by virtue enrobed and adorned,
And her ancient descent is proclaimed by actions as well as by words.
She was worthy the mirror and comb, on which, to my sorrow and shame,
She has not been allowed to set eyes. For ever, alas, they are lost!

Now to say a few words of the comb: The artist, this comb to construct,
Had the bones of a panther employed, a glorious creature's remains,

Whose place of abode is the land from Paradise unto the Ind.
All species of colours are shown in its skin, and the sweetest of scents
Are thence given out, wherever it turns; and thus do the beasts
Instinctively follow its tracks, wherever it be that it goes;
For healthy they grow from this scent and, without an exception, they all
Are imbued with a knowledge of this. Of sinews and bones such as these
Was the beautiful comb, that I sent, constructed with wonderful skill;
Like silver in whiteness and gleam, of ineffable purity, too;
And better, by far, was its scent than cinnamon even and cloves.
When the animal passes from life, the aroma goes into its bones,
Remains everlastingly there, and always them keeps from decay;
It drives all distempers away, and against all the poisons is proof.
Again, on the back of the comb could excellent pictures be seen,
Quite high in relief, with delicate tendrils of gold interlaced,
And lazuli, azure, and gules. In the middlemost part of the field
Was the story insculptured with art, how Priam's son, Paris of Troy,
Was sitting one day at a brook, and three women, seraphic and fair,
Before him he saw, who Pallas and Juno and Venus were called.

In strife they had long been engaged, for each of them wished to possess
An apple that, up to this time, conjointly to them had belonged.
At length an agreement was made, that Paris this apple of gold
Should on the most lovely bestow, and she should alone it retain.

The youth regarded them all with the greatest attention and care.
Now Juno remarked: If the apple I get, and if me you adjudge
The fairest to be, you the richest of all in the world shall become.
And Minerva rejoined: Deliberate well, and the apple give me;
Then you the most potent of men shall become, and dreaded by all
Wherever your name may be known, alike by your friends and your foes.
Venus spake: What want you with power? And riches, what good will they do?
Are you not the ransomed one's son? And as to your brothers, are they,
Hector and all of the rest, not wealthy and strong in the land?
Is Troy not secured by its hosts, and I also may ask if you have
Not conquered the land round about, as well as more far away folk?
If me you the fairest pronounce, and the apple confer upon me,
You then shall have cause to rejoice in a treasure the greatest on earth.

This prize is an excellent wife, of women the fairest of all,
So virtuous, noble, and wise, that none can too highly her praise.
Give the apple to me, and you shall the wife of the King of the Greeks,
The beautiful Helen I mean, that treasure of treasures, possess.

Then gave he the apple to her, and adjudged her the fairest of all.
And she aided him, in return, to elope with the beautiful queen,
The great Menelaus's wife, whom he had in Troy for his own.
This story was seen in relief, in the middlemost part of the field;
And all round about it were shields, with writings insculptured with art;
And only had one them to read, the gist of the fable to know.

Of the mirror I further will speak; in lieu of a surface of glass,
A reflector of beryl was used, of wonderful beauty and sheen;
All things thereupon were revealed, even though a mile off they occurred,
Were it either by day or by night. And if, in one's face, there should be
A blemish, whatever it was, if nought but a fleck in the eye,
Should one in the mirror but look, from that very instant there fled
Imperfections away of all kinds, and every extrinsic defect.

Can you marvel that I am sore grieved at having the mirror thus lost?
For setting the plate was employed the costliest wood to be found,
Which shittim is called, so named from its solid and glittering growth;
It is never infected by worms, and also, in justice, it is
More highly regarded than gold, with ebony only as next.
There once out of this was contrived, by an artist of skill and renown,
In the time of Krompardus the king, a horse of remarkable powers,
Which its rider, in less than an hour, could take for a hundred good miles.
I find it impossible now to tell all there is to be told,
For not such a steed has been known, so long as the world has endured.

For the space of a foot and a half, entirely around, was the frame
Of the mirror embellished with work, all carved in the best style of art;
And in letters of gold could be seen, under each of the pictures inscribed,
The meaning and purport thereof; and I will these stories to you
Concisely relate. The first was regarding the envious horse,
Who thought that he would, for a bet, compete in a run with a stag,
But was left far behind in the race, which gave him inordinate pain;
And a speedy occasion he took with a shepherd about it to talk.

He said: It shall profit you much, if me you will quickly obey;
If you mount, I will give you a ride; there has, but a short time ago,
A stag hid himself in the wood, and him you shall surely obtain;
His flesh and his antlers and skin you can sell at a very high price;
Get up, and we will him pursue. All right! I am ready to go,
Said the rustic, and sprang on his back. They galloped away from the place,
And shortly got sight of the stag; then followed they on at full speed
In his track, and gave him pursuit. But the stag was the lighter of foot,
And the pace was too much for the horse, who finally said to the man:
Get down for awhile, I am tired, and greatly have need of some rest.
No, thank you, responded the man, you now will have me to obey,
And my spur you shall feel in your flank, for me you invited yourself
To get on your back for a ride; and thus him the rider subdued.
Lo! thus with much ill is repaid the one who doth others design
To lead into harm; himself he but loads with evil and pain.

I now will still further explain what yet on the mirror was shown;
How together an ass and a dog into service with Dives had gone.

The dog had, without any doubt, the pet of his master become,
For he sat at his table at meals, and partook of the food that was served;
And was also permitted to snuggle and rest in his guardian's lap,
Who him was accustomed to feed with the finest of bread; in return
The dog was incessantly licking his master, and wagging his tail.
Now Baldwin observed the good luck of the dog, and, grieving at heart,
The donkey then said to himself: Oh, why does my master incline
That indolent creature to treat in a way so excessively kind?
Upon him the animal springs and licks him all over his beard,
While I must the labour perform, and to carry the sacks am compelled.
Just let him make trial but once, and see if, with five or with ten
Dogs, as much in a year he can do, as I can get done in a month.
Yet the best is provided for him, while I have to feed upon straw,
And on the hard ground must repose; and, wherever it be that they drive
Me or ride, I am scoffed at and mocked. I can, and I will, such abuse
No longer endure; my master's affection I too will acquire.
Now just as he ended this speech, his master appeared in the street.
The donkey erected his tail and kicked up his heels; with a spring

At his master he leaped, braying and singing and blaring with might;
Licked his beard and displayed a desire, in the manner and way of a dog,
To nestle up close to his cheeks, and bruised him somewhat with his kicks.
In terror his master ran off, and cried: Oh, catch me the ass!
Strike him dead! His servants then came, and thickly upon him fell blows.
Him into his stable they drove, and there he a donkey remains.

There many are still to be met, of the selfsame asinine breed,
Who the welfare of others begrudge, without doing good to themselves.
However, should any such one to a state of great riches attain,
At once he resembles a pig, who should try to eat soup with a spoon;
Not very much better, in truth. The donkey let carry the sacks,
Have nothing but straw for his bed, and find among thistles his food.
If one shall him otherwise treat, he will still ever be as of old.
When an ass to dominion attains, it can meet with but little success;
His welfare he seeks to advance, and what beyond this does he care?

My king, there is more you should know, and at the recital I beg
That you take not offence; on the frame of the mirror could also be seen,

Well fashioned and clearly described, how my father
did, once on a time,
Himself with our Tybert engage upon some adventures
to go;
And how they both sacredly swore that, in all kinds of
danger, they would
One another with valour support, and all of their booty
divide.
As forward they went on their way, they noticed some
hunters and hounds,
Not very far off from the road; and Tybert, the cat,
then remarked:
Good counsel seems costly to get! To this did my
pater respond:
Though odd it may very well seem, yet with excellent
counsel have I
My pocket already made full; and we must remember
our oath,
Together to steadfastly hold; of all, most important is
that.
On the other hand, Tybert replied: However the thing
may turn out,
There remains yet a means to me known, and that
I intend to employ.
And thus up a tree he with liveliness sprang, in order
to save
Himself from the rage of the dogs; and thus he
his uncle forsook.
In terror my father stood there, and the hunters were
coming apace.
Quoth Tybert: Now, uncle, how goes it with you?
Throw open the sack.
Of counsel it's full, make use of it now, for your time
has arrived.
The huntsmen sounded their horns, and one to another
they called:

My father then ran, so also the hounds; they followed with yelps,
And he sweated all over with fear, enriching the ground as he went.
He thus was relieved of some weight, and so he escaped from his foes.

Most basely, as you have just heard, deceived him his nearest of kin,
The one whom he trusted the most. His life in great jeopardy was,
For the dogs were swifter than he; and, had he not quickly bethought
Himself of a hole that he knew, he certainly would have been killed;
But he slipped himself nimbly within, and thus to his foes he was lost.
Many more of such fellows there are, as Tybert was then, to his shame,
To my father so clearly revealed; how could I him honour and love?
I have it half pardoned indeed, yet something still rankles behind.
This all on the mirror was carved, with pictures and writings thereon.

In addition to this was displayed an accurate scene of the wolf;
Showing what kind of return for favours he's ready to give.
He found in a meadow a horse, nothing of which but the bones
Had been left; but a-hungered he was, and greedily nibbled at these;
Till a pointed one stuck in his throat, and askew in his gullet got fixed.

A deplorable figure he cut; for him it had badly turned out.
Runner on runner he sent, the surgeons to call to his aid;
But no one could give him relief, notwithstanding gigantic rewards
He offered to all who should try. The crane, in the end, was announced,
With the red-coloured cap on his head, and him did the sick one implore:
Oh, doctor, relieve me at once of the fearful distress I am in;
If the bone you pull out of my throat, I will give you whatever you wish.

So trusted the crane in his words, that he pluckily stuck in his beak,
With his head, in the jaws of the wolf, and pulled out the bone.
Oh, dear! howled the wolf, how you hurt! you are doing me damage, I know.
Let it not happen again! For the present, I will it forgive.
Had it been any other than you, I would it not patiently bear.
Be tranquil, responded the crane, for now you again are quite well;
Give me the fee that I've earned; to you I have been of great help.
Now hark to the fool, said the wolf, 'tis I who have suffered the harm,
Yet he makes a claim for reward, forgetting the favour that I,
This instant, have granted to him. Have I not his noddle and beak,

Just now that I had in my mouth, released without doing him harm?
Has the hoyden not given me pain? I had very good reason indeed,
If reward is our subject of talk, to demand it myself in advance.
Thus knaves are accustomed to deal with those who them faithfully serve.

All graven with excellent skill, these stories, with others, adorned
The frame of the mirror all round, with many an ornament carved,
And many inscriptions in gold. Of the priceless jewel, myself
As unworthy I thought, too ignoble I am, and it therefore I sent
To my sovereign lady, the queen. I was hopeful, by means such as this,
To her and her consort, the king, myself reverential to show.
My children were very much grieved, those two little well-mannered boys,
When gave I the mirror away; to jump and to play they were used,
In front of the glass, where liked they to look at themselves and their tails,
Hanging below from their backs, and laughed at their own little mouths.
Of the trustworthy Lampen, alas! I little expected the death,
When I unto Bellyn and him the treasure, in fulness of faith,
Without reservation consigned, for as honest I looked on them both;

No better or worthier friends did I think that I ever could have.
Let us woe on the murderer call! I've made up my mind to find out
Who has the treasures concealed; no slayer shall hidden remain.
More than one in this circle, perhaps, is able to give us the name
Of the spot where these riches were put, and tell us how Lampen was slain.

My beneficent king, I'm aware that daily before you are brought
So many important affairs, that you cannot remember them all.
Yet, haply, you still bear in mind the eminent service which he,
My father, once rendered to yours, in the place where at present I speak;
Your father lay sick unto death, and mine his life managed to save;
And yet you here freely assert that neither my father nor I
To you any good ever did. Be pleased me still further to hear;
And permit me, I beg, to relate how always, at your father's court,
Mine was at all times received with honour and dignity great,
As a worthy physician of skill. The patient's condition he knew,
With cleverness, how to inspect; and nature could always assist;
And whatever was wrong, with eyes or aught else, he was able to heal.

Well knew of emetics the gifts, and moreover did well understand
All matters concerning the teeth, and the aching extracted with ease.
I gladly imagine it's gone from your mind; that would cause no surprise,
As you then were but three years of age. To his bed was your father confined,
In winter, in exquisite pain, nigh greater then he could endure;
And he of himself could not move. Than all the physicians he had
Convoked between Rome and this place; and they, with unanimous voice,
Had given him up as past aid. My father was summoned at last,
Who heard all about his distress, and the cause of his illness discerned.

My father lamented it much, and about it he said to the king:
Beneficent master and lord, I would risk, oh, how gladly, my life,
If yours, in this way, I could save. I wish that you me would permit
Your symptoms to test in a glass. His request was allowed by the king,
Who also complained that the longer they waited the worse he became.
On the mirror was brought into view, how now, by good fortune, at once,
Your father's distemper was cured. For mine with discretion remarked:
If health you desire to regain, determine, without loss of time,

From off a wolf's liver to dine; the wolf, however, must be
Full seven years old at the least, and the liver entire you must eat.
You dare not refuse it to do, for your life is concerned in the act,
The glass contains nothing but blood, so make up your mind with despatch.

With those round about was the wolf, whom this did no pleasure afford.
Your father now spoke in this wise: You all have heard what is required!
Now listen, Sir Wolf! That I may get well, you will not, I am sure,
Your liver refuse to give up. To him then responded the wolf:
Not yet am I five years of age; what good will my liver effect?
Sheer nonsense, my father replied, we will not be obstructed by that;
I soon by your liver can tell. The wolf was commanded to take
His place in the kitchen below, and useful his liver was found.
Your father devoured it forthwith, and, as soon as he swallowed it down,
Relieved from his sickness he was, and all other ailments as well.
My father profusely he thanked, and all at the court were compelled
Him as Doctor henceforth to address, and none should it ever forget.

My father was constantly now at the right of the king to be found.
To him did your father present, as I most reliably know,

Very shortly, a locket of gold, and also a crimson barette,
To wear before all of the lords; and thus, from that time until now,
Have all held him high in esteem. With his son, however, have things
Assumed an unfortunate change: his father's great virtues and gifts
In remembrance no longer are held. The most avaricious of knaves
Are advanced, and all thought is bestowed on advantage and gain;
Wisdom and justice are pushed to the rear, and our servants become
Our most arrogant lords, while the poor, as a rule, must suffer for this.
If such gets dominion and power, he strikes out blindly, all round,
Among all the people he rules, and his birth he completely forgets;
His profit he seeks to extract from every game that is played.
Among the exalted we see not a few such as those I've described;
To entreaty they never give ear, if donations are not to be found
Profusely connected therewith; and, if they the people instruct,
It means only pay, no matter the number of times, you must pay.

These covetous wolves ever seek the daintiest morsels to keep
For themselves; and, had they the means, with even the smallest of loss,

The life of their master to save, about it they scruples would have.
His liver the wolf would not yield, not e'en to do good to the king!
A liver, indeed! I say it right out! Twenty wolves, of a truth,
Should be ready to sacrifice life, that the king and our idolised queen
Possession of theirs might retain; much smaller the damage would be.
If a seed be of potency void, what good can therefrom be derived?
The things that occurred in your youth, you cannot retrace in your mind;
But I can remember them well, as though they of yesterday were.
On the mirror the story was told, just as my father desired;
The work was embellished with gems, and garnished with tendrils of gold.
If I could the mirror but find, I would hazard possessions and life.

Reynard, the monarch observed, I have well comprehended your speech,
Have listened to every word of the stories that you have rehearsed.
So great were your father at court, and had he so many, forsooth,
Commendable actions performed, that still was in years long ago.
I remember them not in the least, and no one has told me thereof;
Whereas the transactions of yours are constantly brought to my ears;

You are ever at some kind of game, at least so I hear
it affirmed.
If injustice is done you in this, and all are but fabulous
yarns,
Some good I for once would fain learn; not often to
happen this seems.

My lord, answered Reynard thereto, I now shall make
bold, about this,
To explain myself fully to you; for the matter me
closely concerns.
Good service to you I have done; think not, I implore
you, that I
This cast in your teeth! God forbid! I know that in
duty I'm bound
To obey you so far as I can. One story, at least, you
have not
Let utterly slip from your mind: how, with Isengrim,
I, by good luck,
A grunter had once hunted down; it squealed, and we
bit it to death;
You came, making bitter complaint, and said that your
consort as well
Was coming, a short way behind; if some one would
only divide
With you a small portion of food, of help it would be
to you both.
Give us whereof you have caught, was the claim that
you made of us then.
And Isengrim said, indeed, yes; yet muttered he under
his beard,
So that one could him scarce understand. But I, on
the contrary, said:
My lord, I would grudge you it not, though herds of
swine were concerned.

Say, who is the one to divide? The wolf, you responded again.
Now Isengrim greatly rejoiced, and, according to habit, he shared
Without any shyness or shame, and gave but a quarter to you,
And your consort a piece of like size, while he set to work on the half.
This greedily swallowed he down and, outside the two skinny ears,
He offered me nought but the snout and just about half of the lights;
He kept all the rest for himself, and all the transaction you saw.
Little chivalry showed he us there; my king, you know it quite well!
Your portion you quickly devoured, yet I noticed, however, that you
Had your hunger not fully assuaged; though Isengrim would it not see,
But his gnawing and chewing kept up, and offered you nothing at all.
But then you inflicted a blow so hard with your claws on his ears,
That some of his hide was torn off; and then, with his bloody bald pate,
He ran from the place with bumps on his head, and howled with the pain.
And you to the cormorant called: Come back, and learn to be shamed!
When next you divide, deal better with me, or I'll know what it means.
Now make yourself off with all speed, and bring something further to eat.
Sire, order you that? I replied, then follow him will I at once,

And I know that I something can fetch; and you were contented with this.
Most doltishly then did Isengrim act; he bled and he groaned
And murmured to me; yet urged I him on, and together we chased
And caught a young calf; you are fond of the food, and when we it brought,
It proved to be fat; at it heartily laughing, you said in my praise
Full many an affable word; I should be, you imagined, first-rate
To send out at the time of one's need, and likewise, still further you said:
Apportion the calf! Then quoth I: One half is already your own,
And a half belongs to the queen; what inside the carcase is found,
As heart, and liver, and lights, belongs, as in reason it should,
To your children; the feet I will take, which to nibble I very much like;
And the head may be kept by the wolf, the savoury meat that it is.

The gist of these words having got, you answered: Who, pray, has you taught
To allot in so courtly a way? That, I should like to find out.
I answered: My teacher is near; this scamp, with the red-coloured head,
And bloody bald pate, has himself the intelligence opened to me.
I exactly observed what he did, when the porker this morning he carved;

Then learnt I the meaning to seize, of such a division as that;
Veal or pork matters not, I shall now find it easy and make no mistake.

With shame and disgrace were the wolf and his greed overwhelmed.
Of his like are enough to be found! They swallow the plentiful fruits
Of all the estates in the land, as well as the vassals thereof.
All, indeed, that is good they destroy, and not the least spark of remorse
Can any one ever expect, and woe to the land where they dwell.

Take notice, my master and king, thus oft you in honour I've held.
All I at this moment possess, or may in the future obtain,
I gladly devote to your use, and that of your consort, the queen;
Be it little or ever so much, the most of it all you shall take.
If you think of the calf and the pig, you will see, without shadow of doubt,
Where faithful allegiance resides. Would Isengrim, any way, dare
With Reynard to measure himself? But still, to our sorrow, the wolf
As chief of your stewards is held, and harasses every one.
Not much for your profit cares he; but well he knows how the whole way,

In promoting his own, to proceed. Thus now he with Bruin, indeed,
Has your Majesty's ear, and what Reynard may say is but little esteemed.

My liege, it is true that I'm under a cloud, but I will not give way,
For through with it now I must go; and therefore permit me to say:
If any one thinks he has proofs, let him now with his witnesses come,
Himself to the subject confine, and judicially pledge, on a bond,
His goods, or his ear, or his life, in case it may be that he lose;
And I will pledge mine against his. Thus has it been valid in law,
From time out of mind; thus let it be now, and the whole of the case,
As argued both for and against, in just such a manner can be,
In honour, conducted and judged. This now I make bold to demand.

However it be, responded the king, from justice's path
I can, and I will, not detract; that is something I've never endured.
Of a truth, the suspicion is strong, that particeps criminis you
In the murder of Lampen became, that messenger faithful whom I
So much loved, and whose loss I deplore; grieved beyond measure I was
When drawn was his blood-covered head from the wallet I'd given to you;

Bellyn atoned on the spot, that wicked attendant and base;
You now may, however, the case still further defend at the bar.
In what I myself am concerned, I Reynard all freely forgive;
For he firmly has stood at my side in many a critical case.
Has any one further complaint, we are ready to hear what it is;
Let him trustworthy witnesses bring, and prosecute all of his claims
Against Reynard in order and form; here, awaiting your charges, he stands.

Most gracious my lord! Reynard said, I give you my heartiest thanks.
To each you give ear and dispense the benefits all of the law.
Let me now with solemnity say, with what a disconsolate heart
I Bellyn and Lampen dismissed; I had a foreboding I think,
Of what was to happen to both; with tenderness loved I them well.

Thus Reynard's narration and words were garnished with skill so adroit,
That all were enforced to believe; he the treasures so neatly described,
And conducted so gravely himself, that truth to be speaking he seemed;
And to comfort him even they tried. And thus he deluded the king,
Who much with the riches was pleased, and gladly would them have possessed.

To Reynard he said: Be content, you shall go on a journey and try,
Far and wide, to discover the lost, so all that is possible do.
If need you may have of my help, it will at your service be found.

Said Reynard in answer to this: Your goodness I gratefully feel;
These words are a comfort to me, and reason they give me to hope.
To punish foul murder and theft is the highest of rights you possess.
The matter to me is obscure, yet clear as the day shall become.
With care will I after it look, and travel by day and by night,
Without any thought of repose, and question all people I see.
If I learn where the goods can be found, and them am not able again
To get in my hands, for lack of due strength, for aid I shall ask,
Which you to me then will vouchsafe, and the matter will surely succeed.
If the treasures to you I safely restore, I shall find at the last
My trouble requited in full, and my loyalty proved beyond doubt.

The king with enjoyment this heard; and, without reservation, he gave
Assent to what Reynard had said, who had woven his lies with such art

That the rest all believed him as well; he now had permission, once more,
To go and to come he as pleased, and that without question or check.

Lost Isengrim now all control of himself, and, gnashing his teeth,
He said: Gracious lord, you mean thus again to put trust in the thief,
Who you two and threefold befooled? Who can help being struck with surprise?
See you not that the scamp you deceives, and damage to all of us does?
He never gives voice to the truth, and nothing devises but lies.
But I, with such ease, will not let him off! You ought to know well
That he is a rascal and false. I know of three capital crimes
Committed by him; get off shall he not, even though we must fight.
We are witnesses told to produce, what good would it do if we did?
If they came and their evidence gave, for the sitting entire of the court,
Would that be of any effect? He still would do just as he pleased.
Very oft can no witness be had, ought the scallawag then to go on
Committing his crimes as before? Who would venture to go on the stand?
Some stigma he fastens on each, and each from such injury shrinks;
You and yours it experience too, and in the same boat are we all.

To-day I will keep him in hand, he neither shall waver
nor skulk;
But shall answer to me for his deeds, so now let him
be on his guard.

CANTO ELEVEN.

His charges brought Isengrim forth, and said: Pray attend while I speak!
Reynard, most gracious of kings, the villain that ever he was,
Remains to the present unchanged; on infamous things he dilates,
My kindred and me to disgrace; and thus has he ever for me,
And even more still for my wife, caused nigh unendurable shame.
He tempted her, once on a time, to wade through a marsh to a pond,
By making her firmly believe that, every day she was there,
Great numbers of fish she could catch. If she in the water should put
Her tail, and allow it to hang, then sure would the fish be to bite
So well that, if four of them tried, not all to be got could they eat.
She went upon this on her way, and found herself swimming, at last,
Toward the sluice-end of the pond, where deeper the water was massed,
And there he induced her to let her tail in the water hang down.
The cold towards eve was intense, and to freeze so hard it began,
That longer she scarce could hold out; and thus, very shortly, her tail

Had frozen become in the ice, so fast that she could not it raise;
And heavy, she thought, were the fish, that she had thus managed to catch.
Reynard, the dastardly thief, observed this, and then what he did
I can trust not myself to disclose; he had her, alas, at his will.
He shall not escape from us now! His villainous conduct shall cost
One of us two, as you'll see, his life before close of the day.
This time shall his tongue not prevail; I caught him, indeed, in the act,
As I was, by accident, led to the top of a hillock near by.
I heard her call loudly for help, the poor cheated thing that she was;
Fast in the ice she was caught, and him was not able to check;
And I, coming there, was compelled the whole of his doings to see;
In truth, an amazement it is that my heart was not broken thereat.
Reynard, I cried in dismay, what, in God's name, are you at?
He heard me and fled on his way. I came with a sorrowful heart,
Was driven to shiver and wade in the cold, frozen water, and could
The ice but with trouble break up, in order my wife to release.
Alas! we prospered not well; she tugged with the whole of her might,
And a quarter, at least, of her tail remained firmly held by the ice.

Long and aloud she bemoaned; the peasants, at hearing the noise,
Rushed forward and came on our track, and one to another they called.
They hotly ran over the dam, with axes and pikes in their hands;
With distaff the women came too, all making a terrible din;
Catch them, they all of them cried, and give them a taste of your clubs.
I never had felt so affrighted as then, and the same was confessed
By Greedimund too; we found it hard work to get off with our lives,
By running till skin fairly smoked. Then rushing along came a scamp,
A devilish fellow he was, and armed with a long, wicked pike,
And light on his feet, who after us stabbed, and pressed us quite hard.
If night had not come to our aid, our lives we had certainly lost.
The women still kept up their cry, the vixenish beldams, that we
Some of their sheep had devoured. Fain had they added their blows
To the horrible insults they cast; our footsteps, however, we turned
From land to the water again; and, quick as the lightning, we slipped
Back into the rushes at hand, where dared not the clowns to pursue;
For now it quite dark had become, so back they returned to their homes.
We hardly escaped as it was. You see, gracious king, in this case,

Treason and murder and rape; of infamous crimes such as these
The question is now, and these you will punish severely, my king.

When the king this arraignment had heard, he said: A case such as this
Shall be by us righteously judged; let Reynard thereover be heard.
Reynard spake: If it were as described, then certainly would the affair
Not much to my honour redound; but God, in his mercy, forbid
That facts should be found as set forth; I will not, however, deny
That fish I have taught her to catch, and also have showed her the path
That best to the pond will conduct, and her to the water would take;
But on she so greedily ran, so soon as I spoke of the fish,
That both moderation and road, and instruction as well, she forgot.
If she in the ice was held fast, then had she, without any doubt,
Been sitting too long at her post, for if she had pulled in good time,
Enough she of fish would have caught to serve for a dainty repast.
Desire in too high a degree is always malign. When the heart
To dissatisfaction inclines, it always must miss very much.
Who harbours the spirit of greed, has life with anxiety filled,

For no one can give him enough. This lesson Dame Greedimund learned,
When frozen she got in the ice. Poor thanks for my trouble she gives;
But this consolation I have, that help her I honestly did,
And pushed with the whole of my strength, in trying her safely to lift.
But she was too heavy a weight; and, while I was doing my best,
Isengrim chanced to draw near, in walking along by the shore.
There, standing above, he called out and, horribly cursing, came down.
Yes, I was in truth much alarmed, his beautiful blessings to hear;
Not once, but e'en twice and three times, his terrible curses he flung
At me there; and to scream he began, urged on by a fury so wild,
That I thought: You had better be off, and not any longer wait here;
Far better to fly than be flayed. The nail on its head I had hit,
For he would me to pieces have torn. Whenever two dogs shall begin
To fight with themselves for a bone, with absolute certainty must
The one or the other it lose. Thus seemed it to me for the best
To scamper away from his wrath and utter confusion of mind.
That ferocious he was and remains, how can he deny? Only ask
Of his wife; for I will have nothing to say to a liar like him.

So soon as he fastened his eyes on his wife, frozen fast in the ice,
He viciously swore and reviled, and came and assisted her out.
If the peasants made after them then, it certainly was for their good,
For thus got in motion their blood, and cold they no longer could feel.
Now what is there further to say? It mean and contemptible is
For him to dishonour his wife with lies such as these which he tells.
Herself you can ask, she is here; and, if what he says is the truth,
Would surely not fail to complain. Meanwhile I beg humbly to ask
That the case be continued a week, in order my friends to consult,
As to what kind of answer is due to the wolf and this charge that he brings.

Greedimund thereupon said: In all of your actions and thoughts
Can nothing be found, as we know, but roguery, falsehood, and fraud,
Villainy, intrigue, and spite. Who your cavilling words shall believe
Will surely be damaged at last; you always take care to employ
Confused and inconsequent words. I found it like this at the well.
Two buckets were hanging therein; in one you had stationed yourself,
For what I have never found out, and down to the bottom had gone;

And, finding unable yourself to get again back to the top,
You blackened the air with your groans. By morning I came to the well,
And asked: Who put you down there? You answered: You just in the nick
Of time, dear gossip, have come! I yield to you all of my gains;
Get into the bucket up there and down you will come, and may eat
Down here all the fish you can want. At an ill-fated moment I went,
For you I believed, when you said you had eaten such numbers of fish,
That a pain in your belly you had. I suffered myself to be fooled,
And stupidly got in the pail, which quickly began to go down,
While the other began to go up, till opposite me you arrived.
To me it quite wonderful seemed, and I, in perplexity, asked:
How chanced it to come about thus? In answer to me you replied:
Up and down, so it goes in the world, and so goes it now with us two;
The course of things ever is thus, while some must abasement endure,
Are others exalted in turn, in accord with the virtues of each.
Then out of the bucket you jumped and, fast as you could, ran away.
But, grieving, I sat in the well, and all the day long was compelled
Therein to abide; and blows without number, at eve, to endure,

Before I made good my escape. Some peasants then
came to the well,
And spied me down there in the pail, as I, with grim
hunger annoyed,
Was sitting in sorrow and fear, and feeling completely
undone.
The peasants among themselves said: Now see!
Down below in the pail
Is sitting, at present, the foe that lessens our number
of sheep.
Haul him up, then one of them cried; myself I in read-
iness hold
To greet him up here at the edge, and he for our lambs
shall now pay.
But the kind of a greeting I got! That pitiful was,
for there fell
Blow after blow on my hide. Not once, in the whole
of my life,
Had I a more sorrowful day, and scarce came I off
with my life.

In answer to this, Reynard said: The sequel more
closely regard,
And you will assuredly find how healthful that whip-
ping has been;
Although, with respect to myself, I prefer to dispense
with the like.
As then was the state of the case, was one or the other
compelled
To burden himself with the blows, for both of us could
not escape.
It will aid you to bear this in mind; for then, in a
similar case,
You none will so easily trust. The world is brim full
of deceit.

Indeed, retorted the wolf, what evidence more do we need?
No one has damaged me more than this rascally, treacherous scamp.
One matter not yet have I told: how he, out in Saxony once,
In the midst of the tribe of the apes, me led into shame and disgrace.
He there, on some pretext, induced me into a pit to descend,
Knowing quite well in advance that mischief on me it would bring.
If I had not quickly run off, my sight and my hearing would there
Have been lost. Before I went in he had said, with plausible words,
His aunt I should find in the place, meaning by that the she-ape.
It irked him to see me escape, for he sent me, with malice prepense,
Down into that horrible nest; I thought I had got into hell.

Said Reynard in answer thereto, before all the lords of the court:
The wolf most distractedly talks, not quite in his senses he seems;
If he of the ape would report, he plainly should say what he means.
Two years and a half have gone by, since into the Saxon confines
He led with carousal the way, and I thither went in pursuit.
That is true; the rest is a lie. An ape was there not in the place.

He is talking about some baboons; and, never at all, will I them
Acknowledge as kinsmen of mine. But Martin the ape and his wife,
Dame Rückenau, relatives are; I both as my cousins respect,
And of the connection am proud. The life of a jurist he leads,
And knows the whole law like a book. But as to those creatures of whom
Now Isengrim talks, he treats me with scorn. With them, let me say,
I have nothing whatever to do, they never were kinsmen of mine.
They resemble the devil in hell, and if the old lady I called
My aunt, at the time in dispute, I did it with prudent intent;
And nothing thereby did I lose, this much I will readily own;
She treated me well as her guest; or else might she well have been choked.

Behold you, my lords, we had gone a little aside from the road,
And round to the back of a hill, where we came on a cavernous pit,
Deep and gloomy and long. Now here, as accustomed he is,
With hunger felt Isengrim ill. Whenever has he, of a truth,
Been seen with his stomach so full, that he has contented appeared?
And then, unto him I observed: Down here, in this cave, may be found,

No doubt, food enough and to spare; and, doubtless, its inmates with us
Will gladly divide what they have; we come at an opportune time.
But Isengrim said in response: My uncle, I much would prefer
To wait for you under this tree, for you are, by far, the more apt
At making acquaintances new; and if food be extended to you,
Let me be informed. The villain thus thought that he would, at my risk,
The outcome await where he was. Thereupon I directed my steps
Down into the cavernous hole; and, shuddering, wandered I through
The lengthy and crooked approach, which seemed as if never to end.
But that which I came upon then! Such fright would I not undergo,
Twice in the course of my life, for a pile of the ruddiest gold.
Such a nestful of horrible beasts, the large intermixed with the small!
The mother, indeed, of the brood I took for the devil himself.
Capacious and broad was her mouth, with its big and detestable teeth;
Big claws on her hands and her feet, with long and most hideous tail
Set behind at the end of her back; a thing so atrocious have I
Not seen, in the whole of my life. The tawny, disgusting young cubs
Were all most remarkably formed, like nothing but horrible spooks.

Upon me she gruesomely gazed; I wished I was anywhere else.
She bigger than Isengrim was, and some of her cubs were, indeed,
Her equal in stature almost. Imbedded in festering hay,
I came on the sickening brood, all over and over besmeared
With mire up as far as their ears; while the stink that polluted the den
Was worse than the brimstone of hell. To tell you the truth unadorned,
But little I liked it in there; for of them such a number there was,
While I was entirely alone; and dreadful grimaces they made.
I gathered my scattering thoughts, and sought for a way of retreat,
But greeted them well — though this was a sham — and friendly behaved,
As if an acquaintance I was. As aunt I the mother addressed,
And cousins the children I called, and bashful was not in my speech.
May God in his mercy you spare to a long and a prosperous life!
Are all these dear little ones yours? But really, I need not have asked.
How pleasant to see them it is. Good heavens! how brim full of life,
And thoroughly handsome they are. For sons of the king they would pass.
I give you, a thousand times, joy, that you, with descendants of worth,
Thus are augmenting our race; I rejoice beyond measure thereat.

I think myself now in good luck, to know of such kinsmen as these;
In critical times it may be, that kindred some help can supply.

When honour so great I bestowed, although I in earnest was not,
She showed me, on her part, the same, and me as her uncle addressed,
And like a relation behaved; little indeed as the crone
Is any connection of mine. Yet not for this once could it do
Any harm to address her as aunt. Meanwhile, I was covered with sweat,
All over and over, through fright; and yet she most affably said:
Reynard, dear kinsman and friend, most heartily welcome you are;
I earnestly hope you are well. To you, my whole life, I shall feel
Obliged for this visit of yours; henceforth, you can rational thoughts
To the minds of my children impart, that they may to honour attain.

Such was her manner of talk; and this, in a very few words,
By calling her aunt and sparing the truth, I richly deserved.
I still had an earnest desire to get once again to the air,
But allow me to go she would not, and said: You, uncle, must not,
Without some refreshment, depart. Remain till some food you have had.

And she brought me a plenty to eat; I could not at present recall
The names of the dishes she set; amazed to the utmost I was
As to how she had come by it all. I feasted on venison and fish
And other most relishing game; the whole of it just to my taste.
When all I could eat I had had, then forward she furthermore brought
A hunk from a stag she had got, and wished me to carry it home,
For my wife and my children to eat; and I took an affectionate leave.
Reynard, she said once again, I hope you will visit me oft.
I promised her all that she wished, and managed to get from the place.
Inside so unpleasant it was, as well for the eyes as the nose,
That I was near dying while there; tried all I knew how to get out;
The passage ran nimbly along, till the opening I reached at the tree,
And groaning found Isengrim there. How are you, dear uncle? I said.
Quoth he: I am not at all well, with hunger I soon shall be dead.
I him, out of sympathy, gave the delicate collop of roast,
That with me away I had brought. He this with voracity ate,
And thanked me again and again; but he has forgotten it now.
When finished he was, he began: Now let me know all about those,

Who make in the cavern their home. How did you
find things within?
Good or bad? And I told him the truth, and nought
but the truth;
Exactly apprised him of all. The nest was atrocious,
but still,
Therein was much delicate food. So soon as he felt
a desire
His share of the same to receive, his entrance he boldly
could make;
But he, above all, must avoid saying out what exactly
he thought.
If things you would have as you wish, be careful to
husband the truth!
I repeated it several times, for if it one foolishly
has,
For ever, at tip of the tongue, oppression he every-
where finds;
He stands, in all places, behind, and others are called
to the front.
In this way I bade him depart, and told him, let
happen what might,
That he must be careful to say what each was desirous
to hear,
And he then would be kindly received. These were
exactly the words,
Most noble monarch and lord, that conscience impelled
me to say.
But he just the contrary did; and, if he got punished
for that,
Then let him the punishment bear; he should listen
to what he is told.
In truth, are his shaggy locks gray, yet wisdom beneath
would be sought,
Without any chance of success. Such fellows but
little esteem

Good sense or ingenuous thoughts; the worth of all
wisdom is kept,
From gawky and blunt-witted folk, for ever and always
concealed.
I faithfully on him enjoined, this once to be frugal of
truth.
I know what is proper myself, he proudly responded to
that;
And trotted thus into the hole, and well for his trouble
got paid.

Behind sat the horrible wife, he thought it was Satan
himself,
That before him he saw. Moreover, the cubs! Now,
bewildered, he cried:
Oh, heavens! What horrible beasts! Are these little
wretches your whelps?
They have the appearance, indeed, of a hellish young
rabble of fiends;
To drown them would be the best thing, so that the
brood may itself
Not spread abroad over the earth. If mine they
should happen to be,
I would strangle them every one. With them for
a bait could be caught
Young devils, in numbers, with ease; in a bog one
would only require
To fasten them well to the reeds, the odious, villainous
brutes;
Marsh-monkeys they ought to be called, the name
would exactly them fit.

With haste did the mother reply, and uttered some
violent words:
What demon has sent us this guest? Who you has
invited to come,

And greet us uncouthly like this? And what with my children have you,
Good-looking or ugly, to do? Just now has departed from us
That learned man, Reynard the fox, who very well knows what he means;
And he did my children affirm, without deviation, to be
Handsome, well-mannered, and good; he was perfectly ready and glad
To recognise them as of kin. Not more than an hour has gone by
Since he, standing here in this place, us all gave assurance of that.
If please you as him they do not, why then I must tell you, in truth,
That no one has asked you to come. Pray, understand, Isengrim, that.

At this he demanded of her, that dinner at once she provide;
And said: Fetch it here, or I will it help you to find. I desire
No words any further to hear. And then he attempted, by force,
To confiscate some of her stores; a thing that was badly advised.
She threw herself on him forthwith, and bit him and savagely scratched
His skin with her hideous nails, and viciously tore him and clawed.
Her children did also the same, they terribly champed him and rent;
Then cried he blue murder and howled, his cheeks covered over with blood;

Himself he tried not to defend, but ran with quick strides to get out.
Wickedly bitten, I saw him emerge, all torn and in tatters his skin;
Split open was one of his ears, and blood freely flowed from his nose;
They'd nipped him with many a wound, and also his pelt had contrived
To cram all together with filth. I asked, as he trod from the place:
The truth have you spoken to her? And thus he replied to my words:
I said to her just what I thought, and then did the wretched old shrew
Me badly disfigure and lame; I would I could meet her outside,
She then should pay dear for it all. How, Reynard, appears it to you?
Did you ever set eyes on such whelps? So horribly filthy and vile?
No sooner I spoke, than it all came about; and as I in her eyes,
No more any favour could find, very badly I fared in the hole.

Are you crazy? I answered thereto; I cautioned you well against this.
I do you most heartily greet, is the proper thing to have said.
Pray how, my dear aunt, do you do? I would also ask after the health
Of those pretty children of yours. I am glad both my little and big
Young cousins once more to behold. But Isengrim said in reply:

That woman accost as my aunt? And cousins, those
hideous brats?
The devil may take the whole lot! Such kinsmen a
horror would be.
Oh, faugh! Such a damnable herd! I never will see
them again.
For this was he paid with such coin. Your judgment
now render, Oh king!
With justice can he now affirm that by me he was
tricked? Let him state
If the matter did not come about, as I have this
instant explained.

Then Isengrim firmly replied: We shall not, I can
readily see,
Determine this contest with words. From chiding
what good do we get?
Right is right, and wherever it dwells, itself it will
show in the end.
You, Reynard, now boldly step forth, if you think its
abode is with you.
We now with each other will fight, and then we shall
know where it is.
So much you have found to report, as to how, in the
den of the apes,
The torments of hunger I bore, and you me so faith-
fully fed;
Though how, I can't possibly think. It was only a bit
of a bone
That you brought; most likely the meat you had eaten
already yourself.
You stand there and ridicule me, and boldly you talk
in a way
That closely my honour affects. And you, with most
scandalous lies,

On me a suspicion have cast, of having a dastardly plot
To injure the king had in mind; and having conceived the desire
Of putting an end to his life; no scruples, however, have you
In bragging of treasures to him, which he would be troubled to find.
You shamefully treated my wife, and that you will have to atone.
These things I now lay at your door, with a firm resolution to fight,
Concerning the old and the new; and this I say over: That you
Are a murderer, traitor, and thief; and now, setting life against life,
We in combat will settle the thing, and chiding and scolding will end.
I tender my gauntlet to you, as always sufficient in law,
From every challenger, is. You may it retain as a gage,
And soon can our meeting be had. Our monarch my challenge has heard,
And all of his barons as well; and they, I most earnestly hope,
This battle for right will attend. Not a chance shall you have to escape,
Till the matter is finally closed; and then we shall see what is what.

Reynard now thought to himself: At risk are possessions and life!
He is big and but little am I, and this time should matters with me,
In any way, take a wrong turn, then all my devices and tricks

Of but little avail will have been; yet let us await the event.
I think some advantage I have; for lately he lost his front paws.
If cooler the fool does not get, he surely shall not, in the end,
His way in the matter obtain, let the cost be whatever it may.

And then, Reynard said to the wolf: It possible, Isengrim, is
That you are a traitor to me; and all of the sundry complaints,
You are thinking to bring against me, are made up entirely of lies.
If combat you wish, I will risk it with you, and never shall flinch.
I long such a thing have desired, and here is my glove in exchange.

The monarch the pledges received, and both did them boldly present.
At the end of this function, he said: You each must security give,
That to-morrow you fight without fail. Both of the parties, I think,
Are sadly confused in their minds, I nothing can make of their talk.
In an instant, as Isengrim's bail, came forward the bear and the cat;
And then, upon Reynard's behalf, as vouchers presented themselves
A son of old Martin, the ape, with Grimbart, the badger, conjoined.
At this, Dame Rückenau said: You, Reynard, must keep yourself calm,

You need all the senses you have. My husband, who now is in Rome,
Your uncle, once taught me a prayer, the subject of which was composed
By the Abbot of Bolton himself; and he to my consort it gave,
To whom he was kindly disposed, on a small scrap of paper transcribed.
This prayer, so the abbot maintained, has very great virtue for those
About to engage in a fight; one, fasting, must read it at morn,
And then shall one daily remain insured against danger and want,
And fully exempted from death, as well as from wounds and from pain.
Take comfort, my nephew in this: that I, in the morning betimes,
Will it over you read, that hope you may have, and freedom from fear.
Dear aunt, then responded the fox, I return you my heartiest thanks;
I shall always be mindful of this. Yet help I must ever expect,
Most, from the right of my cause and the skill I can bring into play.

Together abode Reynard's friends the whole of the night, and dispelled
His cares with hilarious talk. But anxious Dame Rückenau was,
And busy with all he might need. With alacrity had she him shorn,
From head to the tip of his tail, as well as his belly and breast;

And covered with fat and with oil; and then it was made to appear
That Reynard was fat and rotund, and very well set on his legs.
Take heed, in addition she said, and consider what you have to do.
Hark well to intelligent friends, for that will avail you the most;
Drink well, and retain what you drink; and to the arena be sure,
In the morning, as prudent, to come; then see that you moisten your brush
All over and over till soaked, and try your opponent to hit.
If you manage his eyes to anoint, 'twill be the best thing you can do,
For his sight will be clouded at once; and that will be useful to you,
While him it will greatly impede. At first you must fearful appear,
And at once, in the teeth of the wind, as fast as you can, run away.
If he should give chase, then stir up the dust, in order his eyes
To close with excretion and sand. Then spring to one side, and yourself
Adapt to his every move; and, while he is wiping his eyes,
Improve the advantage obtained, and thoroughly sprinkle those eyes
With your aqua fortis again, till totally blind he becomes,
And longer knows not where he is, then yours shall the victory be.
Dear nephew, just sleep now a bit, and we will you surely awake

When the requisite time has arrived. And now I will over you read
The sanctified words I described, that braced you may be by their aid.
Her hand on his head she imposed, and recited the words that she had,
From Martin, her husband, received, as stated above. Then she said:
Good luck you attend! You now are secure! The same were then said
By Grimbart, his uncle, as well; then led they him off to his bed,
And he peaceably slept. At rise of the sun, the otter arrived,
With the badger, their cousin to wake. They gave him a friendly salute,
And told him himself to prepare. The otter then brought to the room
A tender, delicious young duck, and, handing it to him, he said:
Pray eat; I have it for you, with many a spring and a jump,
At the dam by Pimpernel, caught; I hope it my cousin will please.

Good hansel is that, I declare, quite cheerfully Reynard replied,
A something not lightly to scorn. May God, of his grace, you repay,
For thinking so kindly of me. Now himself up to eating he gave,
And drinking quite freely as well; and then, with his kinsmen, he went
To the spot on the unwrinkled sand, where they were intended to fight.

CANTO TWELVE.

WHEN eyes upon Reynard he set, as now in the ring he appeared,
With body clean shaven and smooth, and over and over bedaubed
With oil and perfidious fat, with laughter the king was convulsed.
You fox, who that has you taught? he exclaimed. With justice, indeed,
You Reynard, the Fox, may be called; a trickster incessant you are.
Some hole you in all places know, and how to make use of it too.

Quite low Reynard bowed to the king, and also especially low
To the queen, who sat by his side; then came he, with spirited bounds,
Inside of the ring, where the wolf, with numerous kinsmen and friends,
His appearance already had made, all wishing defeat to the fox;
And many a choleric word, and many a menace he heard.
But Lynx and Lupardus at length, who kept the arena, brought forth
The sacred mementos, on which now both the contestants made oath,
The wolf and the fox, regarding the matter which each would maintain.

Isengrim swore, with vehement words and threatening looks,
That Reynard a traitor and thief, as well as a murderer, was;
Involved in all kinds of misdeeds; in rape and adultery caught;
In every matter was false; and life against life must be staked.
Then Reynard made oath, at once, in return, that nothing he knew
Of one of these infamous crimes; as ever did Isengrim lie,
And falsely, as usual, swore; but still he would never succeed
In passing his falsehoods for truth, at any rate, now he would not.
As follows the stewards then spake: Let each carry into effect
What now is incumbent on each, and soon will the right be revealed.
The big and the little vacated the ring, these two, by themselves,
Therein to confine. Then quickly to whisper the sheape began:
To what I have told you attend; forget not my counsel to heed.
With cheerfulness, Reynard replied: The good exhortation you gave,
More valorous makes me to feel. Rest easy, for now I shall not
The tricks or the boldness forget, by which I have managed to come
From many a peril more dire, into which I have often been thrown,
When I this and that have acquired, for which nothing yet has been paid.

And boldly my life has been risked. At present then why should I not
Come forward the scoundrel to meet? I certainly hope to disgrace
Both him and his genus entire, and honour to bring upon mine.
I him will serve out for his lies. At this, they were both of them left
Together inside of the ring, and the others looked eagerly on.

Isengrim wild and ferocious appeared; extending his claws,
Thenceforward he came with forcible springs and jaws open wide.
But Reynard, more active than he, sprang off from his furious foe,
And quickly his rough, shaggy tail with his aqua fortis he soaked,
And whisked it about in the dust, in order to fill it with sand.
Now, Isengrim thought, he is mine; in a moment the miscreant struck
Him over the eyes with his tail, when vanished both hearing and sight.
This trick was an old one of his; already had many poor chaps
Given the virulent strength of his aqua fortis a test.
He had blinded so Isengrim's cubs, as in the beginning was told,
And now he their father would mark. When he his antagonist's eyes
Had lathered like this with the stuff, he sprang away sideways and put

Himself in the wind, then beat up the sand, and much of the dust
Drove into the eyes of the wolf, who, by whisking and rubbing it in
In his haste, did the worst he could do, and greatly augmented his pain.
On the other hand Reynard contrived, with acumen, his tail to employ;
He struck his opponent anew, and rendered him thoroughly blind.
It wretchedly went with the wolf, for care took the fox to improve
The advantage he thus had obtained; and, soon as he came to observe
The bedewed, smarting eyes of his foe, he began, with impetuous bounds,
To assail him with powerful blows, and bring into vigorous play
His nails as well as his teeth, and ever his eyes to anoint.
Half crazed, the wolf scrambled about; then him to make game of began
Reynard more boldly, and said: Sir Wolf, you have oft, in the past,
Choked many an innocent lamb; and also, in course of your life,
Gulped many immaculate beasts; I hope they'll be able, henceforth,
The blessings of rest to enjoy; and that you may, in any event,
Be willing to leave them in peace, and take benediction for pay.
A penance like this will be good for your soul, and strikingly so,
If calmly your end you await. This time, rest assured, you will not

From me in escaping succeed; appease me you must
with your prayers;
Then mercy extend you I will, and see that your life
is preserved.

Hastily Reynard said this, and had his opponent, mean-
while,
Steadfastly seized by the throat, expecting him thus to
subdue;
But Isengrim, stronger than he, then savagely roused
himself up,
And tore himself suddenly free. Now Reynard laid
hold of his face,
Inflicted a terrible wound, and one of his eyes he con-
trived
Adroitly to pluck from his head; and blood ran below
from his nose.
Reynard cried out: This pleases me well! This means
my success!
The wolf to lose courage began; his blood and the loss
of his eye
Him out of his mind nearly drove; forgetting his pain
and his wounds,
Directly on Reynard he sprang, and forced him below
to the earth.
The fox now began to feel ill, and little his wisdom availed,
For one of his foremost paws, which he had made use
of as hands,
Isengrim hurriedly seized, and held with his teeth like
a vice.
In pain Reynard lay on the ground, and fear, at that
instant, he felt
Of losing entirely his hand; and a thousand ideas con-
ceived.
Then Isengrim bellowed these words, in a deep and
sepulchral voice:

Your hour, you thief, has arrived! Surrender you now
on the spot,
Or else you dead I will strike, for all of your fraudulent
deeds.
My debt to you now I will pay; to you little help has
it been,
The dust to stir up, your bladder to drain, your hide
to have shaved,
And body with grease to besmear. Woe to you now!
you have done
Such evil to me with your lies, and ruined the sight of
my eye;
But now you shall not get away; surrender, or else I
will bite.

Thought Reynard at this: I am now in a fix, and what
can I do?
If give I not in, he puts me to death; and if I give in,
Dishonour for ever is mine. This punishment well I
deserve,
For him I too badly have used, too grossly offensive
have been.
And then honied phrases he tried, in order his foe to
appease.
Dear uncle, to him he remarked, I shall, with much
pleasure, become
One of your vassals at once, with everything I possess;
And gladly will go as a pilgrim for you to the sacred
tomb,
To the Holy Land, into every church, and bring you
therefrom
Indulgences plentiful back. The same will undoubt-
edly tend
To the profit and good of your soul; and over enough
shall be left

For both of your parents, as well, that in life everlasting they may
This benefit also enjoy; who does such assistance not need?
I honour you much as the Pope; and now, by the gods, do I swear
A sacred, inviolate oath, that from now to futurity's end,
I will, with the whole of my kin, be ever in bondage to you.
Without intermission we all at your service will be. This I swear!
What I to the king would not grant, is now freely offered to you.
If you my proposal accept, one day shall the kingdom be yours.
Then all I am able to catch will I order to you to be brought, —
Geese and ducks and poultry and fish, — ere I the least part
Of any such food shall consume; to you and your children and wife
Shall the pick of it always be left. I will, in addition, with zeal,
Take care that your life is made safe, no evil shall ever you touch.
I crafty am called, and you have the strength, so together we can
Great deeds, I imagine, perform. If each by the other we stand,
The one with his might, the other with skill, who can us subdue?
If one with the other we fight, it only vexation will bring.
This thing I should never have done, if I but a decent excuse

Had known for refusing to fight; you challenged, however, and I
Had nothing to do but accept, if only in honour's behalf.
But courtly myself I have borne, and, during the course of the strife,
Not all of my strength have displayed; for seemed it to me that it must
To honour most fully redound, my uncle forbearance to show.
If hatred to you I had borne, it otherwise with you had gone.
Slight are the wounds you've received; and if, by unlucky mischance,
The use of your eye is impaired, for that I am heartily grieved.
The best of the matter is this: that I a restorative know,
And if it to you I impart, then thankful to me you will feel.
Though even your eye should be gone, yet well if you otherwise get,
That always a comfort will be; for, when you lie down to your sleep,
One window alone you must close, while we shall have double the care.
In order your anger to calm, my relatives all, straight away,
Themselves shall before you prostrate; my wife and my children, as well,
In the presence, at once, of the king, and in this assemblage's sight,
Shall make intercession for me, and beg that you will me forgive,
And let me depart with my life. I then will in public avow

That I have been telling untruths, and done you much
harm with my lies,
Deceiving you all that I could. And further I promise
to swear,
That of you nothing evil I know, and will, from the
present time on,
Not injure you, even in thought. Now, how could
you ever demand
Any greater atonement from me than what I am ready
to make?
If you put me to death, what get you by that? There
will always remain
My friends and relations to fear; and then, beyond
this, bear in mind
That, should you me spare, you will quit, with glory
and honour, the field,
And to all will seem noble and wise; for higher is
capable none
Himself to exalt, than when he forgives. A chance
such as this
Will not again soon to you come. Take it up! For
the rest, it is now
The same altogether to me, whether I am to live or
to die.

Hypocrite! answered the wolf, what pleasure to you
it would be,
If I should again set you free; but of gold if the world
were composed,
And it you should offer to me, now in the hour of
your need,
I would not again let you go. Thus oft you have
taken vain oaths,
Lying rascal, to me! In truth, not the shell of an
egg should I get,

If I were to part with you now. Your kinsmen not much do I reck;
I am ready for all they can do, and think it quite proper that I
Their enmity thus should acquire. Malevolent rascal, how would
You not scoff, if you I let go on these protestations you make.
Who you did not know would be duped. You say you have spared me to-day,
You scurvy, detestable thief! And is there not one of my eyes
Now hanging far out of my head? You wretch, have you also my skin
Not damaged in places a score? The chance should I ever have had
Again to recover my breath, if you the advantage had gained?
Most stupidly would it be done if I, for this scandal and shame,
To you grace and pity now showed. You traitor, on me and my wife
You harm and dishonour have brought, and now you shall pay with your life.

As the wolf was addressing the fox, in some way the rascal contrived
His paw that was free to ingraft between his antagonist's thighs,
And clutch his most sensitive parts, inhumanly rending him there.
But of this nothing more will I say, except that the wolf now began
In a pitiful manner to cry and to howl, with his mouth open wide.

Reynard now swiftly withdrew his paw from the close
pinching teeth;
With both he held on to the wolf, with ever more
tightening grasp,
And pinched and grappled and pulled, till cried the
poor fellow so hard,
That blood he began to throw up. His pain was so
great that the sweat,
All over his body, broke out, and terror now loosened
his bowels.
The fox was delighted at this; and, hoping the contest
to win,
Held on to him now with hands and with teeth, till
such awful distress,
Such torture, came over the wolf, that he gave himself
over as lost.
The blood from his eye ran over his head, and he fell
in a swoon
To the ground. The fox, at this moment, would not
an abundance of gold,
For a sight such as this, have exchanged; and thus he
continued to hold,
To drag, and to worry the wolf, that all might behold
his distress;
He pulled, he pinched, and he bit, and clawed the poor
impotent brute,
Till he with convulsions was seized, and in his own
filth and the dust,
He rolled with unearthly howls, in a truly unmannerly
way.

His friends now lamented aloud, and proceeded the
king to entreat
The combat to bring to an end, if so it should please
him to do.

The king thus replied to their prayer: So soon as you all are agreed,
And it pleases you all that so it shall be, then I am content.

The king then gave a command to the keepers both of the ring,
Lupardus and Lynx, that they now to the two belligerents go.
So within the arena they went, and to Reynard, the victor, they said
That now it had gone far enough, and the king had expressed a desire
The combat himself to assume, and the quarrel see brought to an end.
He wishes that you, they went on, your opponent surrender to him,
And now, to your overcome foe, be willing his life to accord.
For if in this duel should one, by act of the other, be killed,
Harm would on both sides be done. The advantage you certainly have!
All, little and big, have it seen, and all the best men of the state
Accord you support and applause. For ever you've won them as friends.

Reynard, with feeling, then said: For this I shall thankful be found!
With pleasure I follow the will of the king, and that which is fit
I gladly shall do; I have conquered, and no greater honour than that
Can wish to achieve. But one thing I hope the king will permit:

That counsel I take with my friends. Then shouted aloud all the friends
Of Reynard, each one: It seems to us good with the wish of the king,
At once, to comply; and running they came to the victor in crowds;
His relatives all, the badger, the otter, the beaver, the ape.
Now too could be classed the marten and weasel as friends of the fox,
The ermine and squirrel as well, and many who bore him ill-will,
And would not have uttered his name; they all of them ran to him now.
There also appearance put in, those who had charged him with crime,
As if now relations they were; with wives and with children they came,
The big and the small and between, and even their infants in arms.
They fondled and flattered him all, as if not enough could they do.

It ever goes thus in the world. The fortunate always are wished
Enjoyment of lasting good health, and friends in abundance they find;
But he whom misfortune assails, in patience his soul must possess.
Just so did it here come to pass; and, next to the victor, was each
Himself fully ready to puff. Some played on the flute and trombone;
While others were singing with joy, or beating, at intervals, drums.

Said Reynard's adherents to him: Rejoice, in that you have, to-day,
Exalted yourself and your race, by what you have done in the ring;
Excessively troubled we felt, when it looked as if you had succumbed.
But the aspect was speedily changed, and splendidly played was the piece.
Reynard remarked: I have won! and tendered his thanks to his friends.
At this their departure they took, with plenty of bustle and noise,
And Reynard in front of them all, by both the ring stewards upheld,
Until they arrived at the throne, where Reynard fell down on his knees.
The king bade him get on his feet, and said, before all of his lords:
The day you have saved in good style; with glory and honour have you
This matter conducted all through, for which I acquit you of guilt;
All penalties now are revoked, and about it I fully intend,
In my council of nobles, to speak, on the very first day that again
Isengrim's health is restored; the matter is closed for to-day.

Your advice, most gracious of lords, Reynard discreetly replied,
Is good into practice to put; your knowledge is best in the case.
When hither I came, so many complained; they lied to the wolf,
My resolute foe to oblige, who thought he would me overthrow,

And got me well-nigh in his power; then also the others cried out:
To the cross! and joined in complaint, in order to compass my death;
And all to be pleasing to him, for clearly it was to be seen,
That with you he stood better than I; and none had the slightest idea
Of how it would end; nor where, peradventure, the truth might reside.
To yon dogs I compare them, indeed, the which in great numbers were wont
In front of the kitchen to stand, in hope that the good-natured cook
Them would remember, perchance, with one or two bones now and then.
These wide-awake, open-mouthed dogs now one of their fellows observed,
Who managed to steal from the cook a portion of meat that was boiled,
And, haplessly, got not away sufficiently fast from the place;
For the cook, coming on him behind, hot water upon him had thrown,
And badly had scalded his tail. Yet let he his booty not fall,
But mingled himself with the rest, who one to another remarked:
Just notice how him does the cook, above all the others, befriend;
And see what a precious tid-bit he him gave! And then he replied:
You little the bearings perceive; you praise and commend me in front,
Where possibly pleasure you get, by feasting your eyes on the meat;

But look at me now from behind; and, if you me happy account,
You soon your opinion will change. They fully examined him then,
And found him so terribly burned, that fast coming out was his hair,
And shrivelled was all of his skin. With terror they all were now seized,
And went to the kitchen no more, but bolted and left him alone.
My lord, it's the greedy I'm aiming at here; while mighty they are,
Quite ready and willing are all, to have them as comrades and friends.
All hours of the day they are bearing off meat in their mouths.
Who does not conform to their ways, will for it to suffer be made.
Our praise they must always receive, how badly soever they act,
And thus we encourage their criminal deeds. In this way does each
Who does not reflect on his end. Such fellows, however, become
Very frequently punished, indeed, and their power has a sorrowful end.
No one will bear with them more; and thus, to the right and the left,
Falls off from their bodies the hair. Their friends of the former days,
Both little and big, recede from them now, and naked them leave,
As did in a body the dogs, at once their companion forsake,
When they had his injury seen, and noticed his badly used half.

Gracious lord, you know very well that none can of
Reynard so talk.
For me shall my friends never have any reason what-
ever to blush.
Accept for your favour my thanks, and if but I could,
at all times,
Learn with precision your will, I gladly would bring it
to pass.

Much talking will do us no good, responded to Reynard
the king;
To all I attention have paid, and know very well what
you mean.
You now as a baron I'll have in council again as before,
And make it a duty of yours, at every season and
hour,
With my privy council to meet. And thus I restore
you again
Completely to honour and power, and this you will
merit, I hope.
Help all to be done for the best! I cannot you spare
from the court.
And if you take care to combine uprightness with
wisdom, I trow
That none will you ever surpass, or with greater
acumen and skill,
Advice and contrivances plan. I will, in the future,
complaints
Not hear about you any more; and ever shall you, in
my stead,
As chancellor speak and perform; the seal of the
empire, as well,
Committed shall be to your hands, and what you may
do or indite,
Shall remain as indited and done. Thus fairly has
Reynard again

Himself into favour propelled, and everything has to be done
In accord with his counsel and will, be it either for evil or good.

In thanking the king, Reynard said: My noble commander and prince,
You grant to me honour too great, in mind I shall ever it bear,
As I hope understanding to keep. That clearly by you shall be seen.

What happened meanwhile to the wolf, let us briefly endeavour to find.
Defeated he lay in the ring, and treated with insult and shame;
His wife and his friends to him went, as also did Tybert the cat,
And Bruin the bear, and children and servants and all of his kin;
With manifestions of grief, their friend on a stretcher they laid —
Which they had well padded with hay, in order to furnish him warmth —
And carried him out of the ring. His wounds being seen to, they found
That he twenty-six had received. A number of surgeons arrived,
Who bandaged him up out of hand, and administered curative drugs.
He was crippled in every limb. They likewise applied to his ear
A salve made of herbs, and loudly he sneezed both before and behind.
They, after consulting, resolved to bathe him and rub him with oil.

Such was the way that the wolf was cheered by his sorrowing friends;
They carefully put him to bed, and he slept, though not very long,
But woke in confusion and grief; his shame and the pain of his wounds
Him greatly upset; he lamented aloud and seemed in despair.
Him tenderly Greedimund nursed, though bearing a sorrowful heart,
As she of his injuries thought. With manifold spasms and pains,
There stood she and pitied herself, as also her children and friends;
Then looked at the suffering man, and thought he could never get well;
He was raving with pain, his anguish was great, the sequel was sad.

But Reynard, half crazy with joy, an agreeable gossip enjoyed,
On various things, with his friends; he heard his own praises resound,
And went in high feather from there. The gracious and worshipful king
Sent with him an escort along, and heartily said, as he left:
Come back again soon! The fox on the ground then knelt at the throne,
And said: I give you my cordial thanks, and also my lady the queen,
Your council, and all of the lords. My sovereign master, may God
Many honours in store for you keep, and what it may be you desire

I gladly shall do; I love you indeed, as in duty I'm bound.
At present, if you will permit, I purpose to go to my home,
My wife and dear children to see, who are sadly awaiting me there.

Go at once, responded the king, you further have nothing to fear.
And Reynard thus took himself off, raised higher in favour than all.
Great numbers there are of his kind, who practise the very same art;
Red beards do not all of them wear, but still are they kept out of sight.

Proudly now Reynard withdrew, with all of his race, from the court,
With forty relations, who felt much pleased at the honour received.
Reynard stepped forth like a lord, the others all marching behind.
He seemed in good spirits just then, his brush had much broader become,
He had, by his luck and success, found favour again with the king,
Was now in the council once more, and thought how to put it to use.
All those whom I love, it shall aid, and benefit all of my friends,
He resolved; more highly is wisdom, by far, to be honoured than gold.

Thus Reynard betook himself off, attended by all of his friends,
Toward Malepartus his fort, whither now he directed his steps.

Himself he showed thankful to all who friendship to him had displayed,
And who, at the moment of doubt, had rallied themselves to his side.
He offered his services now in return, as they parted and went,
Each one of them all, to his own; and he, when he came to his home,
Found his wife, Dame Ermelyn, well; she joyfully welcomed him back,
About his vexations inquired, and how he again had escaped.
All right, Reynard said, I came off! Once more have I managed myself
Into favour to raise with the king; I shall, as in seasons gone by,
In council again have my place, and this, for the whole of our race,
Will to honour and glory redound. He has, as prime minister, me
Appointed in presence of all, and to me has entrusted his seal.
All Reynard may do or may write, shall now and for ever remain
Exactly as written and done, and well may all bear this in mind.

A lesson I've taught to the wolf, and not many minutes it took,
So he will impeach me no more. Sore wounded and blinded he is;
And dishonoured, the whole of his race; my mark I upon him have left.
Small use after this will he be to the world. Together we fought,

And I have come out on the top. I think he will hardly again
Recover his health. What care I for that? Above him I am,
And all of his comrades as well, who with him have taken their stand.

His wife was now greatly rejoiced; more resolute also became
Both of his two little boys, at their father's promotion and fame.
With joy to each other they said: Delectable days we shall have,
Respected and honoured by all; meanwhile we must do what we can,
Our citadel's strength to increase, and cheerful and fearless to live.

High honour has Reynard just now! And now unto wisdom let each
Himself at once turn, all evil avoid, and virtue esteem!
This is the sense of the song, in which has the poet seen fit
To mingle both fable and fact, that evil from good one may learn
To winnow, and wisdom may prize; that buyers likewise of this book
May daily instruction receive in the ways and affairs of the world.
As in the beginning it was, is now and will ever remain.
And thus doth our narrative end of Reynard the fox and his ways,
The Lord in his mercy us help to glory eternal! AMEN.

THE END.

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